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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

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MDCCXXI.

N° 90. *Wednesday, June* 13.

------Magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit------ Virg.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the Soul of man, than the notions of *Plato* and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the Soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the Soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when she has the least instigation from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the Soul is festered with them; the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death: He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratifie, sollicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it: he lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says *Plato*) that the Souls of the dead appear frequently in cœmiteries, and hover about the places where their

bodies are buried, as ſtill hankering after their old brutal pleaſures, and deſiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our moſt eminent Divines have made uſe of this *Platonick* notion, ſo far as it regards the ſubſiſtence of our paſſions after death, with great beauty and ſtrength of reaſon. *Plato* indeed carries his thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of Ghoſts appearing in places of burial. Though, I muſt confeſs, if one did believe that the departed Souls of men and women wandered up and down theſe lower regions, and entertained themſelves with the ſight of their ſpecies, one could not deviſe a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients ſeem to have drawn ſuch a ſtate of torments in the deſcription of *Tantalus*, who was puniſhed with the rage of an eternal thirſt, and ſet up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has caſt the whole ſyſtem of *Platonick* Philoſophy, ſo far as it relates to the Soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the ſixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the puniſhment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here ſpeaking of.

—— Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu; furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere menſas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on golden beds diſplay'd,
And genial feaſts with regal pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their ſide is ſet,
And ſnatches from their mouths th' untaſted meat;
Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears. Dryd.

That I may a little alleviate the ſeverity of this my Speculation (which otherwiſe may loſe me ſeveral of my polite Readers) I ſhall tranſlate a ſtory that has been quoted upon another occaſion by one of the moſt learned men of the preſent age, as I find it in the original. The Reader will ſee it is not foreign to my preſent ſubject, and I dare ſay will think it a lively repreſentation of a perſon lying under the torments of ſuch a kind

kind of Tantaliſm, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under conſideration. Monſieur *Pontignan*, ſpeaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.

" When I was in the country laſt ſummer, I was often in company " with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty " one could deſire in female companions, with a daſh of coquettry, that " from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, " after my way, in love with both of them, and had ſuch frequent op- " portunities of pleading my paſſion to them when they were aſunder, " that I had reaſon to hope for particular favours from each of them. " As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me " but my Night-gown, they both came into my room and told me, they " had a very pleaſant trick to put upon a Gentleman that was in the ſame " houſe, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me " ſuch a plauſible ſtory, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed " to do whatever they ſhould require of me. They immediately began to " ſwaddle me up in my Night-gown with long pieces of linnen, which " they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred " yards of ſwathe: my arms were preſſed to my ſides, and my legs clo- " ſed together by ſo many wrappers one over another, that I looked like " an *Egyptian* mummy. As I ſtood bolt upright upon one end in this " antique figure, one of the Ladies burſt out a laughing. And now *Pon-* " *tignan*, ſays ſhe, we intend to perform the promiſe that we find you " have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of " us, and I dare ſay you are a better bred Cavalier than to refuſe to go " to bed to Ladies that deſire it of you. After having ſtood a fit of " laughter, I begged them to uncaſe me, and do with me what they plea- " ſed. No, no, ſay they, we like you very well as you are; and upon " that ordered me to be carried to one of their houſes, and put to bed " in all my ſwaddles. The room was lighted up on all ſides; and I was " laid very decently between a pair of ſheets, with my head (which was " indeed the only part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was " no ſooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in " their fineſt Night-cloaths. You may eaſily gueſs at the condition of a " man that ſaw a couple of the moſt beautiful women in the world un- " dreſt and abed with him, without being able to ſtir hand or foot. I " begged them to releaſe me, and ſtruggled all I could to get looſe, which " I did with ſo much violence, that about mid-night they both leaped out " of the bed, crying out they were undone. But ſeeing me ſafe, they took

" took their poſts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my " prayers and endeavours were loſt, I compoſed my ſelf as well as I " could; and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall " aſleep between them, and by that means diſgrace them for ever: But, " alas! this was impoſſible, could I have been diſpoſed to it, they would " have prevented me by ſeveral little ill-natured careſſes and endear- " ments which they beſtowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to " womankind, I would not paſs ſuch another night to be maſter of the " whole ſex. My Reader will doubtleſs be curious to know what be- " came of me the next morning: why truly my bed-fellows left me a- " bout an hour before day, and told me if I would be good and lie ſtill, " they would ſend ſome body to take me up as ſoon as it was time for " me to riſe: accordingly about nine-a-clock in the morning an old wo- " man came to unſwathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being re- " ſolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no meaſures " with them as ſoon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old wo- " man what was become of the two Ladies, ſhe told me ſhe believed " they were by that time within ſight of *Paris*, for that they went a- " way in a coach and ſix before five-a-clock in the morning.

N° 92. *Friday, June* 15.

--------Convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato;
Quid dem? quid non dem?------ Hor.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been ſent to me; I found the following one.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" YOUR paper is a part of my Tea-equipage; and my ſervant knows " my humour ſo well, that calling for my breakfaſt this morning " (it being paſt my uſual hour) ſhe anſwered the SPECTATOR was not " yet come in; but that the Tea-kettle boiled, and ſhe expected it every " moment.

" moment. Having thus in part ſignified to you the eſteem and venera-
" tion which I have for you, I muſt put you in mind of the catalogue of
" books which you have promiſed to recommend to our ſex; for I have
" deferred furniſhing my cloſet with Authors, 'till I receive your advice
" in this particular, being your daily diſciple and humble ſervant,

LEONORA.

In anſwer to my fair diſciple, whom I am very proud of, I muſt acquaint her, and the reſt of my Readers, that ſince I have called out for help in my catalogue of a Lady's library, I have received many letters upon that head, ſome of which I ſhall give an account of.

In the firſt claſs I ſhall take notice of thoſe which come to me from eminent bookſellers, who every one of them mention with reſpect the Authors they have printed, and conſequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruſe a better book than *Dalton*'s *Country Juſtice:* Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third obſerving the curioſity and deſire of prying into ſecrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair ſex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr.* Mede *upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unqueſtioned truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accompliſhed who has not read *The ſecret Treaties and Negociations of the Marſhal* D'Eſtrades. Mr. *Jacob Tonſon*, Jun. is of opinion, that *Bayle*'s *Dictionary* might be of very great uſe to the Ladies, in order to make them general ſcholars. Another, whoſe name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child ſhould read *Mr.* Wall's *Hiſtory of Infant Baptiſm*; as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finiſhing ſtroke*; *being a vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

In the ſecond claſs I ſhall mention Books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or perſonated ones I cannot tell, but the books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphraſe on the Hiſtory of* Suſanna. *Rules to keep* Lent. *The Chriſtian's overthrow prevented. A diſſuaſive from the Play-houſe. The virtues of Camphire, with directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleaſures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A letter dated from *Cheapſide* deſires me that I would adviſe all young wives

wives to make themſelves miſtreſſes of *Wingate*'s *Arithmetick*, and concludes with a poſtſcript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Counteſs of* Kent's *receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themſelves as a third claſs among theſe my correſpondents and privy-counſellors. In a letter from one of them, I am adviſed to place *Pharamond* at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the ſecond place to *Caſſandra*. *Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of ſcorching their faces with books of houſewifry. *Florella* deſires to know if there are any books written againſt Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my Library. Plays of all ſorts have their ſeveral advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's overthrow*, in a dozen; the *Innocent Adultery* is likewiſe highly approved of: *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurenzebe* have the ſame number of voices; but *Theodoſius*, or *the force of Love*, carries it from all the reſt.

I ſhould, in the laſt place, mention ſuch books as have been propoſed by men of learning, and thoſe who appear competent judges of this matter, and muſt here take occaſion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himſelf under thoſe two letters, for his advice upon this ſubject: but as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I ſhall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the ſeveral books they offer to me; being reſolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greateſt caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular care, I ſhall make it my buſineſs to find out in the beſt Authors ancient and modern ſuch paſſages as may be for their uſe, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taſte; not queſtioning but the valuable part of the ſex will eaſily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at thoſe little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of ſome of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a ſerious cenſure. Moſt books being calculated for male Readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this Nature the more neceſſary; beſides, I am the more encouraged, becauſe I flatter my ſelf that I ſee the ſex daily improving by theſe my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper ſcholars than the Beaus: I could name ſome of them who talk much better than ſeveral gentlemen that make a figure

at

at *Will*'s; and as I frequently receive letters from the *fine Ladies* and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but obſerve that the former are ſuperior to the others not only in the ſenſe but in the ſpelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by thoſe empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* paſſes for an impertinent fellow, that *Will. Trippit* begins to be ſmoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himſelf is within a month of a coxcomb, in caſe I think fit to continue this paper. For my part, as it is my buſineſs in ſome meaſure to detect ſuch as would lead aſtray weak minds by their falſe pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I ſhall not fail to lend the beſt lights I am able to the fair ſex for the continuation of theſe diſcoveries.

N° 93. *Saturday, June* 16.

-------Spatio brevi
Spe mlongam reſeces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula poſtero. Hor.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaid *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble Philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with our ſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with it ſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although

the whole life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The Uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The Lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are meer gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow.

The firſt is the exerciſe of Virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day in our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftning the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to our ſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author

Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours, when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive: he no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great ſupporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of Virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruine or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for it ſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of Cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other Ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends it ſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolutions, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething, rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte of muſick, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe, when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardiner, the husbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

But of all the diverſions of life, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty ſpaces as the reading of uſeful and entertaining Authors. But this I ſhall only touch upon, becauſe it in ſome meaſure interferes with the third method, which I ſhall propoſe in another paper for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I ſhall only mention in general to be, the purſuit of knowledge.

Monday,

N° 94. *Monday, June* 18.

--------Hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. Mart.

THE laſt method which I propoſed in my *Saturday*'s paper, for filling up thoſe empty ſpaces of life which are ſo tedious and burthenſome to idle people, is the employing our ſelves in the purſuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, ſpeaking of a certain mineral, tells us that a man may conſume his whole life in the ſtudy of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a ſingle ſcience, or any branch of it, that might not furniſh a man with buſineſs for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten ſubjects of the uſefulneſs of knowledge, nor of the pleaſure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topicks of many other writers; but ſhall indulge my ſelf in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhew how thoſe parts of life which are exerciſed in ſtudy, reading, and the purſuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means diſcover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the ſame time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. *Lock* obſerves, "That we get the Idea of time, or duration, by "reflecting on that train of Ideas which ſucceed one another in our "minds: that for this reaſon, when we ſleep ſoundly without dreaming, "we have no perception of time, or the length of it, whilſt we ſleep; "and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment "we begin to think again, ſeem to have no diſtance. To which the "Author adds, And ſo I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if "it were poſſible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his mind, without "variation, and the ſucceſſion of others: and we ſee, that one who fixes

"his

" his thoughts very intently on one thing, ſo as to take but little notice " of the ſucceſſion of *Ideas* that paſs in his mind whilſt he is taken up " with that earneſt contemplation, lets ſlip out of his account a good " part of that duration, and thinks that time ſhorter than it is.

We might carry this thought further, and conſider a man as, on one ſide, ſhortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; ſo, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many ſubjects, or by entertaining a quick and conſtant ſucceſſion of Ideas. Accordingly Monſieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after truth*, (which was publiſhed ſeveral years before Mr. *Lock*'s *Eſſay on human underſtanding*) tells us, that it is poſſible ſome creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thouſand years; or look upon that ſpace of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or an whole age.

This notion of Monſieur *Mallebranche* is capable of ſome little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Lock*; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the ſucceſſion of Ideas in our mind, and this ſucceſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the ſame parts of duration, according as their Ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs degree of rapidity.

There is a famous paſſage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been poſſeſſed of the notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, that the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his bed one morning to give him a ſight of all things in the ſeven heavens, in paradiſe, and in hell, which the Prophet took a diſtinct view of; and after having held ninety thouſand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, ſays the *Alcoran*, was tranſacted in ſo ſmall a ſpace of time, that *Mahomet* at his return found his bed ſtill warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very inſtant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the water was all ſpilt.

There is a very pretty ſtory in the *Turkiſh Tales* which relates to this paſſage of that famous Impoſtor, and bears ſome affinity to the ſubject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, uſed to laugh at this circumſtance in *Mahomet*'s life, as what was altogether impoſſible and abſurd: but converſing one day with a great Doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this paſſage in the hiſtory of *Mahomet*, if he would conſent to do what he ſhould deſire of him. Upon this the Sultan

Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again: the King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country: accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood; these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters: he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a Porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his cloaths with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his Court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprized when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that *He*, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying our selves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The

The hours of a wiſe man are lengthened by his Ideas, as thoſe of a Fool are by his paſſions: the time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every moment of it with uſeful or amuſing thoughts; or in other words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of paſt life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly? The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious Landskip, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower.

N° 98. *Friday, June* 22.

-------Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris. Juv.

THERE is not ſo variable a thing in nature as a Lady's Head-dreſs: within my own memory I have known it riſe and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it ſhot up to a very great height, inſomuch that the female part of our ſpecies were much taller than the men. The women were of ſuch an enormous ſtature, that *we appeared as Graſhoppers before them:* at preſent the whole ſex is in a manner dwarfed and ſhrunk into a race of beauties that ſeems almoſt another ſpecies. I remember ſeveral Ladies, who were once very near ſeven foot high, that at preſent want ſome inches of five: how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole ſex be at preſent under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have caſt their Head-dreſſes in order to ſurprize us with ſomething in that kind which ſhall be entirely new; or whether ſome of the talleſt of the ſex, being too cunning for the reſt, have contrived this method to make

make themſelves appear ſizeable, is ſtill a ſecret; though I find moſt are of opinion, they are at preſent like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly ſprout up and flouriſh with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be inſulted by women who are taller than my ſelf, I admire the ſex much more in their preſent humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimenſions, than when they had extended their perſons, and lengthened themſelves out into formidable and gigantick figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifice of nature, nor for raiſing any whimſical ſuperſtructure upon her plans: I muſt therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleaſed with the Coiffure now in faſhion, and think it ſhews the good ſenſe which at preſent very much reigns among the valuable part of the ſex. One may obſerve, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outſide of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that thoſe female Architects, who raiſe ſuch wonderful ſtructures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their reſpective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in theſe kinds of building, as in thoſe which have been made of marble: Sometimes they riſe in the ſhape of a pyramid, ſometimes like a tower, and ſometimes like a ſteeple. In *Juvenal*'s time the building grew by ſeveral orders and ſtories, as he has very humorouſly deſcribed it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas. Juv.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the Head-dreſs aſpired to ſo great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or ſpires, which ſtood ſo exceſſively high on each ſide of the head, that a woman who was but a *Pigmy* without her Head-dreſs, appeared like a *Coloſſus* upon putting it on. Monſieur *Paradin* ſays, "That theſe old faſhioned fontanges roſe an ell above "the head; that they were pointed like ſteeples, and had long looſe pie-"ces of Crape faſtened to the tops of them, which were curiouſly frin-"ged, and hung down their backs like ſtreamers.

The women might poſſibly have carried this Gothick building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Connecte* by name, attacked it with great zeal and reſolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monſtrous commode; and ſucceeded ſo well in it, that as the Magicians ſacrificed their books to the flames upon the preach-

preaching of an Apoſtle, many of the women threw down their Head-dreſſes in the middle of his Sermon, and made a bonfire of them within ſight of the Pulpit. He was ſo renowned, as well for the ſanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thouſand people; the men placing themſelves on the one ſide of his Pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to uſe the ſimilitude of an ingenious writer) like a foreſt of Cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He ſo warmed and animated the people againſt this monſtrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of perſecution; and whenever it appeared in publick, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung ſtones at the perſons that wore it. But notwithſtanding this Prodigy vaniſhed while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again ſome months after his departure, or to tell it in Monſieur *Paradin*'s own words, "The "women that, like ſnails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, ſhot them "out again as ſoon as the danger was over. This extravagance of the womens Head-dreſſes in that age is taken notice of by Monſieur *d'Argentre* in his hiſtory of *Bretagne*, and by other Hiſtorians as well as the perſon I have here quoted.

It is uſually obſerved, that a good reign is the only time for the making of laws againſt the exorbitance of power; in the ſame manner an exceſſive Head-dreſs may be attacked the moſt effectually when the faſhion is againſt it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female Readers by way of prevention.

I would deſire the fair ſex to conſider how impoſſible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the maſterpiece of nature. The head has the moſt beautiful appearance, as well as the higheſt ſtation, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face: ſhe has touched it with Vermillion, planted in it a double row of Ivory, made it the ſeat of ſmiles and bluſhes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightneſs of the eyes, hung it on each ſide with curious organs of ſenſe, given it aires and graces that cannot be deſcribed, and ſurrounded it with ſuch a flowing ſhade of hair as ſets all its beauties in the moſt agreeable light: in ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have deſigned the head as the Cupola to the moſt glorious of her works; and when we load it with ſuch a pile of ſupernumerary ornaments, we deſtroy the ſymmetry of the humane figure, and fooliſhly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childiſh gew-gaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.

Saturday,

N° 99. *Saturday, June* 23.

-------Turpi ſecernis Honeſtum. Hor.

THE Club, of which I have often declared my ſelf a member, were laſt night engaged in a diſcourſe upon that which paſſes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and ſtarted a great many hints upon the ſubject, which I thought were entirely new. I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral reflections that aroſe upon this occaſion, and preſent my Reader with them for the Speculation of this day; after having premiſed, that if there is any thing in this paper which ſeems to differ with any paſſage of laſt *Thurſday*'s, the Reader will conſider this as the ſentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather thoſe of *Pharamond*.

The great point of honour in men is Courage, and in women Chaſtity. If a man loſes his honour in one rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it in another; a ſlip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reaſon for fixing the point of honour to theſe two qualities, unleſs it be that each ſex ſets the greateſt value on the qualification which renders them the moſt amiable in the eyes of the contrary ſex. Had men choſen for themſelves, without regard to the opinions of the fair ſex, I ſhould believe the choice would have fallen on wiſdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it againſt Chaſtity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female ſex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to ſee one who is a terror to others fall like a ſlave at their feet, or that this quality ſupplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from inſults, and avenging their quarrels, or that Courage is a natural indication of a ſtrong and ſprightly conſtitution. On the other ſide, nothing makes a woman more eſteemed by the oppoſite ſex than Chaſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt who are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides Chaſtity, with

its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and conſtancy, gives the man a property in the perſon he loves, and conſequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleaſed with a paſſage in the inſcription on a monument erected in *Weſtminſter* Abby to the late Duke and Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle:* " Her name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngeſt ſiſter to the " Lord *Lucas* of *Colcheſter*; *a noble family, for all the brothers were* " *valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous.*

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is ſtrained to madneſs, the whole ſtory runs on Chaſtity and Courage. The damſel is mounted on a white palfry, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid ſcandal, muſt have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, till ſome misfortune has brought a Knight-errant to her relief. The Knight falls in love, and did not gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her diſdain. However, he muſt waſte many years in the deſart, before her Virgin-heart can think of a ſurrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ſtronger than himſelf, ſeeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after ſeven years rambling returns to his miſtreſs, whoſe Chaſtity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many tryals as her lover's valour.

In *Spain*, where there are ſtill great remains of this romantick humour, it is a tranſporting favour for a lady to caſt an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three ſtories high; as it is uſual for a lover to aſſert his paſſion for his miſtreſs, in ſingle combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blaſphemes, and it may paſs unreſented; but to ſay he lies, though but in jeſt, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reaſon perhaps may be, becauſe no other vice implies a want of courage ſo much as the making of a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching him in the moſt ſenſible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot omit under this head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Perſians*, that from the age of five years to twenty they inſtruct their ſons only in three things, to manage the horſe, to make uſe of the bow, and to ſpeak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this falſe kind of courage, has given occaſion to the very refuſe of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common

common ſenſe, to ſet up for men of honour. An *Engliſh* Peer, who has not been long dead, uſed to tell a pleaſant ſtory of a *French* Gentleman that viſited him early one morning at *Paris*, and after great profeſſions of reſpect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which in ſhort, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordſhip the perſon's name who juſtled him as he came out from the Opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordſhip that he would not deny him the honour of making him his ſecond. The *Engliſh* Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very fooliſh affair, told him that he was under engagements for his two next Duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordſhip would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himſelf was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this falſe notion of honour, in ſo vain and lively a people as thoſe of *France*, is deſervedly looked upon as one of the moſt glorious parts of their preſent King's reign. It is pity but the puniſhment of theſe miſchievous notions ſhould have in it ſome particular circumſtances of ſhame and infamy; that thoſe who are ſlaves to them may ſee, that inſtead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and diſhonour.

Death is not ſufficient to deter men, who make it their glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fought a Duel were to ſtand in the pillory, it would quickly leſſen the number of theſe imaginary men of honour, and put an end to ſo abſurd a practice.

When honour is a ſupport to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to thoſe of religion and equity, they are the greateſt depravations of humane nature, by giving wrong ambitions and falſe ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human ſociety.

Tueſday,

N° 101. *Tuesday, June 26.*

Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis:------- Hor.

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, *is the tax a man pays to the publick for being eminent.* It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential part of a *Roman* triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow *Cæsar* to be a great man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and cele-

celebrate the virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from those of *Cæsar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir *Isaac Newton*'s calculations, the last Comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an *Englishman* considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent Historian may then probably arise, that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expresses it) with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my self very often with the idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the reign of *ANNE* the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader; that he is now entring upon the most shining part of the *English* story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the Historian) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole *British* nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future Historian as the person of whom I am speaking,

ing, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the *Britiſh* nation. For my own part, I often flatter my ſelf with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in ſome page or other of this imaginary Hiſtorian.

It was under this reign, ſays he, that the SPECTATOR publiſhed thoſe little diurnal Eſſays which are ſtill extant. We know very little of the name or perſon of this Author, except only that he was a man of a very ſhort face, extremely addicted to ſilence, and ſo great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other reaſon, but to take the meaſure of a Pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, a whimſical country Knight, and a *Templer* whoſe name he has not tranſmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the houſe of a widow-woman, and was a great humouriſt in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his perſon and character. As for his Speculations, notwithſtanding the ſeveral obſolete words and obſcure phraſes of the age in which he lived, we ſtill underſtand enough of them to ſee the diverſions and characters of the *Engliſh* nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the Author, who has doubtleſs ſtrained many repreſentations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe that women of the firſt quality uſed to paſs away whole mornings at a Puppet-ſhow: that they atteſted their principles by their *Patches:* that an Audience would ſit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not underſtand: That chairs and flower-pots were introduced as Actors upon the *Britiſh* ſtage: that a promiſcuous aſſembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in maſques within the verge of the Court; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We muſt therefore, in theſe and the like caſes, ſuppoſe that theſe remote hints and alluſions aimed at ſome certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at preſent we have not any notion of. We may gueſs by ſeveral paſſages in the *Speculations*, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this Author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot gueſs at any objections that could be made to his paper. If we conſider his ſtyle with that indulgence which we muſt ſhew to old *Engliſh* writers, or if we look into the variety of his ſubjects, with thoſe ſeveral

veral critical diſſertations, moral reflections, * * * * * *
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The following part of the paragraph is ſo much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuſe me for not inſerting it.

N° 102. *Wedneſday, June* 27.

--------Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi. Phædr.

I Do not know whether to call the following Letter a ſatyr upon Coquettes, or a repreſentation of their ſeveral fantaſtical accompliſhments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I ſhall communicate it to the publick. It will ſufficiently explain its own intentions, ſo that I ſhall give it my Reader at length without either Preface or Poſtſcript.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"WOMEN are armed with Fans as men with Swords, and ſome-
" times do more execution with them. To the end there-
" fore that Ladies may be entire Miſtreſſes of the weapon which they
" bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young women
" in the *Exerciſe of the Fan*, according to the moſt faſhionable airs and
" motions that are now practiſed at Court. The Ladies who *carry*
" Fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great Hall, where they
" are inſtructed in the uſe of their Arms, and *exerciſed* by the following
" words of command,

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Diſcharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

" By the right obſervation of theſe few plain words of command, a wo-
" man of a tolerable genius who will apply herſelf diligently to her ex-
" erciſe for the ſpace of one half year, ſhall be able to give her Fan all
" the graces that can poſſibly enter into that little modiſh machine.

" But to the end that my Readers may form to themſelves a right no-
" tion of this *Exerciſe*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts.
" When my female Regiment is drawn up in array, with every one
" her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to *handle their*
" *Fans*, each of them ſhakes her Fan at me with a ſmile, then gives her
" right-hand woman a tap upon the ſhoulder, then preſſes her lips with
" the extremity of her Fan, then lets her arms fall in an eaſy motion,
" and ſtands in a readineſs to receive the next word of Command. All
" this is done with a cloſe Fan, and is generally learned in the firſt
" week.

" The next motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are com-
" prehended ſeveral little flurts and vibrations, as alſo gradual and deli-
" berate openings, with many voluntary fallings aſunder in the Fan it
" ſelf, that are ſeldom learned under a month's practice. This part of
" the *Exerciſe* pleaſes the ſpectators more than any other, as it diſco-
" vers on a ſudden an infinite number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds,
" Beaſts, Rain-bows, and the like agreeable figures, that diſplay them-
" ſelves to view, whilſt every one in the regiment holds a picture in her
" hand.

" Upon my giving the word to *diſcharge their Fans*, they give one
" general crack that may be heard at a conſiderable diſtance when the
" wind ſits fair. This is one of the moſt difficult parts of the *Exerciſe*;
" but I have ſeveral Ladies with me, who at their firſt entrance could
" not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room,
" who can now *diſcharge a Fan* in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall make a
" report like a pocket-piſtol. I have likewiſe taken care (in order to
" hinder young women from letting off their Fans in wrong places or
" unſuitable occaſions) to ſhew upon what ſubject the crack of a Fan
" may come in properly: I have likewiſe invented a Fan, with which a
" girl of ſixteen, by the help of a little wind which is encloſed about
" one of the largeſt ſticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty
" with an ordinary Fan.

" When the Fans are thus *diſcharged*, the word of command in courſe
" is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan grace-
" fully when ſhe throws it aſide in order to take up a pack of cards,

" adjuſt

" adjuſt a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply her ſelf to any " other matter of importance. This part of the *Exerciſe*, as it only con- " ſiſts in toſſing a Fan with an air upon a long table (which ſtands by for " that purpoſe) may be learned in two days time as well as in a twelve- " month.

" When my female regiment is thus diſarmed, I generally let them " walk about the room for ſome time; when on a ſudden (like Ladies " that look upon their watches after a long viſit) they all of them haſten " to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themſelves in their " proper ſtations upon my calling out *recover your Fans.* This part " of the *Exerciſe* is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts " to it.

" The *fluttering of the Fan* is the laſt, and indeed the maſter-piece " of the whole *Exerciſe*; but if a Lady does not miſ-ſpend her time, " ſhe may make her ſelf miſtreſs of it in three months. I generally lay " aſide the dog-days and the hot time of the ſummer for the teaching this " part of the *Exerciſe*, for as ſoon as ever I pronounce *flutter your Fans*, " the place is filled with ſo many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very " refreſhing in that ſeaſon of the year, though they might be dangerous " to Ladies of a tender conſtitution in any other.

" There is an infinite variety of motions to be made uſe of in the " *flutter of a Fan:* There is the angry Flutter, the modeſt Flutter, the " timorous Flutter, the confuſed Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the a- " morous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is ſcarce any emotion in " the mind which does not produce a ſuitable agitation in the Fan; " inſomuch, that if I only ſee the Fan of a diſciplined Lady, I know ve- " ry well whether ſhe laughs, frowns, or bluſhes. I have ſeen a Fan ſo " very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the abſent lover " who provoked it to have come within the wind of it: and at other " times ſo very languiſhing, that I have been glad for the Lady's ſake " the lover was at a ſufficient diſtance from it. I need not add, that a " Fan is either a Prude or Coquette, according to the nature of the per- " ſon who bears it. To conclude my letter, I muſt acquaint you that I " have from my own obſervations compiled a little Treatiſe for the uſe " of my ſcholars, intitled, *The paſſions of the Fan*; which I will commu- " nicate to you, if you think it may be of uſe to the publick. I ſhall " have a general review on *Thurſday* next; to which you ſhall be very " welcome if you will honour it with your preſence.

I am, &c.

P. S. " I teach young Gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a Fan.
N. B. " I have ſeveral little plain Fans made for this uſe, to avoid
" expence.

N° 105. *Saturday, June* 30.

--------*Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita eſſe utile, ne quid nimis. Ter. And.

MY friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himſelf very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has coſt him many diſaſters in his youth; for WILL. reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education, and fancies he ſhould never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down conſtables, diſturbed honeſt people with his midnight ſerenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature WILL. calls the ſtudying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. WILL. ingenuouſly confeſſes, that for half his life his head aked every morning with reading of men over-night; and at preſent comforts himſelf under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This WILL. looks upon as the learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of ſcience as the accompliſhments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookiſh man, or a Philoſopher.

For theſe reaſons WILL. ſhines in mixed company, where he has the diſcretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a ſeeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never ſpare him. For as WILL. often inſults us with the knowledge of the town, we ſometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was laſt week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a Coquette Lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough

enough for a meer man of the town; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. WILL. laught this off at first as well as he could, but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *Templer*, he told us, with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: upon this WILL had recourse to his old topick of shewing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession, and particular way of life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer man of the town? barr him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the Court? he will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intreague that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law Pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of *Westminster-hall*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation. but by dint of argument. The State Pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar,

Scholar, a meer any thing, is an inſipid pedantick character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the ſpecies of Pedants, which I have mentioned, the Book-pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he has at leaſt an exerciſed underſtanding, and a head which is full though confuſed, ſo that a man who converſes with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little uſe to the owner. The worſt kind of Pedants among learned men, are ſuch as are naturally endued with a very ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe, and have read a great number of books without taſte or diſtinction.

The truth of it is, Learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finiſhes good ſenſe, ſo it makes a ſilly man ten thouſand times more inſufferable, by ſupplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in abſurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than men of ſolid and uſeful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuſcript, you would take him for the glory of the common-wealth of letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectifyed a *Greek* particle, or laid out a whole ſentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of their praiſes, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wiſe, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

N° 106. *Monday, July* 2.

------Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigne
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverly to paſs away a month with him in the country, I laſt week accompanied him thither, and am ſettled with him for ſome time at his country-houſe, where I intend to form ſeveral of my enſuing Speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me riſe and go to bed when I pleaſe, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, ſit ſtill and ſay nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the country come to ſee him, he only ſhews me at a diſtance. As I have been walking in his fields I have obſerved them ſtealing a ſight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight deſiring them not to let me ſee them, for that I hated to be ſtared at.

I am the more at eaſe in Sir Roger's family, becauſe it conſiſts of ſober and ſtaid perſons; for as the Knight is the beſt maſter in the world, he ſeldom changes his ſervants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his ſervants never care for leaving him: by this means his domeſticks are all in years, and grown old with their maſter. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the graveſt men that I have ever ſeen, and his Coachman has the looks of a Privy-Counſellor. You ſee the goodneſs of the Maſter even in the old houſe-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the ſtable with great care and tenderneſs out of regard to his paſt ſervices, though he has been uſeleſs for ſeveral years.

I could not but obſerve with a great deal of pleaſure the joy that appeared in the countenances of theſe ancient domeſticks upon my friend's arrival at his country-ſeat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the

the ſight of their old Maſter; every one of them preſſed forward to do ſomething for him, and ſeemed diſcouraged if they were not employed. At the ſame time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the maſter of the family, tempered the enquiries after his own affairs with ſeveral kind queſtions relating to themſelves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, ſo that when he is pleaſant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none ſo much as the perſon whom he diverts himſelf with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is eaſy for a ſtander-by to obſerve a ſecret concern in the looks of all his ſervants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his Butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the reſt of his fellow-ſervants, wonderfully deſirous of pleaſing me, becauſe they have often heard their maſter talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himſelf in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his houſe in the nature of a Chaplain above thirty years. This Gentleman is a perſon of good ſenſe and ſome learning, of a very regular life and obliging converſation: he heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's eſteem; ſo that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have obſerved in ſeveral of my papers, that my friend Sir ROGER, amidſt all his good qualities, is ſomething of an humouriſt; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and diſtinguiſhes them from thoſe of other men. This caſt of mind, as it is generally very innocent in it ſelf, ſo it renders his converſation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the ſame degree of Senſe and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him laſt night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have juſt now mentioned? and without ſtaying for my anſwer told me, that he was afraid of being inſulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reaſon, he deſired a particular friend of his at the Univerſity to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain ſenſe than much learning, of a good aſpect, a clear voice, a ſociable temper, and, if poſſible, a man that underſtood a little of Back-gammon. My friend, ſays Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, beſides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar though he does not ſhew it. I have given him the parſonage of the pariſh; and becauſe I know his value,

have

have ſettled upon him a good Annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he ſhall find that he was higher in my eſteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himſelf, though he is every day ſolliciting me for ſomething in behalf of one or other of my tenants his pariſhioners. There has not been a law-ſuit in the pariſh ſince he has lived among them: If any diſpute ariſes, they apply themſelves to him for the deciſion; if they do not acquieſce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at moſt, they appeal to me. At his firſt ſettling with me, I made him a preſent of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *Engliſh*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digeſted them into ſuch a ſeries, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued ſyſtem of practical Divinity.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his ſtory, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to morrow (for it was *Saturday* night) told us the Biſhop of St. *Aſaph* in the morning, and Dr. *South* in the afternoon. He then ſhewed us his liſt of Preachers for the whole year, where I ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, Biſhop *Saunderſon*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, with ſeveral living Authors who have publiſhed Diſcourſes of Practical Divinity. I no ſooner ſaw this venerable man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's inſiſting upon the qualifications of a good aſpect and a clear voice; for I was ſo charmed with the gracefulneſs of his figure and delivery, as well as the diſcourſes he pronounced, that I think I never paſſed any time more to my ſatisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this manner, is like the compoſition of a Poet in the mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wiſh that more of our Country-clergy would follow this example; and inſtead of waſting their ſpirits in laborious compoſitions of their own, would endeavour after a handſome elocution, and all thoſe other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Maſters. This would not only be more eaſie to themſelves, but more edifying to the people.

N° 108. *Wedneſday, July 4.*

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. Phæd.

AS I was yeſterday morning walking with Sir ROGER before his houſe, a country-fellow brought him a huge fiſh, which he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very morning; and that he preſented it, with his ſervice to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the ſame time he delivered a Letter, which my friend read to me as ſoon as the meſſenger left him.

Sir ROGER,

"I Deſire you to accept of a Jack, which is the beſt I have caught "this ſeaſon. I intend to come and ſtay with you a week, and "ſee how the Perch bite in the *Black river*. I obſerved with ſome con- "cern, the laſt time I ſaw you upon the Bowling-green, that your whip "wanted a laſh to it: I will bring half a dozen with me that I twiſted "laſt week, which I hope will ſerve you all the time you are in the "country. I have not been out of the ſaddle for ſix days laſt paſt, having "been at *Eaton* with Sir *John*'s eldeſt ſon. He takes to his learning "hugely. I am,

SIR, Your humble Servant, Will. Wimble.

This extraordinary letter, and meſſage that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the Gentleman who ſent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will. Wimble* is younger brother to a Baronet, and deſcended of the ancient family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no buſineſs and born to no eſtate, he generally lives with his elder brother as ſuperintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of Dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well verſed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a *May*-fly to a miracle; and furniſhes the whole country with Angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much eſteemed

med upon account of his family, he is a welcome gueſt at every houſe, and keeps up a good correſpondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the oppoſite ſides of the county. *Will* is a particular favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himſelf: he now and then preſents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or ſiſters; and raiſes a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear?* theſe Gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make *Will* the darling of the country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the character of him, when he ſaw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the houſe. I was very much pleaſed to obſerve on one ſide the hearty and ſincere welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other the ſecret joy which his gueſt diſcovered at ſight of the good old Knight. After the firſt ſalutes were over, *Will* deſired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his ſervants to carry a ſet of ſhuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box to a Lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it ſeems he had promiſed ſuch a preſent for above this half year. Sir ROGER's back was no ſooner turned, but honeſt *Will* began to tell me of a large cock-pheaſant that he had ſprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the ſame nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and moſt delight in; for which reaſon I was as much pleaſed with the novelty of the perſon that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the ſpringing of a pheaſant, and therefore liſtned to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midſt of his diſcourſe the bell rung to dinner, where the Gentleman I have been ſpeaking of had the pleaſure of ſeeing the huge jack, he had caught, ſerved up for the firſt diſh in a moſt ſumptuous manner. Upon our ſitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with ſeveral other particulars that laſted all the firſt courſe. A diſh of wild-fowl that came afterwards furniſhed converſation for the reſt of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of *Will*'s for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was ſecretly touched with compaſſion towards the honeſt Gentleman that had dined with us;

and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busie hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the publick esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of *Europe* with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but *Will* was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physick; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty first Speculation.

N° 110. *Friday, July 6.*

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. Virg.

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER's house, among the ruins of an old Abby, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region.

gion. I am very much delighted with this ſort of noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the *Pſalms*, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, becauſe of an ill report it lyes under of being *haunted*; for which reaſon (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it beſides the Chaplain. My good friend the Butler deſired me with a very grave face not to venture my ſelf in it after ſun-ſet, for that one of the footmen had been almoſt frighted out of his wits by a ſpirit that appeared to him in the ſhape of a black horſe without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard ſuch a ruſtling among the buſhes that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place laſt night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper ſcenes in the world for a ghoſt to appear in. The ruines of the abby are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with ivy and elder buſhes, the harbours of ſeveral ſolitary birds which ſeldom make their appearance till the duſk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has ſtill ſeveral marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is ſuch an Echo among the old ruines and vaults, that if you ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the ſound repeated. At the ſame time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding ſolemn and venerable. Theſe objects naturally raiſe ſerioufneſs and attention: and when night heightens the awfulneſs of the place, and pours out her ſupernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with ſpectres and apparitions.

Mr. *Locke*, in his chapter of the aſſociation of ideas, has very curious remarks to ſhew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole ſet that bear no reſemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among ſeveral examples of this kind, he produces the following inſtance. *The ideas of goblins and ſprights have really no more to do with darkneſs than light: yet let but a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a child, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeparate them again ſo long as he lives; but darkneſs ſhall ever afterward bring with it thoſe frightful ideas, and they ſhall be ſo joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.*

As

As I was walking in this ſolitude, where the dusk of the evening conſpired with ſo many other occaſions of terrour, I obſerved a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to *ſtartle* might eaſily have conſtrued into a black horſe without an head: and I dare ſay the poor footman loſt his wits upon ſome ſuch trivial occaſion.

My friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his firſt coming to his eſtate, he found three parts of his houſe altogether uſeleſs; that the beſt room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noiſes had been heard in his long gallery, ſo that he could not get a ſervant to enter it after eight-a-clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, becauſe there went a ſtory in the family, that a Butler had formerly hanged himſelf in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had ſhut up half the rooms in the houſe, in which either a husband, a ſon, or daughter had died. The Knight ſeeing his habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own houſe, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and *exorciſed* by his Chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means diſſipated the fears which had ſo long reigned in the family.

I ſhould not have been thus particular upon theſe ridiculous horrours, did not I find them ſo very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the ſame time I think a perſon who is thus terrified with the imagination of Ghoſts and Spectres much more reaſonable, than one who contrary to the reports of all Hiſtorians ſacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundleſs. Could not I give my ſelf up to this general teſtimony of mankind, I ſhould to the relations of particular perſons who are now living, and whom I cannot diſtruſt in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the Hiſtorians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewiſe the Philoſophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. *Lucretius* himſelf, though by the courſe of his Philoſophy he was obliged to maintain that the ſoul did not exiſt ſeparate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was ſo preſſed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, That the ſurfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective bodies,

bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the sake of the story it self, as for the moral reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. " *Glaphyra* the daughter of King *Archilaus*, after the death of " her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to " her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned " off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd " kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards " her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the " midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he re- " proached her after the following manner: *Glaphyra*, says he, thou hast " made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not " I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How " couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, " and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has " so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake " of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and " make thee mine for ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several women " of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might " not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those Kings: be- " sides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains " a most certain proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of divine Pro- " vidence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his " opinion to himself; but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of " others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of " Virtue.

Saturday,

N° 111. *Saturday, July 7.*

-------Inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum. Hor.

THE courſe of my laſt Speculation led me inſenſibly into a ſubject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt my ſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh this great point, which is the baſis of Morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn,

Firſt, From the nature of the Soul it ſelf, and particularly its Immateriality; which though not abſolutely neceſſary to the Eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, From its Paſſions and Sentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horrour of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the ſupreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the Soul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the Soul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all Eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human Soul thus

thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a Thinking being that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————————— *hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurprizing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his Soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive Intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable Beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom, which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the Soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay,

it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite Spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of Being; but he knows, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden stores of Virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another to all Eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider our selves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

N° 112. *Monday, July* 9.

Ἀθανάτας μὲν πρῶτα θεὸς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα ——— Pyth.

I Am always very well pleased with a country *Sunday*; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon dege-

degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole parish-politicks being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir ROGER being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own chusing: He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprized to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kick-

ing his heels for his diverſion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumſtances of life, has a very good effect upon the pariſh, who are not polite enough to ſee any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; beſides that the general good ſenſe and worthineſs of his character, make his friends obſerve theſe little ſingularities as foils that rather ſet off than blemiſh his good qualities.

As ſoon as the ſermon is finiſhed, no body preſumes to ſtir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his ſeat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that ſtand bowing to him on each ſide; and every now and then enquires how ſuch an one's wife, or mother, or ſon, or father do, whom he does not ſee at church; which is underſtood as a ſecret reprimand to the perſon that is abſent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechiſing-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleaſed with a boy that anſwers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and ſometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir ROGER has likewiſe added five pounds a year to the Clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themſelves perfect in the church-ſervice, has promiſed upon the death of the preſent Incumbent, who is very old, to beſtow it according to merit.

The fair underſtanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, becauſe the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that riſe between the Parſon and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual ſtate of war. The Parſon is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parſon, never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheiſts and tithe-ſtealers; while the Parſon inſtructs them every *Sunday* in the dignity of his order, and inſinuates to them almoſt in every ſermon, that he is a better man than his Patron. In ſhort, matters are come to ſuch an extremity, that the 'Squire has not ſaid his prayers either in publick or private this half year; and that the Parſon threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are ſo uſed to be dazled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the underſtanding of a man of an eſtate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important ſoever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are ſeveral men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Thurſ-

N° 115. *Thurſday, July* 12.

--------*Ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.* Juv.

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the name of Labour for that of Exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary labour as it riſes from another motive.

A country life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and conſequently a more perfect enjoyment of himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands, or to uſe a more ruſtick phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries, but every muſcle and every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible glands or ſtrainers.

This general idea of a humane body, without conſidering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary Labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a more firm and laſting tone. Labour or Exerciſe ferments the humours, caſts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps Nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent laws of union between

tween ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not Exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part as neceſſarily produces thoſe compreſſions, extenſions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up our ſelves. The Earth muſt be laboured before it gives its encreaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exerciſe.

My friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable man in buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral parts of his houſe with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of ſeveral kinds of Deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable furniture of his houſe, as they afford him frequent topicks of diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large Otter's skin ſtuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great ſatisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of Arſenal filled with guns of ſeveral ſizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havock in the woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of pheaſants, partridges and wood-cocks. His ſtable doors are patched with noſes that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER ſhewed me one of them that for diſtinction ſake has a braſs nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen hours riding,

riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and loſt above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greateſt exploits of his life. The perverſe widow, whom I have given ſome account of, was the death of ſeveral foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the courſe of his amours he patched the weſtern door of his ſtable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were ſure to pay for it. In proportion as his paſſion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left his Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten miles of his houſe.

There is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my Readers of both ſexes as this of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the *idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very laviſh in its praiſes; and if the *Engliſh* Reader would ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed not many years ſince, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe my ſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of a room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

When I was ſome years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ my ſelf in a more laborious diverſion, which I learned from a *Latin* treatiſe of exerciſes, that is written with great erudition: It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own ſhadow; and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing, without the blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controverſies and diſputes about nothing, in *this Method* of fighting with their own ſhadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the ſpleen, which makes them uneaſie to the publick as well as to themſelves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider my ſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

Saturday,

N° 117. *Saturday, July* 14.

-----Ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt. Virg.

THERE are ſome opinions in which a man ſhould ſtand neuter, without engaging his aſſent to one ſide or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuſes to ſettle upon any determination, is abſolutely neceſſary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepoſſeſſions. When the arguments preſs equally on both ſides in matters that are indifferent to us, the ſafeſt method is to give up our ſelves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I conſider the ſubject of Witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, but from every particular nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is ſuch an intercourſe and commerce with evil Spirits, as that which we expreſs by the name of Witchcraft. But when I conſider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound moſt in theſe relations, and that the perſons among us who are ſuppoſed to engage in ſuch an infernal commerce, are people of a weak underſtanding and crazed imagination, and at the ſame time reflect upon the many impoſtures and deluſions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to ſuſpend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In ſhort, when I conſider the queſtion, Whether there are ſuch perſons in the world as thoſe we call Witches? my mind is divided between two oppoſite opinions; or rather (to ſpeak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, ſuch a thing as Witchcraft; but at the ſame time can give no credit to any particular inſtance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by ſome occurrences that I met with yeſterday, which I ſhall give my Reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir ROGER by the ſide of one of his woods, an

an old woman applied her self to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in *Otway*.

In a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, *with age grown double,*
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a Witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a Cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of *Moll White*, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter to come so soon as she would have it, *Moll White* is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, *Moll White* has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the Hunts-man curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir Roger) I have known the Master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same

time he whiſpered me in the ear to take notice of a Tabby cat that ſat in the chimney-corner, which, as the Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as *Moll White* her ſelf; for beſides that *Moll* is ſaid often to accompany her in the ſame ſhape, the Cat is reported to have ſpoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played ſeveral pranks above the capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was ſecretly concerned to ſee humane nature in ſo much wretchedneſs and diſgrace, but at the ſame time could not forbear ſmiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, adviſing her as a Juſtice of Peace to avoid all communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours cattle. We concluded our viſit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir ROGER told me that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making children ſpit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be toſſing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have ſince found, upon enquiry, that Sir ROGER was ſeveral times ſtaggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Seſſions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perſuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I hear there is ſcarce a village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a pariſh, ſhe is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary diſtempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor wretch that is the innocent occaſion of ſo many evils, begins to be frighted at her ſelf, and ſometimes confeſſes ſecret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greateſt objects of compaſſion, and inſpires people with a malevolence towards thoſe poor decrepid parts of our ſpecies, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

Tueſday,

N° 119. *Tuesday, July* 17.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem-------- Virg.

THE firſt and moſt obvious reflections which ariſe in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in thoſe two different ſcenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding, as they ſhew themſelves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the firſt place, I muſt obſerve a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condeſcenſions and ſubmiſſions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were firſt of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the ruſtick part of the ſpecies (who on all occaſions acted bluntly and naturally) by ſuch a mutual complaiſance and intercourſe of civilities. Theſe forms of converſation by degrees multiplied and grew troubleſome; the modiſh world found too great a conſtraint in them, and have therefore thrown moſt of them aſide. Converſation, like the *Romiſh* religion, was ſo encumbered with ſhow and ceremony, that it ſtood in need of a reformation to retrench its ſuperfluities, and reſtore it to its natural good ſenſe and beauty. At preſent therefore an unconſtrained carriage, and a certain openneſs of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The faſhionable world is grown free and eaſie; our manners ſit more looſe upon us: nothing is ſo modiſh as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding ſhews it ſelf moſt, where to an ordinary eye it appears the leaſt.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the laſt age. They have no ſooner fetched themſelves up to the faſhion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the firſt ſtate of nature, than to thoſe refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and ſtill prevail in the country.

One may now know a man that never converſed in the world by his exceſs of good breeding. A polite country Squire ſhall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would ſerve a Courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of Juſtices wives, than in an aſſembly of Dutcheſſes.

This rural politeneſs is very troubleſome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk firſt or laſt, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir ROGER's dinner almoſt cold before the company could adjuſt the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to ſit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have ſeen him forced to pick and cull his gueſts, as they ſat at the ſeveral parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their reſpective ranks and qualities. Honeſt *Will Wimble*, who I ſhould have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fiſhing all the morning, he will not help himſelf at dinner 'till I' am ſerved. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and laſt night, as we were walking in the fields, ſtopped ſhort at a ſtile 'till I came up to it, and upon my making ſigns to him to get over, told me, with a ſerious ſmile, that ſure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the converſation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the firſt diſtinctions of a well-bred man, to expreſs every thing that had the moſt remote appearance of being obſcene, in modeſt terms and diſtant phraſes; whilſt the clown, who had no ſuch delicacy of conception and expreſſion, clothed his *ideas* in thoſe plain homely terms that are the moſt obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an exceſs, ſo as to make converſation too ſtiff, formal and preciſe; for which reaſon (as hypocriſy in one age is generally ſucceeded by atheiſm in another) converſation is in a great meaſure relapſed into the firſt extream; ſo that at preſent ſeveral of our men of the town, and particularly thoſe who have been poliſhed in *France*, make uſe of the moſt coarſe uncivilized words in our language, and utter themſelves often in ſuch a manner as a clown would bluſh to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impoſſible for ſuch an irrational way of converſation to laſt long among

mong a people that makes any profeſſion of religion, or ſhow of modeſty, if the country Gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themſelves talking together like men of wit and pleaſure.

As the two points of good breeding, which I have hitherto inſiſted upon, regard behaviour and converſation, there is a third which turns upon dreſs. In this too the country are very much behind hand. The rural Beaus are not yet got out of the faſhion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are ſtill trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dreſſes.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the weſtern circuit, having promiſed to give me an account of the ſeveral modes and faſhions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he paſſes, I ſhall defer the enlarging upon this laſt topick 'till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every poſt.

N° 120. *Wedneſday, July* 18.

------Equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis
Ingenium-------- Virg.

MY friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me, upon my paſſing ſo much of my time among his poultry: he has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's neſt, and ſeveral times ſitting an hour or two together near an hen and chicken. He tells me he believes I am perſonally acquainted with every fowl about his houſe; calls ſuch a particular cock my favourite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geeſe have more of my company than himſelf.

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe ſpeculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting upon

upon this occaſion the ſeveral remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own obſervation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural hiſtory of animals being in my opinion demonſtrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt turn in the muſcles or twiſt in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

The moſt violent appetites in all creatures are *Luſt* and *Hunger:* the firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter, to preſerve themſelves.

It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent to the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as inſects and ſeveral kinds of fiſh: others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſite them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Oſtrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, 'till it is able to ſhift for its ſelf.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and directs all of the ſame ſpecies to work after the ſame model? It cannot be *Imitation*; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a ſtick, with all the other neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be *Reaſon*; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propoſe to themſelves.

Is it not remarkable, that the ſame temper of weather which raiſes this genial warmth in animals, ſhould cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with graſs, for their ſecurity and concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ſwarms of inſects for the ſupport and ſuſtenance of their reſpective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts; and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the preſervation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I ſhall quote at length as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance

ſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the ſtrength of that principle in animals, of which I am here ſpeaking. "A perſon "who was well skilled in diſſections opened a bitch, and as ſhe lay in "the moſt exquiſite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, "which ſhe immediately fell a licking; and for the time ſeemed inſenſi- "ble of her own pain: on the removal, ſhe kept her eyes fixt on it, and "began a wailing ſort of cry, which ſeemed rather to proceed from the "loſs of her young one, than the ſenſe of her own torments.

But notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves: and what is a very remarkable circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its uſual time, if the preſervation of the ſpecies requires it; as we may ſee in birds that drive away their young as ſoon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the neſt, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of ſupplying their own neceſſities.

This natural love is not obſerved in animals to aſcend from the young to the parent, which is not at all neceſſary for the continuance of the ſpecies: nor indeed in reaſonable creatures does it riſe in any proportion, as it ſpreads it ſelf downwards; for in all family-affection, we find protection granted and favours beſtowed, are greater motives to love and tenderneſs; than ſafety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear ſceptical men diſputing for the Reaſon of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the uſe of that faculty.

Reaſon ſhews it ſelf in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no diſcovery of ſuch a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preſervation, or the continuance of his ſpecies. Animals in their generation are wiſer than the ſons of men; but their wiſdom is confined to a few particulars, and lyes in a very narrow compaſs. Take a brute out of his inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of underſtanding. To uſe an inſtance that comes often under obſervation.

With what caution does the hen provide her ſelf a neſt in places unfrequented, and free from noiſe and diſturbance? When ſhe has laid her eggs in ſuch a manner that ſhe can cover them, what care does ſhe take

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in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When ſhe leaves them to provide for her neceſſary ſuſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the ſummer you ſee her giving her ſelf greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help it ſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A Chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that ſhew an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity, (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies) conſidered in other reſpects, is without the leaſt glimmerings of thought or common ſenſe. She miſtakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner: ſhe is inſenſible of an increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays: ſhe does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of her ſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very ideot.

There is not in my opinion any thing more myſterious in nature than this Inſtinct in Animals, which thus riſes above Reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the ſame time works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt Philoſophers, is an immediate impreſſion from the firſt mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures.

Thurſday,

N° 121. *Thurſday, July* 19.

-------Jovis omnia plena. Virg.

AS I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country houſe, I was wonderfully pleaſed to ſee the different workings of Inſtinct in a Hen followed by a brood of Ducks. The young, upon the ſight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the ſtep-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her ſo dangerous and deſtructive. As the different principle which acted in theſe different animals cannot be termed Reaſon, ſo when we call it *Inſtinct*, we mean ſomething we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my laſt paper, it ſeems the immediate direction of Providence, and ſuch an operation of the ſupreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern Philoſopher, quoted by Monſieur *Bayle* in his learned diſſertation on the Souls of brutes, delivers the ſame opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he ſays, *Deus eſt anima brutorum*, God himſelf is the Soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that ſeeming ſagacity in Animals, which directs them to ſuch food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholſome? *Tully* has obſerved that a Lamb no ſooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies it ſelf to the teat. *Dampier*, in his travels, tells us, that when ſeamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coaſts of *America*, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting ſoever it may appear, unleſs they obſerve that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehenſion where the birds have been before them.

But notwithſtanding Animals have nothing like the uſe of Reaſon, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the paſſions and ſenſes in their greateſt ſtrength and perfection. And here it is worth our obſervation, that all beaſts and birds of prey are wonderfully ſubject to anger, malice, revenge, and all other violent paſſions that may animate them

in ſearch of their proper food; as thoſe that are incapable of defending themſelves, or annoying others, or whoſe ſafety lies chiefly in their flight, are ſuſpicious, fearful, and apprehenſive of every thing they ſee or hear; whilſt others that are of aſſiſtance and uſe to man, have their natures ſoftned with ſomething mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domeſtick life. In this caſe the paſſions generally correſpond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a Lion in ſo weak and defenceleſs an animal as a Lamb, nor the meekneſs of a Lamb in a creature ſo armed for battle and aſſault as the Lion. In the ſame manner, we find that particular animals have a more or leſs exquiſite ſharpneſs and ſagacity in thoſe particular ſenſes which moſt turn to their advantage, and in which their ſafety and welfare is the moſt concerned.

Nor muſt we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of ſeveral kinds of animals, ſuch as claws, hoofs and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a ſting, a trunk, or a *Proboſcis*. It is likewiſe obſerved by Naturaliſts, that it muſt be ſome hidden principle, diſtinct from what we call Reaſon, which inſtructs animals in the uſe of theſe their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the beſt advantage; becauſe they naturally defend themſelves with that part in which their ſtrength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which though they are bred within doors, and never ſaw the actions of their own ſpecies, puſh at thoſe who approach them with their foreheads, before the firſt budding of a horn appears.

I ſhall add to theſe general obſervations, an inſtance which Mr. *Locke* has given us of Providence, even in the imperfections of a creature which ſeems the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable in the whole animal world. *We may*, ſays he, *from the make of an Oyſter, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not ſo many nor ſo quick ſenſes as a man, or ſeveral other animals: nor if it had, would it in that ſtate and incapacity of tranſferring it ſelf from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would ſight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move it ſelf to, or from the object, wherein at a diſtance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickneſs of ſenſation be an inconvenience to an animal, that muſt be ſtill where chance has once placed it; and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?*

I ſhall add to this inſtance out of Mr. *Locke*, another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*, who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the ſame time has ſhewn its wiſdom in the formation of that organ in which it ſeems chiefly to have failed.

failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that Naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the meer thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad that she may scoup away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is, but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig her self a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out before she had compleated or got full possession of her works.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle*'s remark upon this last creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his works observes, that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury her self in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shews it self even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted?

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations.

If the ſeveral writers among them took each his particular ſpecies, and gave us a diſtinct account of its original, birth, and education; its policies, hoſtilities and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly thoſe that diſtinguiſh it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the ſtate of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the beſt ſervices their ſtudies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wiſe contriver.

It is true, ſuch a natural hiſtory, after all the diſquiſitions of the learned, would be infinitely ſhort and defective. Seas and deſarts hide millions of animals from our obſervation. Innumerable artifices and ſtratagems are acted in the *howling wilderneſs* and in the *great deep*, that can never come to our knowledge. Beſides that there are infinitely more ſpecies of creatures which are not to be ſeen without, nor indeed with the help of the fineſt glaſſes, than of ſuch as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the conſideration of ſuch animals as lie within the compaſs of our knowledge, we might eaſily form a concluſion of the reſt, that the ſame variety of wiſdom and goodneſs runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its ſafety and ſubſiſtence in its proper ſtation.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural hiſtory, in his ſecond book, concerning the nature of the Gods; and that in a ſtile ſo raiſed by metaphors and deſcriptions, that it lifts the ſubject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on ſuch nice obſervations, when they paſs through the hands of an ordinary writer.

N° 122. *Friday, July* 20.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo eſt. Publ. Syr. Frag.

A Man's firſt care ſhould be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to eſcape the cenſures of the world: if the laſt interferes with the former, it ought to be intirely neglected; but otherwiſe there cannot be a greater ſatisfaction to an honeſt mind, than to

to see those approbations which it gives it self seconded by the applauses of the publick: A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will Wimble* and my self with him to the country-assizes: as we were upon the road, *Will Wimble* joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times Fore-man of the Petty-jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a fellow famous for *taking the law* of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the *Widow*. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wimble* and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might *take the law*

law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's ear, that *he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit*. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprize, in the midst of a tryal, that my friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir ROGER *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that *the Knight's head* had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as

Sir

Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his ſervant's indiſcretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow ſeemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more deciſive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the ſame time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himſelf would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's head.* I ſhould not have known this ſtory, had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told him in my hearing, That his Honour's head was brought back laſt night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his uſual chearfulneſs related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear diſcovering greater expreſſions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monſtrous face, under which, notwithſtanding it was made to frown and ſtare in a moſt extraordinary manner, I could ſtill diſcover a diſtant reſemblance of my old friend. Sir ROGER, upon ſeeing me laugh, deſired me to tell him truly if I thought it poſſible for people to know him in that diſguiſe. I at firſt kept my uſual ſilence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not ſtill more like himſelf than a *Saracen*, I compoſed my countenance in the beſt manner I could, and replied, *That much might be ſaid on both ſides.*

Theſe ſeveral adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleaſant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Saturday,

N° 123. *Saturday, July* 21.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor.

AS I was yeſterday taking the air with my friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a freſh-coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full ſpeed, with a couple of ſervants behind him. Upon my enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a conſiderable eſtate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good Lady, ſays my friend, but took ſo much care of her ſon's health, that ſhe has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ake. He was let looſe among the woods as ſoon as he was able to ride on horſe-back, or to carry a gun upon his ſhoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great ſtock of health, but nothing elſe; and that if it were a man's buſineſs only to live, there would not be a more accompliſhed young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, ſince my reſiding in theſe parts, I have ſeen and heard innumerable inſtances of young heirs and elder brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the eſtates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accompliſhments unneceſſary, or from hearing theſe notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their ſervants and domeſticks, or from the ſame fooliſh thoughts prevailing in thoſe who have the care of their education, are of no manner of uſe but to keep up their families, and tranſmit their lands and houſes in a line to poſterity.

This makes me often think on a ſtory I have heard of two friends, which I ſhall give my Reader at large, under feigned names. The moral

ral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and *Leontine* began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the interests of its Princes, with the customs and fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about Court by the intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. *Cowley*, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a son born to him, and *Leontine* a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely that the boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his son, and that

the girl ſhould live with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of diſcretion. The wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her ſon could not be ſo advantageouſly brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, and conſidering at the ſame time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each ſide had wrought themſelves to ſuch an habitual tenderneſs for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real paſſion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his ſuppoſed parent, was taught to rejoice at the ſight of *Eudoxus*, who viſited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himſelf eſteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The boy was now old enough to know his ſuppoſed father's circumſtances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own induſtry. This conſideration grew ſtronger in him every day, and produced ſo good an effect, that he applied himſelf with more than ordinary attention to the purſuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, aſſiſted by the directions of ſo excellent a counſellor, enabled him to make a quicker progreſs than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finiſhed his ſtudies and exerciſes with great applauſe, he was removed from the Univerſity to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themſelves conſiderable proficients in the ſtudies of the place, who know they ſhall arrive at great eſtates without them. This was not *Florio*'s caſe, he found that three hundred a year was but a poor eſtate for *Leontine* and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without intermiſſion till he gained a very good inſight into the conſtitution and laws of his country.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that whilſt *Florio* lived at the houſe of his foſter-father, he was always an acceptable gueſt in the family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the ſentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneaſy paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an Heireſs of ſo great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. *Leonilla*, who was a woman of the greateſt beauty joined with the greateſt modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret paſſion for *Florio*, but conducted

ducted her self with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to* Leontine, *than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father, by the discovery I have made to you.* Leonilla *too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to* Leonilla *which I have made to your self.* *Florio* was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half *Eudoxus*'s estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just recompence, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

N° 124. *Monday, July* 23.

Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.

A MAN who publiſhes his works in a Volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in looſe Tracts and ſingle Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after ſome heavy preamble, and ſeveral words of courſe, to prepare the Reader for what follows: nay, Authors have eſtabliſhed it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull ſometimes; as the moſt ſevere Reader makes allowances for many reſts and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occaſion to the famous *Greek* proverb which I have choſen for my motto, *That a great book is a great evil.*

On the contrary, thoſe who publiſh their thoughts in diſtinct ſheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of theſe advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our ſubject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid: our matter muſt lye cloſe together, and either be wholly new in it ſelf, or in the turn it receives from our expreſſions. Were the books of our beſt Authors thus to be retailed to the publick, and every page ſubmitted to the taſte of forty or fifty thouſand Readers, I am afraid we ſhould complain of many flat expreſſions, trivial obſervations, beaten topicks, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the ſame time, notwithſtanding ſome papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every ſheet ſhould be a kind of treatiſe, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour ſhould be worked up in all its parts; and a ſubject touched upon in its moſt eſſential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality preſcribe to their Readers after the Galenick way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An Eſſay writer muſt practiſe in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books

books reduced thus to their quinteſſence, many a bulky Author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be ſcarce ſuch a thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furniſhing out ſeparate papers of this nature, has hindered Authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after ſuch a manner: though I muſt confeſs I am amazed that the preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties: as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be inſtructed in wiſdom and virtue, than in politicks; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and ſons, than counſellors and ſtateſmen. Had the Philoſophers and great men of antiquity, who took ſo much pains in order to inſtruct mankind, and leave the world wiſer and better than they found it; had they, I ſay, been poſſeſſed of the art of printing, there is no queſtion but they would have made ſuch an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the publick. Our common prints would be of great uſe, were they thus calculated to diffuſe good ſenſe through the bulk of a people, to clear up their underſtandings, animate their minds with virtue, diſſipate the ſorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more ſevere employments with innocent amuſements. When knowledge, inſtead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the publick; when it is canvaſſed in every aſſembly, and expoſed upon every table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that paſſage in the *Proverbs*, *Wiſdom cryeth without: She uttereth her voice in the ſtreets: ſhe cryeth in the chief place of conſourſe, in the openings of the gates. In the city ſhe uttereth her words, ſaying, How long, ye ſimple ones, will ye love ſimplicity? and the ſcorners delight in their ſcorning? and fools hate knowledge?*

The many letters which come to me from perſons of the beſt ſenſe in both ſexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) do not a little encourage me in the proſecution of this my undertaking: beſides that, my bookſeller tells me, the demand for theſe my papers increaſes daily. It is at his inſtance that I ſhall continue my *rural Speculations* to the end of this month; ſeveral having made up ſeparate ſets of them, as they have done before of thoſe relating to Wit, to Operas, to points of Morality, or ſubjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when ſometimes I ſee my works thrown aſide by men of no taſte nor learning. There is a kind of heavineſs and igno-

ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through: their ſouls are not to be enlightned,

——*Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To theſe I muſt apply the fable of the Mole, That after having conſulted many Oculiſts for the bettering of his ſight, was at laſt provided with a good pair of ſpectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make uſe of them, his mother told him very prudently, "That ſpectacles, though "they might help the eye of a man, could be of no uſe to a Mole." It is not therefore for the benefit of Moles that I publiſh theſe my daily Eſſays.

But beſides ſuch as are Moles through ignorance, there are others who are Moles through envy. As it is ſaid in the Latin proverb, "That one "man is a wolf to another;" ſo, generally ſpeaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impoſſible for them to diſcover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for ſpots and blemiſhes: they can indeed ſee the light, as it is ſaid of the animals which are their nameſakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately ſhut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themſelves into a wilful obſcurity. I have already caught two or three of theſe dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a ſtring of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to all ſuch voluntary Moles.

N° 125. *Tueſday, July* 24.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires. Virg.

MY worthy friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a ſchool-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight being then but a ſtripling, had occaſion to enquire which was the

the way to St. *Anne*'s lane, upon which the perſon whom he ſpoke to, inſtead of anſwering his queſtion, called him a young popiſh cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a Saint! The boy being in ſome confuſion, enquired of the next he met, which was the way to *Anne*'s lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and inſtead of being ſhewn the way, was told, that ſhe had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, ſays Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former queſtion, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir ROGER generally cloſes this narrative with reflections on the miſchief that Parties do in the country; how they ſpoil good neighbourhood, and make honeſt Gentlemen hate one another; beſides that they manifeſtly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the deſtruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than ſuch a dreadful ſpirit of diviſion as rends a Government into two diſtinct people, and makes them greater ſtrangers and more averſe to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of ſuch a diviſion are pernicious to the laſt degree, not only with regard to thoſe advantages which they give the common enemy, but to thoſe private evils which they produce in the heart of almoſt every particular perſon. This influence is very fatal both to mens morals and their underſtandings; it ſinks the virtue of a nation, and not only ſo, but deſtroys even common ſenſe.

A furious Party-ſpirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts it ſelf in civil war and bloodſhed; and when it is under its greateſt reſtraints, naturally breaks out in falſhood, detraction, calumny, and a partial adminiſtration of juſtice. In a word, it fills a nation with ſpleen and rancour, and extinguiſhes all the ſeeds of good-nature, compaſſion and humanity.

Plutarch ſays very finely, that a man ſhould not allow himſelf to hate even his enemies, becauſe, ſays he, if you indulge this paſſion in ſome occaſions, it will riſe of it ſelf in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract ſuch a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon thoſe who are your friends, or thoſe who are indifferent to you. I might here obſerve how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the paſſion it ſelf, and not from its object) anſwers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about

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an hundred years before this Philoſopher wrote; but inſtead of that, I ſhall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear ſowered with party-principles, and alienated from one another in ſuch a manner, as ſeems to me altogether inconſiſtent with the dictates either of reaſon or religion. Zeal for a publick cauſe is apt to breed paſſions in the hearts of virtuous perſons, to which the regard of their own private intereſt would never have betrayed them.

If this Party-ſpirit has ſo ill an effect on our morals, it has likewiſe a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor inſipid paper or pamphlet cryed up, and ſometimes a noble piece depreciated, by thoſe who are of a different principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this ſpirit, is almoſt under an incapacity of diſcerning either real blemiſhes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object ſeen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however ſtreight and entire it may be in it ſelf. For this reaſon there is ſcarce a perſon of any figure in *England*, who does not go by two contrary characters, as oppoſite to one another as light and darkneſs. Knowledge and learning ſuffer in a particular manner from this ſtrange prejudice, which at preſent prevails amongſt all ranks and degrees in the *Britiſh* nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned ſocieties by their parts and acquiſitions, they now diſtinguiſh themſelves by the warmth and violence with which they eſpouſe their reſpective parties. Books are valued upon the like conſiderations: an abuſive ſcurrilous ſtyle paſſes for Satyr, and a dull ſcheme of Party-notions is called Fine writing.

There is one piece of Sophiſtry practiſed by both ſides, and that is the taking any ſcandalous ſtory that has been ever whiſpered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raiſing ſuitable ſpeculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary poſtulatums of theſe infamous ſcriblers, upon which they proceed as upon firſt principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are falſe, or at beſt very doubtful. When they have laid theſe foundations of ſcurrility, it is no wonder that their ſuperſtructure is every way anſwerable to them. If this ſhameleſs practice of the preſent age endures much longer, praiſe and reproach will ceaſe to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all Governments when this inhuman ſpirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibelines*, and *France* by thoſe who were for and againſt the League: but

but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in ſuch a ſtormy and tempeſtuous ſeaſon. It is the reſtleſs ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws ſeveral well-meaning perſons to their intereſt by a ſpecious concern for their country. How many honeſt minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the publick good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit againſt men of an adverſe party, whom they would honour and eſteem, if inſtead of conſidering them as they are repreſented, they knew them as they are? Thus are perſons of the greateſt probity ſeduced into ſhameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that nobleſt of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spaniſh* proverb, *If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wiſh that all honeſt men would enter into an aſſociation, for the ſupport of one another againſt the endeavours of thoſe whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatſoever ſide they may belong to. Were there ſuch an honeſt body of neutral forces, we ſhould never ſee the worſt of men in great figures of life, becauſe they are uſeful to a party; nor the beſt unregarded, becauſe they are above practiſing thoſe methods which would be grateful to their faction. We ſhould then ſingle every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we ſhould ſhelter diſtreſſed innocence, and defend virtue, however beſet with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In ſhort, we ſhould not any longer regard our fellow-ſubjects as Whigs and Tories, but ſhould make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

N° 126. *Wedneſday, July* 25.

Tros Rutuluſve fuat, nullo diſcrimine habebo. Virg.

IN my yeſterday's paper I propoſed, that the honeſt men of all parties ſhould enter into a kind of aſſociation for the defence of one another and the confuſion of their common enemies. As it is deſigned this neutral body ſhould act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and diveſt themſelves of the little heats and prepoſſeſſions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an aſſociation, which may expreſs their intentions in the moſt plain and ſimple manner.

We whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, do ſolemnly declare, that we do in our Conſciences believe two and two make four; and that we ſhall adjudge any man whatſoever to be our enemy who endeavours to perſwade us to the contrary. We are likewiſe ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that ſix is leſs than ſeven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at preſent. We do alſo firmly declare, that it is our reſolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we ſhall upon all occaſions oppoſe ſuch perſons that upon any day of the year ſhall call black white, or white black, with the utmoſt peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there ſuch a combination of honeſt men, who without any regard to places, would endeavour to extirpate all ſuch furious zealots as would ſacrifice one half of their country to the paſſion and intereſt of the other; as alſo ſuch infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage, under colour of the publick good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each ſide, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit ſubmiſſion to their leaders; we ſhould ſoon ſee that furious Party-ſpirit extinguiſhed, which may in time expoſe us to the deriſion and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this ſociety, that would thus carefully employ himſelf in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthleſs and depraved part of mankind from thoſe conſpicuous ſtations of life to which they have been ſometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private intereſt, would be no ſmall benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole buſineſs of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in ſearch after. This inſtinct is the more remarkable, becauſe the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the inceſſant labours of this induſtrious animal, *Ægypt*, ſays the Hiſtorian, would be over-run with crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are ſo far from deſtroying thoſe pernicious creatures, that they worſhip them as Gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we ſhall find them far from reſembling this diſintereſted animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of deſtroying a man of the moſt extraordinary parts and accompliſhments, as thinking that upon his deceaſe the ſame talents, what-ever poſt they qualified him for, enter of courſe into his deſtroyer.

As in the whole train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguiſh that pernicious ſpirit of paſſion and prejudice, which rages with the ſame violence in all parties, I am ſtill the more deſirous of doing ſome good in this particular, becauſe I obſerve that the ſpirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and ruſtick fierceneſs, to which men of a politer converſation are wholly ſtrangers. It extends it ſelf even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the ſame time that the heads of parties preſerve towards one another an outward ſhew of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourſe of civilities, their tools that are diſperſed in theſe outlying parts will not ſo much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with ſeveral periodical meetings of whig jockeys and tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curſes, frowns, and whiſpers it produces at a Quarter-ſeſſions.

I do not know whether I have obſerved in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different principles, the firſt of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *moneyed* intereſt. This humour is ſo moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery,

which very often diverts the reſt of the club. I find however that the Knight is a much ſtronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is abſolutely neceſſary for the keeping up his intereſt. In all our journey from *London* to his houſe we did not ſo much as bait at a Whig-inn; or if by chance the coachman ſtopped at a wrong place, one of Sir ROGER's ſervants would ride up to his maſter full ſpeed, and whiſper to him that the maſter of the houſe was againſt ſuch an one in the laſt election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not ſo inquiſitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and provided our landlord's principles were ſound, did not take any notice of the ſtaleneſs of his proviſions. This I found ſtill the more inconvenient, becauſe the better the Hoſt was, the worſe generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well, that thoſe who were his friends would take up with coarſe diet and an hard lodging. For theſe reaſons, all the while I was upon the road, I dreaded entring into an houſe of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honeſt man.

Since my ſtay at Sir ROGER's in the country, I daily find more inſtances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the Gentlemen of one ſide meet once a week) I obſerved a ſtranger among them of a better preſence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much ſurprized, that notwithſtanding he was a very fair *better*, no body would take him up. But upon enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a diſagreeable vote in a former Parliament, for which reaſon there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have ſo much correſpondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other inſtances of this nature, I muſt not omit one which concerns my ſelf. *Will Wimble* was the other day relating ſeveral ſtrange ſtories that he had picked up no body knows where of a certain great man; and upon my ſtaring at him, as one that was ſurprized to hear ſuch things in the country, which had never been ſo much as whiſpered in the town, *Will* ſtopped ſhort in the thread of his diſcourſe, and after dinner asked my friend Sir ROGER in his ear if he was ſure that I was not a fanatick.

It gives me a ſerious concern to ſee ſuch a ſpirit of diſſenſion in the country; not only as it deſtroys virtue and common ſenſe, and renders us in a manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animoſities, widens our breaches, and tranſmits our preſent paſſions and prejudices to our poſterity. For my own part, I am ſometimes afraid that

that I discover the seeds of a Civil War in these our divisions: and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

N° 127. *Thursday, July 26.*

--------Quantum est in rebus inane? Pers.

IT is our custom at Sir ROGER's, upon the coming in of the Post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer*'s letter; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of Satyr, which are so frequent in the writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such packets as I receive under the quality of SPECTATOR. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expence "of the country; it is now high time that you should give "the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, "the fair sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which "began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a "most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more: in short, "Sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the "SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no compass. You praised "them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses: for as "the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into ano-"ther, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banish-"ed, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What "they have lost in heighth they make up in breadth, and contrary to all "rules of architecture widen the foundations at the same time that they "shorten the superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish* jennets, to im-"pregnate by the wind, they could not have thought on a more proper "invention.

" invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular uſe in this petti-
" coat, or that it contains any thing more than what was ſuppoſed to
" be in thoſe of ſcantier make, we are wonderfully at a loſs about
" it.

" The women give out, in defence of theſe wide bottoms, that they
" are airy, and very proper for the ſeaſon; but this I look upon to be
" only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not
" had a more moderate ſummer theſe many years, ſo that it is certain
" the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather: beſides, I would
" fain ask theſe tender-conſtitutioned Ladies, why they ſhould require
" more cooling than their mothers before them.

" I find ſeveral ſpeculative perſons are of opinion that our ſex has of
" late years been very ſaucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made uſe of
" to keep us at a diſtance. It is moſt certain that a woman's honour
" cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within
" circle, amidſt ſuch a variety of out-works and lines of circumvallation.
" A female who is thus inveſted in whale-bone, is ſufficiently ſecured a-
" gainſt the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of
" Sir *George Etheridge*'s way of making love in a tub, as in the midſt of
" ſo many hoops.

" Among theſe various conjectures, there are men of ſuperſtitious
" tempers, who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some
" will have it that it portends the downfal of the *French* King, and ob-
" ſerve that the farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the ruine
" of the *Spaniſh* monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretels battel
" and blood-ſhed, and believe it of the ſame prognoſtication as the tail
" of a blazing ſtar. For my part, I am apt to think it is a ſign that
" multitudes are coming into the world, rather than going out of it.

" The firſt time I ſaw a Lady dreſſed in one of theſe petticoats, I
" could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad
" when ſhe was *ſo near her time*; but ſoon recovered my ſelf out of my
" error, when I found all the modiſh part of the ſex as *far gone* as her
" ſelf. It is generally thought ſome crafty women have thus betrayed
" their companions into hoops, that they might make them acceſſary to
" their own concealments, and by that means eſcape the cenſure of the
" world; as wary generals have ſometimes dreſſed two or three dozen
" of their friends in their own habit, that they might not draw upon
" themſelves any particular attacks from the enemy. The ſtrutting
" petticoat ſmooths all diſtinctions, levels the mother with the daughter,

and

" and ſets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the ſame bottom. " In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to ſee ſo many well ſhaped " innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bel- " lied women.

" Should this faſhion get among the ordinary people, our publick " ways would be ſo crouded that we ſhould want ſtreet-room. Several " congregations of the beſt faſhion find themſelves already very much " ſtreightned, and if the mode encreaſe, I wiſh it may not drive many " ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our ſex at " the ſame time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who " knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them " to) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

" You know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alexander* the Great, that in his " *Indian* expedition he buried ſeveral ſuits of armour which by his di- " rections were made much too big for any of his ſoldiers, in order to " give poſterity an extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe " he had commanded an army of Giants. I am perſuaded that if one " of the preſent petticoats happens to be hung up in any repoſitory of " curioſities, it will lead into the ſame error the generations that lie ſome " removes from us; unleſs we can believe our poſterity will think ſo " diſreſpectfully of their great grand-mothers, that they made themſelves " monſtrous to appear amiable.

" When I ſurvey this new-faſhioned *Rotonda* in all its parts, I cannot " but think of the old Philoſopher, who after having entered into an *Æ-* " *gyptian* Temple, and looked about for the Idol of the place, at length " diſcovered a little black Monkey enſhrined in the midſt of it; upon " which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great ſcandal of the " worſhippers,) What a magnificent Palace is here for ſuch a ridiculous " inhabitant!

" Though you have taken a reſolution, in one of your papers, to avoid " deſcending to particularities of dreſs, I believe you will not think it " below you on ſo extraordinary an occaſion, to unhoop the Fair ſex, " and cure this faſhionable tympany that is got among them. I am apt " to think the petticoat will ſhrink of its own accord at your firſt co- " ming to town; at leaſt a touch of your pen will make it contract it " ſelf, like the ſenſitive plant, and by that means oblige ſeveral who are " either terrified or aſtoniſhed at this portentous novelty, and among the " reſt,

Your humble Servant, &c.

Friday,

N° 128. *Friday, July 27.*

--------*Concordia discors.* Luc.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a Cynick, the woman into a Coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and chearfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the country I must fetch my allusions from thence) that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after: that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of

of the married ſtate, if I may ſo call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our ſpecies the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden reſts upon the former, Nature has given all the little arts of ſoothing and blandiſhment to the female, that ſhe may chear and animate her companion in a conſtant and aſſiduous application to the making a proviſion for his family, and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken ſo ſtrictly, as if the ſame duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only to ſet forth what ſeems to have been the general intention of nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are beſtowed on the different ſexes.

But whatever was the reaſon that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we obſerve the conduct of the fair ſex, we find that they chuſe rather to aſſociate themſelves with a perſon who reſembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to ſuch as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of ſenſe. When we ſee a fellow loud and talkative, full of inſipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite: Noiſe and flutter are ſuch accompliſhments as they cannot withſtand. To be ſhort, the paſſion of an ordinary woman for a man, is nothing elſe but ſelf-love diverted upon another object: ſhe would have the Lover a woman in every thing but the ſex. I do not know a finer piece of ſatyr on this part of womankind, than thoſe lines of Mr. *Dryden*.

Our thoughtleſs ſex is caught by outward form
And empty noiſe, and loves it ſelf in man.

This is a ſource of infinite calamities to the ſex, as it frequently joins them to men who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themſelves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, ſerve only to diſſipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiſcretions.

The ſame female levity is no leſs fatal to them after marriage than before: It repreſents to their imaginations the faithful prudent husband as an honeſt tractable and domeſtick animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads aſtray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the ſame pernicious influence towards their children,

who are taught to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her Son what ſhe loved in her Gallant; and by that means contributes all ſhe can to perpetuate her ſelf in a worthleſs progeny.

The younger *Fauſtina* was a lively inſtance of this ſort of women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the *Roman* Emperors, ſhe thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken ſuch care to accompliſh her ſon *Commodus* according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he aſcended the Throne of his father, he became the moſt fooliſh and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the *Roman* Empire, ſignalizing himſelf in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out mens brains. As he had no taſte of true Glory, we ſee him in ſeveral Medals and Statues which are ſtill extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the characters I have heard of a Country-gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old Coquette, that is always hankering after the diverſions of the town; the husband a moroſe ruſtick, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the husband ſunk into brutality: the Lady cannot bear the noiſe of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious ſummer-days, and is ſick at the ſight of ſhady woods and purling ſtreams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleaſed with the fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from morning to night at eſſenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The children are educated in theſe different notions of their parents. The ſons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to paſs that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than ſhe ſhould be.

How different are the lives of *Ariſtus* and *Aſpatia?* The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and compoſed by the chearful gravity of the other The wife grows wiſe by the diſcourſes of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the converſations of the wife. *Ariſtus* would not be ſo amiable were it not for his *Aſpatia*, nor *Aſpatia* ſo much to be eſteemed were it not for her *Ariſtus*. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuſe through the whole family a perpetual ſpirit of benevolence, complacency, and ſatisfaction.

Saturday,

N° 129. *Saturday, July* 28.

Vertentem ſeſe ſruſtra ſectabere canthum,
Cum rota poſterior curras et in axe ſecundo. Perſ.

GREAT maſters in Painting never care for drawing people in the faſhion; as very well knowing that the head-dreſs, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at preſent, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monſtrous in the eyes of poſterity. For this reaſon they often repreſent an illuſtrious perſon in a *Roman* habit, or in ſome other dreſs that never varies. I could wiſh, for the ſake of my country friends, that there was ſuch a kind of *everlaſting drapery* to be made uſe of by all who live at a certain diſtance from the town, and that they would agree upon ſuch faſhions as ſhould never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this *ſtanding dreſs*, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much ſurprized, as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures; and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the perſons he converſes with. Did they keep to one conſtant dreſs, they would ſometimes be in the faſhion, which they never are as matters are managed at preſent. If inſtead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would ſome time or other overtake them, as a clock that ſtands ſtill is ſure to point right once in twelve hours: in this caſe therefore I would adviſe them, as a Gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your ſelf at the corner of any one ſtreet, I'll engage it will not be long before you ſee him.

I have already touched upon this ſubject, in a Speculation which ſhews how cruelly the country are led aſtray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themſelves in the height of the mode. Since that Speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Weſtern Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" BEING a Lawyer of the *Middle Temple*, a *Corniſhman* by birth, I " generally ride the Weſtern Circuit for my health, and as I am " not interrupted with Clients, have leiſure to make many obſervations " that eſcape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

" One of the moſt faſhionable women I met with in all the Circuit " was my Landlady at *Stains*, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her " commode was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within ſome yards " of a modiſh circumference. In the ſame place I obſerved a young fel- " low with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that " was ſhaped in the *Ramillie* cock. As I proceeded in my journey I ob- " ſerved the petticoat grew ſcantier and ſcantier, and about threeſcore " miles from *London* was ſo very unfaſhionable, that a woman might walk " in it without any manner of inconvenience.

" Not far from *Salisbury* I took notice of a Juſtice of Peace's Lady, " who was at leaſt ten years behind hand in her dreſs, but at the ſame " time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and furbe- " lowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part " of her garments in curl, ſo that ſhe looked like one of thoſe animals " which in the country we call a *Friezland* hen.

" Not many miles beyond this place I was informed that one of the " laſt year's little Muffs had by ſome means or other ſtraggled into thoſe " parts, and that all the women of faſhion were cutting their old Muffs " in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was " got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it " was ſent down franked by a Parliament-man in a little packet; but " probably by next winter this faſhion will be at the height in the coun- " try, when it is quite out at *London*.

" The greateſt beau at our next country Seſſions was dreſſed in a moſt " monſtrous flaxen periwig, that was made in King *William*'s Reign. " The wearer of it goes, it ſeems, in his own hair, when he is at home, " and lets his wig lye in buckle for a whole half year, that he may put " it on upon occaſion to meet the Judges in it.

" I muſt not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a coun- " try church upon the frontiers of *Cornwall*. As we were in the midſt " of the ſervice, a Lady who is the chief woman of the place, and had " paſſed the winter at *London* with her husband, entered the congrega- " tion in a little head-dreſs, and a hooped-petticoat. The people, who

were

" were wonderfully ſtartled at ſuch a ſight, all of them roſe up. Some " ſtared at the prodigious bottom, and ſome at the little top of this " ſtrange dreſs. In the mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the " *Area* of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unſpeakable " ſatisfaction, amidſt the whiſpers, conjectures and aſtoniſhments of the " whole congregation.

" Upon our way from hence we ſaw a young fellow riding towards " us full gallop, with a bob-wig and a black ſilken bag tied to it. He " ſtopt ſhort at the coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. " His ſtay was ſo very ſhort, that we had only time to obſerve his new " ſilk waſtcoat, which was unbuttoned in ſeveral places to let us ſee that " he had a clean ſhirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

" From this place, during our progreſs through the moſt weſtern parts " of the kingdom, we fancied our ſelves in King *Charles* the Second's " Reign, the people having made very little variations in their dreſs ſince " that time. The ſmarteſt of the country Squires appear ſtill in the " *Monmouth* cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any " poſt in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were " indeed very much ſurprized, at the place we lay at laſt night, to meet " with a Gentleman that had accoutered himſelf in a night-cap wig, a " coat with long pockets and ſlit ſleeves, and a pair of ſhoes with high " ſcollop tops; but we ſoon found by his converſation that he was a per- " ſon who laughed at the ignorance and ruſticity of the country people, " and was reſolved to live and die in the mode.

" *Sir*, If you think this account of my travels may be of any advan- " tage to the publick, I will next year trouble you with ſuch occurrences " as I ſhall meet with in other parts of *England*. For I am informed " there are greater curioſities in the Northern Circuit than in the Weſt- " ern; and that a faſhion makes its progreſs much ſlower into *Cumber-* " *land* than into *Cornwall*. I have heard in particular, that the Steen- " kirk arrived but two months ago at *Newcaſtle*, and that there are ſe- " veral commodes in thoſe parts which are worth taking a journey thi- " ther to ſee.

Monday,

N° 130. *Monday, July* 30.

-------Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto. Virg.

AS I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of Gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of Peace* upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop. But at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing peoples goods and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linnen hangs upon an hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost it sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done, as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer; and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the Butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old Gypsie for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: the Sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir

Sir ROGER obſerving that I liſtned with great attention to his account of a people who were ſo entirely new to me, told me, That if I would, they ſhould tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleaſed with the Knight's propoſal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A *Caſſandra* of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with ſome other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir ROGER alighted from his horſe, and expoſing his palm to two or three that ſtood by him, they crumpled it into all ſhapes, and diligently ſcanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was older and more ſun-burnt than the reſt, told him, That he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cryed, Go, go, you are an idle baggage; and at the ſame time ſmiled upon me. The Gypſie finding he was not diſpleaſed in his heart, told him after a further enquiry into his hand, that his true-love was conſtant, and that ſhe ſhould dream of him to night. My old friend cryed Piſh, and bid her go on. The Gypſie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be ſo long; and that he was dearer to ſome body than he thought: The Knight ſtill repeated, ſhe was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Maſter, ſays the Gypſie, that roguiſh leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ake; you ha'n't that ſimper about the mouth for nothing—The uncouth gibberiſh with which all this was uttered like the darkneſs of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be ſhort, the Knight left the money with her that he had croſſed her hand with, and got up again on his horſe.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew ſeveral ſenſible people who believed theſe Gypſies now and then foretold very ſtrange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of this good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of Palmiſtry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my Reader with hiſtorical Remarks on this idle profligate people, who infeſt all the countries of *Europe*, and live in the midſt of Governments in a kind of Common-wealth by themſelves. But inſtead of entering into obſervations of this nature, I ſhall fill the remaining part of my paper with a ſtory which is ſtill freſh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the *Trekſchuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries paſſengers from

"*Leiden*

" *Leiden* to *Amſterdam*, was putting off, a boy running along the ſide " of the canal, deſired to be taken in; which the maſter of the boat " refuſed, becauſe the lad had not quite money enough to pay the uſual " fare. An eminent Merchant being pleaſed with the looks of the boy, " and ſecretly touched with compaſſion towards him, paid the money " for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with " him afterwards, he found that he could ſpeak readily in three or four " languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been ſtoln " away when he was a child by a Gypſy, and had rambled ever ſince " with a gang of thoſe ſtrollers up and down ſeveral parts of *Europe*. " It happened that the Merchant, whoſe heart ſeems to have inclined to- " wards the boy by a ſecret kind of Inſtinct, had himſelf loſt a child " ſome years before. The parents, after a long ſearch for him, gave " him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; " and the mother was ſo afflicted at the loſs of a fine boy, who was her " only ſon, that ſhe died for grief of it. Upon laying together all parti- " culars, and examining the ſeveral moles and marks by which the mo- " ther uſed to deſcribe the child when he was firſt miſſing, the boy pro- " ved to be the ſon of the Merchant, whoſe heart had ſo unaccountably " melted at the ſight of him. The lad was very well pleaſed to find a " father who was ſo rich, and likely to leave him a good eſtate; the " father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to ſee a ſon return " to him, whom he had given for loſt, with ſuch a ſtrength of Conſtitu- " tion, ſharpneſs of Underſtanding, and skill in Languages." Here the printed ſtory leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguiſt having received ſuch extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been uſed to in the courſe of his peregrinations: Nay, it is ſaid, that he has ſince been employed in foreign Courts upon national buſineſs, with great reputation to himſelf, and honour to thoſe who ſent him, and that he has viſited ſeveral countries as a publick Miniſter, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypſy.

Tueſday,

N° 131. *Tuesday, July* 31.

------*Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.* Virg.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, I promise my self abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character: My love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melan-

choly. *Will Wimble*, as my friend the Butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extreamly ſilent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people ſeem to ſuſpect me for a Conjurer; and ſome of them hearing of the viſit which I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunningman with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a *white Witch*.

A Juſtice of Peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his table, that he wiſhes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jeſuit in his houſe, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give ſome account of my ſelf.

On the other ſide, ſome of Sir ROGER's friends are afraid the old Knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning fellow, and as they have heard he converſes very promiſcuouſly when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him ſome diſcarded Whig, that is ſullen, and ſays nothing, becauſe he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, ſo that I paſs among ſome for a diſaffected perſon, and among others for a Popiſh Prieſt; among ſome for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reaſon, that I can imagine, but becauſe I do not hoot and hollow and make a noiſe. It is true, my friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way*, and that I am only a Philoſopher; but this will not ſatisfie them. They think there is more in me than he diſcovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For theſe and other reaſons I ſhall ſet out for *London* to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a perſon of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good-neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected gueſt breaks in upon him, and does not care for ſacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the maſter of his own time, and the purſuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unſociable figure in this kind of life. I ſhall therefore retire into the town, if I may make uſe of that phraſe, and get into the crowd again as faſt as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raiſe what Speculations I pleaſe upon others, without being obſerved my ſelf, and at the ſame time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of ſolitude. In the mean while, to finiſh the month, and conclude theſe my rural Speculations, I

ſhall

ſhall here inſert a letter from my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a month for theſe forty years out of the ſmoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

Dear SPEC.

"I Suppoſe this letter will find thee picking of daiſies, or ſmelling to a "lock of hay, or paſſing away thy time in ſome innocent country "diverſion of the like nature. I have however orders from the Club to "ſummon thee up to town, being all of us curſedly afraid thou wilt not "be able to reliſh our company, after thy converſations with *Moll White* "and *Will Wimble*. Pr'ythee don't ſend us up any more ſtories of a "cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with ſpirits and witches. Thy "Speculations begin to ſmell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If "thou doſt not come up quickly, we ſhall conclude thou art in love with "one of Sir ROGER's dairy maids. Service to Knight. Sir ANDREW "is grown the cock of the Club ſince he left us, and if he does not re-"turn quickly, will make every mother's ſon of us common-wealths "men.

Dear SPEC, *thine eternally*,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

N° 135. *Saturday, Auguſt* 4.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia------- Hor.

I Have ſomewhere read of an eminent perſon, who uſed in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: for my own part I look upon it as a peculiar bleſſing that I was born an *Engliſhman*. Among many other reaſons, I think my ſelf very happy in my country, as the *language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is ſparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I ſhall communicate to the publick my Speculations upon the *Engliſh*

tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *Engliſh* delight in ſilence more than any other *European* nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our diſcourſe is not kept up in converſation, but falls into more pauſes and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is obſerved, that the matter of our writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower compaſs than is uſual in the works of foreign Authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as poſſible.

This humour ſhews it ſelf in ſeveral remarks that we may make upon the *Engliſh* language. As firſt of all by its abounding in monoſyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few ſounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt deſign of ſpeech better than the multitude of ſyllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and ſonorous. The ſounds of our *Engliſh* words are commonly like thoſe of ſtring muſick, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle touch; thoſe of other languages are like the notes of wind inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may obſerve, that where the words are not monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in moſt of our long words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the ſyllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for diſpatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *Liberty*, *Conſpiracy*, *Theatre*, *Orator*, &c.

The ſame natural averſion to loquacity has of late years made a very conſiderable alteration in our language, by cloſing in one ſyllable the termination of our præterperfect tenſe, as in the words *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt words into ſo many cluſters of conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politeſt Authors, who nevertheleſs are the men that have made theſe retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former ſcarcity.

This

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in converſation from one of the greateſt genius's this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing obſervation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of ſeveral words that are terminated in *eth*, by ſubſtituting an *s* in the room of the laſt ſyllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our fore-fathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the *Engliſh* tongue, and added to that *hiſſing* in our language, which is taken ſo much notice of by foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous ſyllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle letter on many occaſions does the office of a whole word, and repreſents the *His* and *Her* of our fore-fathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the beſt judge in this caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch innovations, which indeed we do our ſelves in ſome meaſure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the ſolemn offices of our religion.

As in the inſtances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, ſo on other occaſions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our language, and clogged it with conſonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *ſha'n't*, *wo'n't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *ſhall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of ſpeaking no more than we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome of our words, that in familiar writings and converſations they often loſe all but their firſt ſyllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their firſt entry into a language by familiar phraſes, I dare not anſwer for theſe that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We ſee ſome of our Poets have been ſo indiſcreet as to imitate *Hudibras*'s doggrel expreſſions in their ſerious compoſitions, by throwing out the ſigns of our ſubſtantives, which are eſſential to the *Engliſh* language. Nay, this humour of ſhortning our language had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* in particular, began to prune their words of all ſuperfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the ſpelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our tongue.

We may here likewiſe obſerve, that our proper names, when familiarized in *Engliſh*, generally dwindle to monoſyllables, whereas in other

modern

modern languages, they receive a ſofter turn on this occaſion, by the addition of a new ſyllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and ſo of the reſt.

There is another particular in our language which is a great inſtance of our frugality in words, and that is the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral particles which muſt be produced in other tongues to make a ſentence intelligible: this often perplexes the beſt writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy whether they may have admiſſion or not; and will never be decided till we have ſomething like an Academy, that by the beſt authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, ſhall ſettle all controverſies between grammar and idiom.

I have only conſidered our language as it ſhews the genius and natural temper of the *Engliſh*, which is modeſt, thoughtful and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has ſpoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who ſpeak them. It is certain the light talkative humour of the *French*, has not a little infected their tongue, which might be ſhewn by many inſtances; as the genius of the *Italians*, which is ſo much addicted to muſick and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phraſes to thoſe particular uſes. The ſtatelineſs and gravity of the *Spaniards* ſhews it ſelf to perfection in the ſolemnity of their language; and the blunt honeſt humour of the *Germans* ſounds better in the roughneſs of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a politer tongue.

N° 159. *Saturday, September* 1.

-----Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam------- Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo* I picked up ſeveral oriental Manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entituled, *The Viſions of Mirza*, which I have read over with

with great pleaſure. I intend to give it to the publick when I have no other entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt Viſion, which I have tranſlated word for word as follows.

"ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the cuſtom of "my forefathers I always keep holy, after having waſhed my "ſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills "of *Bagdat*, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and pray- "er. As I was here airing my ſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell "into a profound contemplation on the vanity of humane life; and paſ- "ſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow "and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards "the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered "one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a muſical inſtrument in his hand. "As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon "it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety "of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different "from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of thoſe hea- "venly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their "firſt arrival in paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of their laſt ago- "nies, and qualifie them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My "heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a "Genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with muſick who had "paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made him- "ſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting "airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I "looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the "waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he ſat. "I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; "and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had "heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled upon me "with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my "imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with "which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking "me by the hand, *Mirzah*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies, "follow me.

"He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me "on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou

"ſeeſt.

" ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rol-
" ling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of mi-
" ſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of
" Eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a
" thick miſt at one end, and again loſes it ſelf in a thick miſt at the o-
" ther? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of Eternity which is
" called Time, meaſured out by the Sun, and reaching from the begin-
" ning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this
" ſea that is thus bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what
" thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of
" the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is humane life; conſider it at-
" tentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of
" threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which ad-
" ded to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred.
" As I was counting the arches the Genius told me that this bridge con-
" ſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away
" the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.
" But tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee mul-
" titudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on
" each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſ-
" ſengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed
" underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were
" innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſ-
" ſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide
" and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very
" thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner
" broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They
" grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer toge-
" ther towards the end of the arches that were entire.

" There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall,
" that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but
" fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long
" a walk.

" I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure,
" and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled
" with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the
" midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by
" them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens
" in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a Speculation ſtumbled and

" fell

" fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubles " that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when " they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed " and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome " with Scymetars in their hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and " fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did " not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped, had " they not been thus forced upon them.

" The Genius ſeeing me indulge my ſelf in this melancholy proſpect, " told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the " bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not com- " prehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of " birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon " it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpyes, ravens, cormorants; and " among many other feathered creatures ſeveral little winged boys, that " perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid the Ge- " nius, are envy, avarice, ſuperſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares " and paſſions that infeſt humane life.

" I here fetched a deep ſigh; Alas, ſaid I, man was made in vain! How " is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life, and ſwal- " lowed up in death! The Genius being moved with compaſſion towards " me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. Look no more, ſaid " he, on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for E- " ternity; but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears " the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight " as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius ſtrengthened it " with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was be- " fore too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at " the further end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had " a huge rock of Adamant running through the midſt of it, and divi- " ding it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of " it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appear- " ed to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were co- " vered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little " ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glo- " rious habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, " lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; " and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, hu- " mane voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the

" diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an ea-
" gle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the Genius told
" me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of Death
" that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid
" he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole
" face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in
" number than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands
" behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine
" eye or even thine imagination can extend it ſelf. Theſe are the man-
" ſions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds
" of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral
" Iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees,
" ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them;
" every Iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants.
" Are not theſe, O *Mirza*, habitations worth contending for? Does life
" appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward?
" Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence?
" Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an Eternity reſerved
" for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy Iſlands.
" At length ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lye hid
" under thoſe dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other ſide of
" the rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no anſwer, I turned about
" to addreſs my ſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left
" me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long con-
" templating, but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the
" happy Iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdat*, with
" oxen, ſheep, and camels, grazing upon the ſides of it.

The end of the firſt viſion of Mirzah.

Monday,

N° 160. *Monday, September* 3.

--------Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. Hor.

THERE is no character more frequently given to a writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little ſonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an heroick ſcribler in the nation, that has not his admirers who think him a *great Genius*; and as for your ſmatterers in Tragedy, there is ſcarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My deſign in this paper is to conſider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw ſome thoughts together on ſo uncommon a ſubject.

Among great Genius's, thoſe few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and ſtand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the meer ſtrength of natural parts, and without any aſſiſtance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of poſterity. There appears ſomething nobly wild and extravagant in theſe great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and poliſhing of what the *French* call a *Bel Eſprit*, by which they would expreſs a Genius refined by converſation, reflection, and the reading of the moſt polite Authors. The greateſt Genius which runs through the arts and ſciences, takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of theſe great natural Genius's that were never diſciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be found among the ancients, and in particular among thoſe of the more eaſtern parts of the world. *Homer* has innumerable flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Teſtament we find ſeveral paſſages more elevated and ſublime than any in *Homer*. At the ſame time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the ancients, we muſt own that the greateſt of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above, the nicety

and correctneſs of the moderns. In their ſimilitudes and alluſions, provided there was a likeneſs, they did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon: thus *Solomon* reſembles the noſe of his beloved to the tower of *Lebanon* which looketh toward *Damaſcus*; as the coming of a thief in the night, is a ſimilitude of the ſame kind in the New Teſtament. It would be endleſs to make collections of this nature: *Homer* illuſtrates one of his heroes encompaſſed with the enemy, by an aſs in a field of corn that has his ſides belaboured by all the boys of the village without ſtirring a foot for it; and another of them toſſing to and fro in his bed and burning with reſentment, to a piece of fleſh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the ancients, opens a large field of raillery to the little wits, who can laugh at an indecency, but not reliſh the ſublime in theſe ſorts of writings. The preſent Emperor of *Perſia*, conformable to this eaſtern way of thinking, amidſt a great many pompous titles denominates himſelf the Sun of glory and the *Nutmeg of delight*. In ſhort, to cut off all cavilling againſt the ancients, and particularly thoſe of the warmer climates, who had moſt heat and life in their imaginations, we are to conſider that the rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance* in an alluſion, has been found out of latter years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we would make ſome amends for our want of force and ſpirit, by a ſcrupulous nicety and exactneſs in our compoſitions. Our countryman *Shakeſpear* was a remarkable inſtance of this firſt kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this head without obſerving that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the firſt Claſs, who was hurried on by a natural fire and impetuoſity to vaſt conceptions of things, and noble ſallies of imagination. At the ſame time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for men of a ſober and moderate fancy to imitate this Poet's way of writing in thoſe monſtrous compoſitions which go among us under the name of Pindaricks? When I ſee people copying works, which, as *Horace* has repreſented them, are ſingular in their kind and inimitable; when I ſee men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art ſtraining after the moſt unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that paſſage in *Terence*.

——incerta hæc ſi tu poſtules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias,

In

In short, a modern Pindarick writer compared with *Pindar*, is like a sister among the *Camisars* compared with *Virgil*'s Sibyl: there is the distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above it self, and makes the sounds more than humane.

There is another kind of great Genius's which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake as they are of a different kind. This second class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Aristotle*, among the *Romans Virgil* and *Tully*, among the *English Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

The genius in both these classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews it self after a different manner. In the first it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants rising in a thousand beautiful landskips without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, least they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best Authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon trifles.

I once saw a shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author, who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to so great degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together playing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a Privy-counsellor; I could not but reflect with my self, that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than *Archimedes*.

Wednesday,

N° 162. *Wedneſday, September* 5.

------Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet. Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear ſo contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as Inconſtancy, eſpecially when it regards religion or party. In either of theſe caſes, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his ſide, he not only makes himſelf hated by thoſe he left, but is ſeldom heartily eſteemed by thoſe he comes over to.

In theſe great articles of life therefore a man's conviction ought to be very ſtrong, and if poſſible ſo well timed that worldly advantages may ſeem to have no ſhare in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change ſides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper, or proſpects of intereſt. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds ſhould take particular care to let the world ſee they act upon honourable motives; or whatever approbations they may receive from themſelves, and applauſes from thoſe they converſe with, they may be very well aſſured that they are the ſcorn of all good men, and the publick marks of infamy and deriſion.

Irreſolution on the ſchemes of life which offer themſelves to our choice, and inconſtancy in purſuing them, are the greateſt and moſt univerſal cauſes of all our diſquiet and unhappineſs. When ambition pulls one way, intereſt another, inclination a third, and perhaps reaſon contrary to all, a man is likely to paſs his time but ill who has ſo many different parties to pleaſe. When the mind hovers among ſuch a variety of allurements, one had better ſettle on a way of life that is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world, as the greateſt part of mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one method of ſetting our ſelves at reſt in this particular, and that is by adhering ſted-

faſtly

faſtly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſign, we may go through life with ſteadineſs and pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard ones ſelf againſt this particular imperfection, becauſe it is that which our nature very ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine our ſelves throughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable Beings in the univerſe. In reſpect of our underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at leaſt no waverings and uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our ſuperiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by inſtinct. In reſpect of our wills, we fall into crimes, and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the poſſibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal courſe of ſin, or an eternal courſe of virtue.

There is ſcarce a ſtate of life, or ſtage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our ſchemes of thought in infancy are loſt in thoſe of youth; theſe too take a different turn in manhood, 'till old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected ſucceſs throws us out of our ſelves, and in a manner deſtroys our identity. A cloudy day or a little ſun-ſhine have as great an influence on many conſtitutions, as the moſt real bleſſings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it laſts; and every paſſion, not to mention health and ſickneſs, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almoſt different creatures. If a man is ſo diſtinguiſhed among other Beings by this infirmity, what can we think of ſuch as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own ſpecies? It is a very trifling character to be one of the moſt variable Beings of the moſt variable kind, eſpecially if we conſider that he who is the great ſtandard of perfection, has in him no ſhadow of change, but is the ſame yeſterday, to day, and for ever.

As

As this mutability of temper and inconſiſtency with our ſelves is the greateſt weakneſs of human nature, ſo it makes the Perſon who is remarkable for it, in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatſoever, as it ſets him in a greater variety of fooliſh lights, and diſtinguiſhes him from himſelf by an oppoſition of party-coloured characters. The moſt humorous character in *Horace* is founded upon this unevenneſs of temper and irregularity of conduct.

——*Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Iö Bacche, modo ſummâ
Voce, modo hâc reſonat que chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: Perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret. Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos. Modò, reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens. Modò ſit mihi menſe tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat. Decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane: Diem totam ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi——— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

Inſtead of tranſlating this paſſage in *Horace*, I ſhall entertain my *Engliſh* Reader with the deſcription of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finiſhed by Mr. *Dryden*, and raiſed upon the ſame foundation.

In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri *ſtand:*
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Stateſman, and Buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!

Thurſ-

N° 163. *Thurſday, September* 6.

-----Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levaſſo,
Quæ nunc te coquit, et verſat ſub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii? Enn. ap. Tullium.

ENquiries after happineſs, and rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind as the arts of conſolation, and ſupporting ones ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointments. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſie now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the poſſeſſion of any ſingle man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though on the contrary, if the miſeries of the whole ſpecies were fixed in a ſingle perſon they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which, though ſubſcribed by a fictitious name, I have reaſon to believe is not imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Am one of your diſciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, "which I hope will encline you to pity my condition: I ſhall open "it to you in a very few words. About three years ſince a Gentleman, "whom, I am ſure, you your ſelf would have approved, made his ad- "dreſſes to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an eſtate, "ſo that my friends, who all of them applauded his perſon, would not "for the ſake of both of us favour his paſſion. For my own part I re- "ſigned my ſelf up entirely to the direction of thoſe who knew the "world much better than my ſelf, but ſtill lived in hopes that ſome jun- "cture or other would make me happy in the man whom, in my heart, "I preferred to all the world; being determined if I could not have "him, to have no body elſe. About three months ago I received a let-

" ter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an uncle he had a " conſiderable eſtate left him, which he ſaid was welcome to him upon " no other account, but as he hoped it would remove all difficulties that " lay in the way to our mutual happineſs. You may well ſuppoſe, Sir, " with how much joy I received this letter, which was followed by ſeve- " ral others filled with thoſe expreſſions of love and joy, which I verily " believe no body felt more ſincerely, nor knew better how to deſcribe, " than the Gentleman I am ſpeaking of. But, Sir, how ſhall I be able to " tell it you! by the laſt week's poſt I received a letter from an intimate " friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had juſt " ſettled his affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell ſick of a " fever and died. It is impoſſible to expreſs to you the diſtreſs I am in " upon this occaſion, I can only have recourſe to my devotions, and to " the reading of good books for my conſolation; and as I always take a " particular delight in thoſe frequent advices and admonitions which you " give the publick, it would be a very great piece of charity in you to " lend me your aſſiſtance in this conjuncture. If after the reading of this " letter you find your ſelf in a humour rather to rally and ridicule, than " to comfort me, I deſire you would throw it into the fire, and think no " more of it; but if you are touched with my misfortune, which is grea- " ter than I know how to bear, your counſels may very much ſupport, " and will infinitely oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.

A diſappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the paſſion it ſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the woes and diſtreſſes which befal it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole ſtrength; ſhe ſtands collected within her ſelf, and ſuſtains the ſhock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundations ſapped, and immediately ſinks under the weight of accidents that are diſagreeable to its favourite paſſion.

In afflictions men generally draw their conſolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortifie and ſtrengthen the mind againſt the impreſſions of ſorrow. Monſieur *St. Evremont*, who does not approve of this method, recommends Authors who are apt to ſtir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don *Quixote* can give more relief to an heavy heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much eaſier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have

its

its effects on ſome tempers. I ſhould rather have recourſe to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us inſtances of calamities and misfortunes, and ſhew human nature in its greateſt diſtreſſes.

If the affliction we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome conſolation in the ſociety of as great ſufferers as our ſelves, eſpecially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the compariſons we make between our ſelves and our fellow-ſufferers. A loſs at ſea, a fit of ſickneſs, or the death of a friend, are ſuch trifles when we conſider whole Kingdoms laid in aſhes, families put to the ſword, wretches ſhut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little ſtrokes of fortune.

Let the diſconſolate *Leonora* conſider, that at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the loſs of her deceaſed lover, there are perſons in ſeveral parts of the world juſt periſhing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and ſhe will find her ſorrows vaniſh at the appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing.

I would further propoſe to the conſideration of my afflicted diſciple, that poſſibly what ſhe now looks upon as the greateſt misfortune, is not really ſuch in it ſelf. For my own part, I queſtion not but our ſouls in a ſeparate ſtate will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now conſider as misfortunes and diſappointments, will very often appear to have been eſcapes and bleſſings.

The mind that hath any caſt towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

When I was in *France*, I heard a very remarkable ſtory of two lovers, which I ſhall relate at length in my to-morrow's paper, not only becauſe the circumſtances of it are extraordinary, but becauſe it may ſerve as an illuſtration to all that can be ſaid on this laſt head, and ſhew the power of religion in abating that particular anguiſh which ſeems to lye ſo heavy on *Leonora*. The ſtory was told me by a Prieſt, as I travelled with him in a ſtage-coach. I ſhall give it my Reader, as well as I can remember, in his own words, after having premiſed, that if conſolations may be drawn from a wrong religion and a miſguided devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from thoſe which are founded upon reaſon, and eſtabliſhed in good ſenſe.

N° 164. *Friday, September 7.*

Illa; quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas. Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distance from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbad him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his design to marry her to such

ſuch a Gentleman, and that her wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a day. *Conſtantia*, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing againſt ſo advantageous a match, received the propoſal with a profound ſilence, which her father commended in her, as the moſt decent manner of a virgin's giving her conſent to an overture of that kind. The noiſe of this intended marriage ſoon reached *Theodoſius*, who after a long tumult of paſſions which naturally riſe in a lover's heart on ſuch an occaſion, writ the following letter to *Conſtantia*.

"THE thought of my *Conſtantia*, which for ſome years has been
" my only happineſs, is now become a greater torment to me
" than I am able to bear. Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? the
" ſtreams, the fields and meadows, where we have ſo often talked toge-
" ther, grow painful to me; life it ſelf is become a burden. May you
" long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever ſuch a man
" in it as

THEODOSIUS.

This letter was conveyed to *Conſtantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three meſſengers, that came to her father's houſe one after another to enquire, if they had heard any thing of *Theodoſius*, who it ſeems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befal him. *Conſtantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to ſuch extremities, was not to be comforted: ſhe now accuſed her ſelf for having ſo tamely given an ear to the propoſal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodoſius:* in ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt effects of her father's diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her ſo full of guilt and horror. The father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of *Theodoſius*, and likely to keep a conſiderable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate refuſal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that account to his intended ſon-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Conſtantia* had now no relief but in her devotions and exerciſes of religion, to which her afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her mind, that after ſome years had abated the violence of her ſorrows,

and

and ſettled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, ſhe reſolved to paſs the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not diſpleaſed with a reſolution, which would ſave money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a ſiſterhood of Nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is uſual in the *Romiſh* church for thoſe who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent Confeſſors for pardon and conſolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confeſſing her ſelf to this celebrated father.

We muſt now return to *Theodoſius*, who the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious houſe in the city, where now *Conſtantia* reſided; and deſiring that ſecrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary occaſion, he made himſelf one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after *Conſtantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his youth made a good progreſs in learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to religion he entred into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and thoſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Conſtantia* had determined to apply her ſelf in confeſſion, though neither ſhe nor any other beſides the Prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodoſius* had now taken upon him the name of father *Francis*; and was ſo far concealed in a long beard, a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, *Conſtantia* kneeling by him, opened the ſtate of her ſoul to him: and after having given him the hiſtory of a life full of innocence, ſhe burſt out into tears, and entered upon that part of her ſtory, in which he himſelf had ſo great a ſhare. My behaviour, ſays ſhe, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death. She here pauſed, and lifted up her

her eyes that ſtreamed with tears towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſenſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the agonies of his grief the ſeat ſhook under him. *Conſtantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compaſſion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmoſt contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which ſhe was going to engage her ſelf, as the proper attonement for her ſins, and the only ſacrifice ſhe could make to the memory of *Theodoſius*. The father, who by this time had pretty well compoſed himſelf, burſt out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been ſo long diſuſed, and upon receiving this inſtance of an unparallel'd fidelity from one who he thought had ſeveral years ſince given her ſelf up to the poſſeſſion of another. Amidſt the interruptions of his ſorrow, ſeeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted——To tell her that her ſins were forgiven her——That her guilt was not ſo great as ſhe apprehended——That ſhe ſhould not ſuffer her ſelf to be afflicted above meaſure. After which he recovered himſelf enough to give her the abſolution in form; directing her at the ſame time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious reſolutions ſhe had taken, and give her ſuitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Conſtantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. *Theodoſius* having manned his Soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himſelf on this occaſion in the beſt manner he could to animate his penitent in the courſe of life ſhe was entering upon, and wear out of her mind thoſe groundleſs fears and apprehenſions which had taken poſſeſſion of it; concluding, with a promiſe to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonition when ſhe ſhould have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our reſpective orders, ſays he, will not permit that I ſhould ſee you, but you may aſſure your ſelf not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving ſuch frequent inſtructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious courſe you have undertaken, and you will quickly find ſuch a peace and ſatisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Conſtantia's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of father *Francis*, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow. As ſoon as the ſolemnities

lemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and father *Francis:* From whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

"AS the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may "expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must ac- "quaint you that *Theodosius*, whose death sits so heavy upon your "thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confes- "sed your self, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. "The love which we have had for one another will make us more hap- "py in its disappointment, than it could have done in its success. Provi- "dence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to "our wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self "of one who will not cease to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in being; I shall live with comfort and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten years in the cloyster, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia*; who at that time was her self so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. *Constantia* received it with pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it——She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their

Their tombs are ſtill to be ſeen, with a ſhort Latin inſcription over them to the following purpoſe.

Here lie the bodies of father *Francis* and ſiſter *Conſtance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided.*

N° 165. *Saturday, September* 8.

——— Si forte neceſſe eſt,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis,
Continget: dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter. Hor.

I Have often wiſhed, that as in our conſtitution there are ſeveral perſons whoſe buſineſs it is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be ſet apart as ſuper-intendants of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* phraſes from becoming current in this kingdom, when thoſe of our own ſtamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent war has ſo adulterated our tongue with ſtrange words, that it would be impoſſible for one of our great-grand-fathers to know what his poſterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern news-paper. Our warriours are very induſtrious in propagating the *French* language, at the ſame time that they are ſo glorioufly ſucceſsful in beating down their power. Our ſoldiers are men of ſtrong heads for action, and perform ſuch feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phraſes, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and aſſiſted by our foreign Miniſters, to tell their ſtory for them in plain *Engliſh*, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave country-men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publiſh the news of the preſent war in *Engliſh* phraſes, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themſelves that things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into ſhades and obſcurity!

the *Engliſh* cannot be too clear in their narrative of thoſe actions, which have raiſed their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired, the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a ſiege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable difficulties, that I ſcarce know which ſide has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower guns that the place is ſurrendred. I do indeed make ſome allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battels which may be deſcribed in our own language, why are our papers filled with ſo many unintelligible exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own diſgrace, as the *Britains* were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the curtain of the *Roman* theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up, in order to give the ſpectators an opportunity of ſeeing their own defeat celebrated upon the ſtage: For ſo Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated that verſe in *Virgil*,

Atque intertexti tollant aulæa Britanni.

Which interwoven Britains *ſeem to raiſe,*
And ſhew the triumph that their ſhame diſplays.

The hiſtories of all our former wars are tranſmitted to us in our vernacular Idiom, to uſe the phraſe of a great modern critick. I do not find in any of our chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever *reconnoitred* the enemy, though he often diſcovered the poſture of the *French*, and as often vanquiſhed them in battel. The *Black Prince* paſſed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as ſucceſsfully as the Generals of our times do it with Faſcines. Our Commanders loſe half their praiſe, and our people half their joy, by means of thoſe hard words and dark expreſſions in which our news-papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every article, enquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greateſt fears and apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a nation; I mean the year of

of *Blenheim*, I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of a good estate and plain sense: as the letter was very modishly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a copy of it.

SIR,

"UPON the junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* armies they took "post behind a great morass which they thought impracticable. "Our General the next day sent a party of horse to reconnoitre them "from a little hauteur, at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the "army, who returned again to the camp unobserved through several de- "files, in one of which they met with a party of *French* that had been "marauding, and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after "a drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would commu- "nicate to none but the General; he was followed by a trumpet, who "they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the Duke "of *Bavaria*. The next morning our army being divided into two "corps, made a movement towards the enemy: you will hear in the "publick prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of "that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in the regiment that "pushed the *Gens d'Arms*. Several *French* battalions, who some say "were a Corps de Reserve, made a show of resistance; but it only "proved a gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, "in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte* "*Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Of- "ficers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will "I believe give you a visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. "Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I "congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son, *&c.*

The father of the young gentleman upon the perusal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *compos mentis*, he talks of a saucy trumpet, and a drum that carries messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche?* he must either ban-

ter us, or he is out of his ſenſes. The father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his ſon's uſage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three poſts afore, You ſee here, ſays he, when he writes for money, he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no man in *England* can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horſe. In ſhort, the old man was ſo puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his ſon, had he not ſeen all the prints about three days after filled with the ſame terms of art, and that *Charles* only writ like other men.

N° 166. *Monday, September* 10.

------Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas. Ovid.

Ariſtotle tells us, that the world is a copy or tranſcript of thoſe ideas which are in the mind of the firſt Being, and thoſe ideas which are in the mind of man, are a tranſcript of the world: to this we may add, that words are the tranſcript of thoſe ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing is the tranſcript of words.

As the ſupreme Being has expreſſed, and as it were printed his ideas in the Creation, men expreſs their ideas in books, which by this great invention of theſe latter ages, may laſt as long as the Sun and Moon, and periſh only in the general wreck of nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Reſurrection, mentioning the deſtruction of the univerſe, has thoſe admirable lines.

Now all the wide extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's *ſacred work ſhall die.*

There is no other method of fixing thoſe thoughts which ariſe and diſappear in the mind of man, and tranſmitting them to the laſt periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and pre-

preſerving the knowledge of any particular perſon, when his Body is mixed with the common maſs of matter, and his Soul retired into the world of ſpirits. Books are the legacies that a great Genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as preſents to the poſterity of thoſe who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a ſhort time: Statues can laſt but a few thouſands of years, Edifices fewer, and Colours ſtill fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana* and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at preſent; the names of great Statuaries, Architects, and Painters, whoſe works are loſt. The ſeveral arts are expreſſed in mouldring materials; Nature ſinks under them, and is not able to ſupport the ideas which are impreſt upon it.

The circumſtance which gives Authors an advantage above all theſe great Maſters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they pleaſe, which ſhall be as valuable as the originals themſelves. This gives a great Author ſomething like a proſpect of Eternity, but at the ſame time deprives him of thoſe other advantages which Artiſts meet with. The Artiſt finds greater returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an ineſtimable price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Ariſtotle* bear, were their works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a ſingle perſon.

If writings are thus durable, and may paſs from Age to Age throughout the whole courſe of time, how careful ſhould an Author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt poſterity, and poyſon the minds of men with vice and error? Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and ſeaſoning vicious ſentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the peſts of ſociety and the enemies of mankind: They leave books behind them (as it is ſaid of thoſe who die in diſtempers which breed an ill-will towards their own ſpecies) to ſcatter infection and deſtroy their poſterity. They act the counter-parts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and ſeem to have been ſent into the world to deprave human nature, and ſink it into the condition of brutality.

I have ſeen ſome Roman-catholick Authors, who tell us, that vicious writers continue in Purgatory ſo long as the influence of their writings continues upon poſterity: For Purgatory, ſay they, is nothing elſe but a cleanſing us of our ſins, which cannot be ſaid to be done away, ſo long

as

as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman-catholick notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after death has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing, his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this paper with a story of an atheistical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the Age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The Curate upon further examination finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The Curate finding no other way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt. That his cause was so very bad and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it. In short, that he might rest satisfied that his book could do no more mischief after his death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his further satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever enquire after it. The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and without answering the good man, asked his friends about him (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a block-head? and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the sickness

grew

grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and very luckily for his poor soul with the same success.

N° 169. *Thursday, September* 13.

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis. Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.------ Ter. And.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats on the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lye under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than the disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the subject of this day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than Wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without Good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of

of artificial humanity, which is what we expreſs by the word *Good Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an imitation and mimickry of Good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaiſance and eaſineſs of temper reduced into an art.

Theſe exterior ſhows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocriſie in Religion, or a bare form of holineſs, which when it is diſcovered makes a man more deteſtable than profeſſed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us; health, proſperity and kind treatment from the world are great cheriſhers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it ſelf. It is one of the bleſſings of a happy conſtitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the life of his imaginary Prince, whom he deſcribes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the (*Philanthropy* or) Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable inſtances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body ſhould incorporate with the Great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reaſon he gives his ſons a poſitive order not to enſhrine it in gold or ſilver, but to lay it in the earth as ſoon as the life was gone out of it.

An inſtance of ſuch an overflowing of humanity, ſuch an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entred into the imagination of a writer, who had not a ſoul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated paſſage of *Saluſt*, where *Cæſar* and *Cato* are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite lights; *Cæſar*'s character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it ſhewed it ſelf in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his ſervants or dependants, the guilty or the diſtreſſed. As for *Cato*'s character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himſelf, may reward every man according to his works; but he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous characters in human nature, there is

is none ſo odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere temper in a worthleſs man.

This part of Good-nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and over-looking of faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing our ſelves Juſtice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the publick adminiſtrations of Juſtice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almoſt into a maxim, that Good-natured men are not always men of the moſt wit. The obſervation, in my opinion, has no foundation in Nature. The greateſt Wits I have converſed with are men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occaſioned by two reaſons. Firſt, becauſe Ill-nature among ordinary obſervers paſſes for Wit. A ſpightful ſaying gratifies ſo many little paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh riſes upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd Satyriſt. This may be one reaſon, why a great many pleaſant companions appear ſo ſurprizingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the publick being more juſt than private clubs or aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another reaſon why the Good-natured man may ſometimes bring his wit in queſtion, is perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with compaſſion for thoſe misfortunes and infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himſelf a larger field to expatiate in, he expoſes the failings in human nature which the other would caſt a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, expoſes the perſon who has obliged him, and in ſhort ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his character as a Wit. It is no wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a perſon who makes uſe of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

N° 170. *Friday, September* 14.

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia : injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum------- Ter. Eun.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female correſpondents, I find ſeveral from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the ſame time proteſting their own innocence ; and deſiring my advice on this occaſion. I ſhall therefore take this ſubject into my conſideration ; and the more willingly, becauſe I find that the Marquiſs of *Hallifax*, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has inſtructed a wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate, a cholerick, a ſullen, a coveto us or a ſilly husband, has not ſpoken one word of a jealous husband.

Jealouſy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the perſon whom he entirely loves. Now, becauſe our inward paſſions and inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous man to be throughly cured of his ſuſpicions. His thoughts hang at beſt in a ſtate of doubtfulneſs and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantagious ſide ; ſo that his enquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing: his pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a ſtrong ingredient in this paſſion; for the ſame affection which ſtirs up the jealous man's deſires, and gives the party beloved ſo beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as Jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary love, it is of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal return of love. Not the warmeſt expreſſions of affection, the ſofteſt

ſofteſt and moſt tender hypocriſy, are able to give any ſatisfaction, where we are not perſwaded that the affection is real and the ſatisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wiſhes himſelf a kind of Deity to the perſon he loves: he would be the only pleaſure of her ſenſes, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes delight in, beſides himſelf.

Phædria's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies, noctesque me ames: me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremò animus, quando ego ſum tuus. Ter. Eun.

The jealous man's diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a nature, that it converts all he takes into its own nouriſhment. A cool behaviour ſets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an inſtance of averſion or indifference; a fond one raiſes his ſuſpicions, and looks too much like diſſimulation and artifice. If the perſon he loves be cheerful, her thoughts muſt be employed on another; and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no word or geſture ſo inſignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his ſuſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh matters of diſcovery: ſo that if we conſider the effects of this paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an exceſſive love; for certainly none can meet with more diſquietude and uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappineſs of this paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is ſo ſollicitous to engroſs; and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe it lays too great a conſtraint on the words and actions of the ſuſpected perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong motives to averſion.

Nor is this the worſt effect of Jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of conſequences, and makes the perſon you ſuſpect guilty of the very crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their ſufferings, and endeavour to ſooth and aſſwage their ſecret reſentments. Beſides, Jealouſy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe

perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horrour which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder, if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands; *Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thy self.* Eccluſ.

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we find three kinds who are most over-run with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of any infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot or contrivance, from drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the Camp and the Council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined

fined a thought. They put a conſtruction on a look, and find out a deſign in a ſmile; they give new ſenſes and ſignifications to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themſelves with fancies of their own raiſing: they generally act in a diſguiſe themſelves, and therefore miſtake all outward ſhows and appearances for hypocriſy in others; ſo that I believe no men ſee leſs of the truth and reality of things, than theſe great refiners upon incidents, who are ſo wonderfully ſubtle and over-wiſe in their conceptions.

Now what theſe men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have ſeen the poor husband ſo miſ-led by tricks and artifices, and in the midſt of his enquiries ſo loſt and bewildred in a crooked intreague, that they ſtill ſuſpect an under-plot in every female action; and eſpecially where they ſee any reſemblance in the behaviour of two perſons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the ſame deſign in both. Theſe men therefore bear hard upon the ſuſpected party, purſue her cloſe through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any falſe ſteps or doubles: beſides, their acquaintance and converſation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womenkind, and therefore it is no wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon the whole ſex as a ſpecies of impoſtors. But if, notwithſtanding their private experience, they can get over theſe prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of ſome *Women*; yet their own looſe deſires will ſtir up new ſuſpicions from another ſide, and make them believe all *Men* ſubject to the ſame inclinations with themſelves.

Whether theſe or other motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern hiſtories of *America*, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that Jealouſy is no Northern paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe nations that lie neareſt the influence of the Sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hotteſt regions of jealouſy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you ſcarce meet any thing like it in the polar Circle. Our own nation is very temperately ſituated in this reſpect; and if we meet with ſome few diſordered with the violence of this paſſion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the Sun in their conſtitution than in their climate.

After this frightful account of Jealouſy, and the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the paſſion may be beſt allayed, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other faults

faults indeed are not under the wife's jurifdiction, and fhould, if poffible, efcape her obfervation; but Jealoufy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deferves all her art and application in the attempt: befides, fhe has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleafing, and that fhe will ftill find the affection of her husband rifing towards her in proportion as his doubts and fufpicions vanifh; for, as we have feen all along, there is fo great a mixture of love in jealoufy as is well worth the feparating. But this fhall be the fubject of another paper.

N° 171. *Saturday, September* 15.

Credula res amor eft------ Ovid. Met.

HAving in my yefterday's paper difcovered the nature of Jealoufy, and pointed out the perfons who are moft fubject to it, I muft here apply my felf to my fair correfpondents, who defire to live well with a jealous husband, and to eafe his mind of its unjuft fufpicions.

The firft rule I fhall propofe to be obferved is, that you never feem to diflike in another what the jealous man is himfelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himfelf does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a Satyr on himfelf out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himfelf to confider the perfon, but to direct the character; and is fecretly pleafed or confounded as he finds more or lefs of himfelf in it. The commendation of any thing in another, ftirs up his Jealoufy, as it fhews you have a value for others befides himfelf; but the commendation of that which he himfelf wants, inflames him more, as it fhews that in fome refpects you prefer others before him. Jealoufy is admirably defcribed in this view by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem rofeam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:

Tunc

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

When Telephus *his youthful charms,*
His roſie neck and winding arms,
With endleſs rapture you recite,
And in that pleaſing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberleſs reſentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In riſing ſighs and falling tears,
That ſhew too well the warm deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming fires,
Which on my inmoſt vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you diſlike another; but if you find thoſe faults which are to be found in his own character, you diſcover not only your diſlike of another, but of himſelf. In ſhort, he is ſo deſirous of engroſſing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raiſe it; and if he finds, by your cenſures on others, that he is not ſo agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by conſequence your affection does not riſe ſo high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or ſullen, you muſt not be too much pleaſed with a jeſt, or tranſported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the beſt, you muſt be a profeſſed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is maſter of, or at leaſt vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you muſt be ſure to be free and open in your converſation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your deſigns, and diſcover every ſecret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular averſion to winks and whiſpers, and if he does not ſee to the bottom of every thing, will be ſure to go beyond it in his fears and ſuſpicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himſelf kept out of a ſecret, will believe there

is

is more in it than there ſhould be. And here it is of great concern, that you preſerve the character of your ſincerity uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a falſe gloſs put upon any ſingle action, he quickly ſuſpects all the reſt; his working imagination immediately takes a falſe hint, and runs off with it into ſeveral remote conſequences, 'till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own miſery.

If both theſe methods fail, the beſt way will be to let him ſee you are much caſt down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the diſquietudes he himſelf ſuffers for your ſake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleaſure in the jealouſy of thoſe who love them, that inſult over an aking heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite ſo much uneaſineſs.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis. Juv.

But theſe often carry the humour ſo far, 'till their affected coldneſs and indifference quite kills all the fondneſs of a lover, and are then ſure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and ſcorn that is due to ſo inſolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the uſual effects of injured innocence, may ſoften the jealous husband into pity, make him ſenſible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all thoſe fears and ſuſpicions that make you both unhappy. At leaſt it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealouſy to himſelf, and repine in private, either becauſe he is ſenſible it is a weakneſs, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or becauſe he will be apt to fear ſome ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is ſtill another ſecret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practiſed by women of greater cunning than virtue: this is, to change ſides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own paſſion upon himſelf; to take ſome occaſion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himſelf hath ſet you. This counterfeited Jealouſy will bring him a great deal of pleaſure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this paſſion, and will beſides feel ſomething like the ſatisfaction of a revenge, in ſeeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo diſ-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by ſuch as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excuſable.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with the ſtory of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Joſephus*; which may ſerve almoſt as an example to whatever can be ſaid on this ſubject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit and youth could give a woman, and *Herod* all the love that ſuch charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous diſpoſition. In the midſt of this his fondneſs for *Mariamne*, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was repreſented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately ſummoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to anſwer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. *Herod* attributed the ſummons to *Antony*'s deſire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore before his departure he gave into the cuſtody of his uncle *Joſeph*, with private orders to put her to death, if any ſuch violence was offer'd to himſelf. This *Joſeph* was much delighted with *Mariamne*'s converſation, and endeavoured with all his art and rhetoric to ſet out the exceſs of *Herod*'s paſſion for her: but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain inſtance of her Lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joſeph*'s interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſonable paſſion, quite put out, for a time, thoſe little remains of affection ſhe ſtill had for her Lord: for now her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider the kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by *Mark Antony*, when his ſoul was all in flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's converſation and familiarity with her in his abſence. This therefore was the firſt diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſie matter to quiet his ſuſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole ſoul to her in the warmeſt proteſtations of love and conſtancy; when amidſt all his ſighs and languiſhings ſhe ask'd him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle *Joſeph* were an inſtance of ſuch an inflamed affection. The jealous King was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a queſtion, and concluded his uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have

discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a second journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the care of *Sohemus*, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of *Mariamne*'s enemies, who accused her to the King of a design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who in the extremity of his tortures confest, that his mistress's aversion to the King arose from something *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disown'd the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges, had her publickly condemned and executed. *Herod* soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the publick administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity and despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by publick storms, which at that time very nearly threatned him.

Tuesday,

N° 173. *Tuesday, September* 18.

-----Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ. Ov. Met.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for the erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our *British* artizans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surprized by the following advertisement which I find in the *Post-Boy* of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the *Post-Boy* of the 15th.

ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-heath in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value, 3 heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding that hath not won above the value of 5 l. the winning horse to be sold for 10 l. to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high; if above or under, to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the 15th at the Swan in Coleshill, before 6 in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinned for by men.

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10*l.* race-horses, may probably have its use; but the two last, in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at *Coleshill*, or how making mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire*, more than in any other parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like an ass-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body-cloaths, and sweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country fellows within ten miles of the *Swan* grinn an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of *October*. The prize which is proposed to be grinned for, has raised such an ambition among the common people of out-grinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the county; and that a *Warwickshire* man will be known by his grinn, as Roman catholicks imagine a *Kentish* man is by his

tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity, is juſt the reverſe of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and ſhould carry for its poſie the old Motto inverted,

Detur tetriori.

Or to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'ſt Grinner,
Be the Winner.

In the mean while I would adviſe a *Dutch* painter to be preſent at this great controverſy of faces, in order to make a collection of the moſt remarkable Grinns that ſhall be there exhibited.

I muſt not here omit an account which I lately received of one of theſe grinning matches from a Gentleman, who upon reading the abovementioned advertiſement, entertained a Coffee-houſe with the following narrative. Upon the taking of *Namur*, amongſt other publick rejoicings made on that occaſion, there was a gold ring given by a Whig Juſtice of Peace to be grinned for. The firſt competitor that entred the Liſts, was a black ſwarthy *French* man, who accidentally paſſed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promiſed himſelf good ſucceſs. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like *Milton*'s death,

Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile.——

His muſcles were ſo drawn together on each ſide of his face, that he ſhewed twenty teeth at a Grinn, and put the country in ſome pain, leſt a foreigner ſhould carry away the honour of the day; but upon a further tryal they found he was maſter only of the merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the table was a Malecontent in thoſe days, and a great maſter of the whole art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the anrgy Grinn. He did his part ſo well, that he is ſaid to have made half a dozen women miſcarry; but the Juſtice being appriſed by one who ſtood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a diſaffected perſon ſhould win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the beſt Grinner in the country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the Grinner refuſing, he was ſet aſide as an unqualified perſon. There were ſeveral other Groteſque figures that preſented themſelves, which it would be too tedious to deſcribe. I muſt not however omit a Plough-man, who lived

lived in the further part of the county, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists that he had practised with Verjuice for some days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning; upon which the best judges of Grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by name, who produced several new Grinns of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every humane feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a Spout, at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the head of a Base-viol, and at the fifth a pair of Nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his Grinns, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the Cobler having made use of it as his wedding-ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the *Humane Face Divine*, and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a Monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the Ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common peoples heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and preheminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.

Saturday,

N° 177. *Saturday, September* 22.

-------Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?------ Juv.

IN one of my last week's papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This Good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness* of *Blood*, is an admirable ground-work for the other.. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our Nature, in a word, whether it be such as is entituled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, Whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Sollicitor, who would never ask a favour of a Great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary Good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropie*, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his Good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: For

For if, notwithſtanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no diſtinction between its objects, if it exerts it ſelf promiſcuouſly towards the deſerving and the undeſerving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives it ſelf up to the firſt petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may paſs for an amiable inſtinct, but muſt not aſſume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of Good-nature will be, the examining our ſelves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own diſadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithſtanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may ariſe to our ſelves from it: in a word, whether we are willing to riſque any part of our fortune, or reputation, our health or eaſe, for the benefit of mankind. Among all theſe expreſſions of Good-nature, I ſhall ſingle out that which goes under the general name of Charity, as it conſiſts in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers it ſelf to us almoſt at all times and in every place.

I ſhould propoſe it as a rule to every one, who is provided with any competency of fortune more than ſufficient for the neceſſaries of life, to lay aſide a certain proportion of his income for the uſe of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the uſe of thoſe whom, in the paſſage hereafter mentioned, he has deſcribed as his own repreſentatives upon earth. At the ſame time we ſhould manage our charity with ſuch prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations whilſt we are doing good to thoſe who are ſtrangers to us.

This may poſſibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Eugenius is a man of univerſal Good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal ſo prudent in the oeconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. *Eugenius* has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year; but never values himſelf above nineſcore, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uſes. To this ſum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, inſomuch that in a good year, for ſuch he accounts thoſe in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice the ſum to the ſickly and indigent. *Eugenius* preſcribes to himſelf many particular days of faſting and abſtinence, in order to encreaſe his private bank of charity and ſets aſide what would be the current expences of thoſe times for the poor. He often goes afoot where his buſineſs calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a ſhilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence

pence would have gone for coach-hire, to the firſt neceſſitous perſon that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the money which was deſigned for that purpoſe, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the ſtreet; and afterwards paſs his evening in a coffee-houſe, or at a friend's fireſide, with much greater ſatisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite entertainments of the Theatre. By theſe means he is generous without impoveriſhing himſelf, and enjoys his eſtate by making it the property of others.

There are few men ſo cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any diſadvantage to themſelves, or prejudice to their families. It is but ſometimes ſacrificing a diverſion or convenience to the poor, and turning the uſual courſe of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the moſt prudent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the neceſſities of the poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make our ſelves not only their patrons, but their fellow-ſufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the laſt part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he deſcribes his charity in ſeveral heroick inſtances, and with a noble heat of ſentiments mentions that verſe in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:* "There is more Rhetorick in "that one ſentence, ſays he, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed "if thoſe ſentences were underſtood by the Reader with the ſame "emphaſis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not thoſe vo-"lumes of inſtructions, but might be honeſt by an epitome.

This paſſage of ſcripture is indeed wonderfully perſwaſive; but I think the ſame thought is carried much further in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetick manner, that he ſhall hereafter regard the cloathing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the viſiting of the impriſoned as offices done to himſelf, and reward them accordingly. Purſuant to thoſe paſſages in holy Scripture, I have ſomewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleaſed me. I cannot recollect the words, but the ſenſe of it is to this purpoſe: What I ſpent I loſt; what I poſſeſſed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus inſenſibly engaged in ſacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of ſeveral paſſages which I have always read with great delight in the book of *Job*. It is the account which that holy man gives of

of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and if considered only as a humane composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other Author.

Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: when the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me: when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oyl.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widows heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. Did I not weep for him that was in trouble, was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ballance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me: what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have with-held the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel my self alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: If his loyns have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoyced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up my self when evil found him: (neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

N° 179. *Tuesday, September* 25.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. Hor.

I May cast my Readers under two general divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require Speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of Morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious Stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my Readers would fall off from me: were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments for both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I would rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate. For

For this reaſon ſeveral unthinking perſons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious ſeriouſneſs, or a philoſophick gravity. They are inſnared into ſentiments of wiſdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at ſuch a degree of conſideration as may diſpoſe them to liſten to more ſtudied and elaborate diſcourſes, I ſhall not think my Speculations uſeleſs. I might likewiſe obſerve, that the gloomineſs in which ſometimes the minds of the beſt men are involved, very often ſtands in need of ſuch little incitements to mirth and laughter as are apt to diſperſe melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which ſome will add, that the *Britiſh* climate more than any other makes entertainments of this nature in a manner neceſſary.

If what I have here ſaid does not recommend, it will at leaſt excuſe, the variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to inſtruct, or if I ſometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceaſes to be inſtructive, it ſhall never ceaſe to be innocent. A ſcrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a diſcreet author in modeſty ſuppreſſes; how many ſtrokes of raillery preſent themſelves, which could not fail to pleaſe the ordinary taſte of mankind, but are ſtifled in their birth by reaſon of ſome remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of thoſe who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are induſtriouſly avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of thoſe writers who endeavour to make themſelves diverting without being immoral. One may apply to theſe authors that paſſage in *Waller*,

Poets loſe half the praiſe they would have got,
Were it but known what they diſcreetly blot.

As nothing is more eaſy than to be a wit with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires ſome genius and invention to appear ſuch without them.

What I have here ſaid is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correſpondent who has ſent me the following letter, which I have caſtrated in ſome places upon theſe conſiderations.

SIR,

"HAVING lately ſeen your diſcourſe upon a match of Grinning, I "cannot forbear giving you an account of a Whiſtling match,

" which, with many others, I was entertained with about three years ſince at " the *Bath*. The prize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the ableſt whiſt- " ler, that is, on him who could whiſtle cleareſt, and go through his tune " without laughing, to which at the ſame time he was provoked by the " antic poſtures of a *Merry-Andrew*, who was to ſtand upon the ſtage " and play his tricks in the eye of the performer. There were three " competitors for the guinea. The firſt was a plow-man of a very promi- " ſing aſpect; his features were ſteady, and his muſcles compoſed in ſo " inflexible a ſtupidity, that upon his firſt appearance every one gave the " guinea for loſt. The pickled-herring however found the way to ſhake " him, for upon his whiſtling a country jigg, this unlucky wagg danced " to it with ſuch variety of diſtortions and grimaces, that the country- " man could not forbear ſmiling upon him, and by that means ſpoiled " his whiſtle and loſt the prize.

" The next that mounted the ſtage was an under-citizen of the *Bath*, " a perſon remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his " great wiſdom and his broad band. He contracted his mouth with " much gravity, and, that he might diſpoſe his mind to be more ſerious " than ordinary, begun the tune of *the children in the wood*, and went " through part of it with good ſucceſs; when on a ſudden the wit at his " elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for ſome " time, gave him a touch upon the left ſhoulder, and ſtared him in the " face with ſo bewitching a grinn, that the whiſtler relaxed his fibres " into a kind of ſimper, and at length burſt out into an open laugh. The " third who entered the liſts was a foot-man, who in defiance of the *Mer-* " *ry-Andrew*, and all his arts, whiſtled a *Scotch* tune and an *Italian* So- " nata, with ſo ſettled a countenance, that he bore away the prize, to " the great admiration of ſome hundreds of perſons, who, as well as my " ſelf, were preſent at this tryal of skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, " whatever you have determined of the grinners, the whiſtlers ought to " be encouraged, not only as their art is practiſed without diſtortion, but " as it improves country muſic, promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary " people to keep their countenances, if they ſee any thing ridiculous in " their betters; beſides that, it ſeems an entertainment very particular- " ly adapted to the *Bath*, as it is uſual for a rider to whiſtle to his horſe " when he would make his waters paſs.

I am, SIR, &c.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

" After you have dispatched these two important points of Grinning and " Whistling, I hope you will oblige the world with some reflections up- " on Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a twelfth-night among other " *Christmas* gambols, at the house of a very worthy gentleman, who al- " ways entertains his tenants at that time of the year. They yawn for " a *Cheshire* cheese, and begin about mid-night, when the whole com- " pany is disposed to be drowsy. He that yawns widest, and at the " same time so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spec- " tators, carries home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you " ought, I question not but your paper will set half the kingdom a yawn- " ing, though I dare promise you it will never make any body fall asleep.

N° 181. *Thursday, September* 27.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultrò. Virg.

I Am more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

" AMONG all the distresses which happen in families, I do not re- " member that you have touched upon the marriage of children " without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate " persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to chuse for my " self; and have ever since languished under the displeasure of an inex- " orable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, " and blessed with very fine children, can never be prevailed upon to " forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, " that indeed it makes my breach of duty, in some measure, inexcusa- " ble; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, " that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. " I have thrown my self at his feet, and besought him with tears to par-

" don

" don me; but he always puſhes me away, and ſpurns me from him:
" I have written ſeveral letters to him, but he will neither open nor re-
" ceive them. About two years ago I ſent my little boy to him, dreſſed
" in a new apparel; but the child returned to me crying, becauſe he
" ſaid his grand-father would not ſee him, and had ordered him to be
" put out of his houſe. My mother is won over to my ſide, but dares
" not mention me to my father for fear of provoking him. About a
" month ago he lay ſick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life:
" I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going
" to enquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of ſpeak-
" ing in my behalf: She told him with abundance of tears, that I was
" come to ſee him, that I could not ſpeak to her for weeping, and that
" I ſhould certainly break my heart if he refuſed at that time to give
" me his bleſſing, and be reconciled to me. He was ſo far from re-
" lenting towards me, that he bid her ſpeak no more of me, unleſs ſhe
" had a mind to diſturb him in his laſt moments; for, Sir, you muſt
" know that he has the reputation of an honeſt and religious man, which
" makes my misfortune ſo much the greater. God be thanked he is
" ſince recovered: but his ſevere uſage has given me ſuch a blow, that
" I ſhall ſoon ſink under it, unleſs I may be relieved by any impreſſions
" which the reading of this in your paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.

Of all hardneſſes of heart, there is none ſo inexcuſable as that of parents towards their children. An obſtinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occaſions, but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderneſs, and compaſſion which are apt to ariſe in us, towards thoſe who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The ſupreme Being, by the tranſcendent excellency and goodneſs of his nature, extends his Mercy towards all his works; and becauſe his creatures have not ſuch a ſpontaneous benevolence and compaſſion towards thoſe who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an inſtinct, that ſupplies the place of this inherent goodneſs. I have illuſtrated this kind of inſtinct in former papers, and have ſhewn how it runs through all the ſpecies of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation ſubſiſts by it.

This inſtinct in man is more general and uncircumſcribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reaſon and duty. For if we conſider our ſelves attentively, we ſhall find that we are not only enclined

to

to love thoſe who deſcend from us, but that we bear a kind of (στοργή) or, natural affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preſervation. Dependance is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderneſs and pity than any other motive whatſoever.

The man therefore who, notwithſtanding any paſſion or reſentment, can overcome this powerful inſtinct, and extinguiſh natural affection, debaſes his mind even below brutality, fruſtrates, as much as in him lies, the great deſign of Providence, and ſtrikes out of his nature one of the moſt divine principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought againſt ſuch an unreaſonable Proceeding, I ſhall only inſiſt on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveneſs that we forgive others. In our very prayers we deſire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The caſe therefore before us ſeems to be what they call *a Caſe in Point*; the Relation between the child and father being what comes neareſt to that between a creature and its Creator. If the father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never ſo high a nature, how will he addreſs himſelf to the ſupreme Being, under the tender appellation of a father, and deſire of him ſuch a forgiveneſs as he himſelf refuſes to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential conſiderations; but if the laſt mentioned motive does not prevail, I deſpair of ſucceeding by any other, and ſhall therefore conclude my paper with a very remarkable ſtory, which is recorded in an old chronicle publiſhed by *Freher* among the writers of the *German* hiſtory.

Eginhart, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that poſt. His great abilities gained him the favour of his Maſter, and the eſteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the daughter of the Emperor, was ſo pleaſed with his perſon and converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* anſwered her with a more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. *Eginhart* at length reſolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the Princeſs's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a perſon who had ſomething to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break

break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the Princeſs. This very much perplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the King, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the Princeſs *Imma* with his fears; who, after ſome conſultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt Miniſter acroſs the ſnow: which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extreamly troubled and aſtoniſhed at this accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices. The Emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the moſt faithful of his Counſellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's crime, asked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. They moſt of them gave their opinion, that the perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his Maſter. Upon the whole debate, the Emperor declared it was his opinion, that *Eginhart*'s puniſhment would rather encreaſe than diminiſh the ſhame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the moſt adviſeable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he ſhould no longer have any pretence of complaining his ſervices were not rewarded, for that the Princeſs *Imma* ſhould be given him in marriage, with a Dower ſuitable to her quality; which was ſoon after performed accordingly.

Saturday,

N° 183. *Saturday, September* 29.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι. Hes.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of mankind. *Jotham*'s Fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginning of the Common-wealth of *Rome*, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a Fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest Wit and Critic in the Augustan Age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the moderns: not to mention *la Fontaine*, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other Author of our times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient Critics will have it, that the Iliad and Odyssey of *Homer* are Fables of this nature; and that the

several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first Iliad, represents Anger, or the irascible part of human nature. That upon drawing his sword against his Superior in a full assembly, *Pallas* is only another name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the Odyssey, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spenser*'s *Fairy-Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest Prose-authors of antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by vertue of this Fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which *Plato* gives us of the conversation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general,

general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, That if a man of a good genius for a Fable, were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one my self in the spirit of that divine Author.

There were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extreams was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter *considering that this species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the abovementioned families, Pleasure who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promised to settle it upon both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.*

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a

right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter *in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirm'd by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.*

N° 184. *Monday, October* 1.

--------*Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.* Hor.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the match of Grinning, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the

the following letter by the laſt poſt. I ſhall not premiſe any thing to it further, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

"YOU have already obliged the world with a diſcourſe upon Grin-
" ning, and have ſince proceeded to Whiſtling, from whence you
" at length came to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a
" very natural tranſition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for
" the ſubject of a paper the following Advertiſement, which about two
" months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be ſeen with
" ſome additions in the *Daily Courant* of *Auguſt* the ninth.

" Nicholas Hart, *who ſlept laſt year in St.* Bartholomew's *Hoſpital,*
" *intends to ſleep this year at the* Cock *and* Bottle *in* Little Britain.

" Having ſince enquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-
" mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every year ſeized with a periodical fit of
" Sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of *Auguſt*, and ends on the ele-
" venth of the ſame month: That,

" On the firſt of that month, he grew dull;
" On the ſecond, appeared drowſy;
" On the third, fell a yawning;
" On the fourth, began to nod;
" On the fifth, dropped aſleep;
" On the ſixth, was heard to ſnore;
" On the ſeventh, turned himſelf in his bed;
" On the eighth, recovered his former poſture;
" On the ninth, fell a ſtretching;
" On the tenth about midnight, awaked;
" On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little ſmall-beer.

" This account I have extracted out of the Journal of this ſleeping
" Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincolns-Inn*
" who has undertaken to be his Hiſtoriographer. I have ſent it to you,
" not only as it repreſents the actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it ſeems
" a very natural picture of the life of many an honeſt *Engliſh* Gentle-
" man, whoſe whole hiſtory very often conſiſts of Yawning, Nodding,
" Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary
" particulars. I do not queſtion, Sir, that if you pleaſed, you could put
" out an Advertiſement not unlike the above-mentioned, of ſeveral men
" of figure; that Mr. *John* ſuch a one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* ſuch a one,

" Eſquire,

" Esquire, who slept in the country last summer, intends to sleep in town " this winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy part of our species " is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among " their neighbours, without ever disturbing the publick peace: they are " drones without stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, " restless, ambitious spirits, would for a while change places with these " good men, and enter themselves into *Nicholas Hart*'s fraternity. Could " one but lay asleep a few busy heads which I could name, from the first of " *November* next to the first of *May* ensuing, I question not but it would " very much redound to the quiet of particular persons, as well as to the " benefit of the publick.

" But to return to *Nicholas Hart:* I believe, Sir, you will think it a " very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by " sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance as well as indu- " stry; yet so it is that *Nicholas* got last year enough to support himself " for a twelve-month. I am likewise informed that he has this year had " a very comfortable nap. The Poets value themselves very much for " sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard they got a groat by it: on the " contrary our friend *Nicholas* gets more by sleeping than he could by " working, and may be more properly said, than ever *Homer* was, to have " had golden dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy husband who " raised an estate by snoring, but then he is represented to have slept " what the common people call dog's sleep; or if his sleep was real, his " wife was awake, and about her business: your pen, which loves to mo- " ralize upon all subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this circum- " stance also, and point out to us those sets of men who, instead of grow- " ing rich by an honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours " of the Great, by making themselves agreeable companions in the par- " ticipations of luxury and pleasure.

" I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent pens " in *Grub-street* is now employed in writing the dream of this miracu- " lous Sleeper, which I hear will be of more than ordinary length, as it " must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed in his " imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone already " through three days and three nights of it, and to have comprised in " them the most remarkable passages of the four first Empires of the " world. If he can keep free from party-strokes, his work may be of " use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his friends " and confidents, that he has spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too " great freedom. *I am ever, Sir,* &c.

N° 185. *Tuesday, October 2.*

------*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Virg.

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls Zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins*, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of Zeal from the days of *Cain* to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart throughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a keen edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which

which we see quoted in almost every system of Ethicks, though upon another occasion;

——Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor —— Ovid.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word Interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of Zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find, that most of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shews it self for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind: but when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he imprisons mens persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul,

ſoul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of theſe falſe zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation, I mean the zealots in atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, tho' they fall ſhort in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt out-ſhine them in this particular, and be exempt from that ſingle fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion: but ſo it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceneſs and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the ſafety of mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their proper colours. They are a ſort of gameſters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teazing their friends to come over to them, though at the ſame time they allow that neither of them ſhall get any thing by the bargain. In ſhort, the zeal of ſpreading atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than atheiſm it ſelf.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in atheiſts and infidels, I muſt further obſerve that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impoſſibility, and at the ſame time look upon the ſmalleſt difficulty in an article of faith as a ſufficient reaſon for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reaſon of mankind, that are conformable to the ſenſe of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happineſs of ſocieties, or of particular perſons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and ſchemes erected in their ſtead that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of theſe bigotted infidels, ſuppoſing all the great points of atheiſm, as the caſual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking ſubſtance, the mortality of the ſoul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the moſt celebrated atheiſts; I ſay, ſuppoſing ſuch a creed as this were formed, and impoſed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of faith, than

any ſet of articles which they ſo violently oppoſe. Let me therefore adviſe this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigottry for nonſenſe.

N° 186. *Wedneſday, October* 3.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ------- Hor.

UPON my return to my lodgings laſt night, I found a letter from my worthy friend the Clergy-man, whom I have given ſome account of in my former papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleaſed with the latter part of my yeſterday's Speculation; and at the ſame time encloſed the following Eſſay, which he deſires me to publiſh as the ſequel of that diſcourſe. It conſiſts partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of ſuch as have been already uſed, but now ſet in a ſtronger light.

" A Believer may be excuſed by the moſt hardened Atheiſt for endea-
" vouring to make him a convert, becauſe he does it with an eye to both
" their intereſts. The Atheiſt is inexcuſable who tries to gain over a Be-
" liever, becauſe he does not propoſe the doing himſelf or believer any
" good by ſuch a converſion.

" The proſpect of a future ſtate is the ſecret comfort and refreſhment
" of my ſoul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it dou-
" bles all my pleaſures, and ſupports me under all my afflictions. I can
" look at diſappointments and misfortunes, pain and ſickneſs, death it
" ſelf, and, what is worſe than death, the loſs of thoſe who are deareſt
" to me, with indifference, ſo long as I keep in view the pleaſures of e-
" ternity, and the ſtate of Being in which there will be no fears nor ap-
" prehenſions, pains nor ſorrows, ſickneſs nor ſeparation. Why will any
" man be ſo impertinently officious, as to tell me all this is only fancy
" and deluſion? Is there any merit in being the meſſenger of ill news?
" If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, ſince it makes me both the happier and
" better man. " I

" I muſt confeſs I do not know how to truſt a man who believes nei-
" ther heaven nor hell, or in other words, a future ſtate of rewards and
" puniſhments. Not only natural ſelf-love, but reaſon, directs us to pro-
" mote our own intereſt above all things. It can never be for the inte-
" reſt of a believer to do me a miſchief, becauſe he is ſure upon the bal-
" lance of accompts to find himſelf a loſer by it. On the contrary, if he
" conſiders his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him
" to do me all the good he can, and at the ſame time reſtrain him from
" doing me an injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reaſonable crea-
" ture, if he favours me contrary to his preſent intereſt, or does not di-
" ſtreſs me when it turns to his preſent advantage. Honour and good-
" nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as theſe would be very much
" ſtrengthened by reaſon and principle, ſo without them they are only
" inſtincts, or wavering unſettled notions, which reſt on no foundations.

" Infidelity has been attacked with ſo good ſucceſs of late years, that
" it is driven out of all its out-works. The Atheiſt has not found his poſt
" tenable, and is therefore retired into Deiſm, and a disbelief of revealed
" religion only. But the truth of it is, the greateſt number of this ſet of men,
" are thoſe who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the
" grounds of religion, know ſo very little of the matter in queſtion, that
" their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

" As folly and inconſiderateneſs are the foundations of infidelity, the
" great pillars and ſupports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiſer
" than the reſt of mankind, or an oſtentation of courage in deſpiſing the
" terrours of another world, which have ſo great an influence on what
" they call weaker minds; or an averſion to a belief that muſt cut them
" off from many of thoſe pleaſures they propoſe to themſelves, and fill
" them with remorſe for many of thoſe they have already taſted.

" The great received articles of the Chriſtian religion, have been ſo
" clearly proved from the authority of that divine revelation in which
" they are delivered, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who have ears to
" hear and eyes to ſee, not to be convinced of them. But were it poſſi-
" ble for any thing in the Chriſtian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill
" conſequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation
" and ſufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally ſuch habits of virtue in
" the mind of man, that, I ſay, ſuppoſing it were poſſible for us to be
" miſtaken in them, the Infidel himſelf muſt at leaſt allow that no other
" ſyſtem of religion could ſo effectually contribute to the heightning of
" morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of humane nature,

" and of the love which the ſupream Being bears to his creatures, and " conſequently engage us in the higheſt acts of duty towards our Creator, " our neighbour, and our ſelves. How many noble arguments has Saint " *Paul* raiſed from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing " of morality in its three great branches? To give a ſingle example in " each kind: What can be a ſtronger motive to a firm truſt and reliance " on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to ſuffer for " us? What can make us love and eſteem even the moſt inconſiderable " of mankind, more than the thought that Chriſt died for him? Or what " diſpoſe us to a ſtricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than " our being members of Chriſt, and a part of the ſociety of which that " immaculate perſon is the head? But theſe are only a ſpecimen of thoſe " admirable enforcements of morality which the Apoſtle has drawn from " the hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour.

" If our modern infidels conſidered theſe matters with that candour " and ſeriouſneſs which they deſerve, we ſhould not ſee them act with " ſuch a ſpirit of bitterneſs, arrogance, and malice: they would not be " raiſing ſuch inſignificant cavils, doubts, and ſcruples, as may be ſtarted " againſt every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonſtration; " in order to unſettle the minds of the ignorant, diſturb the publick peace, " ſubvert morality, and throw all things into confuſion and diſorder. If " none of theſe reflections can have any influence on them, there is one " that perhaps may; becauſe it is adapted to their vanity, by which they " ſeem to be guided much more than their reaſon. I would therefore " have them conſider, that the wiſeſt and beſt of men in all ages of the " world, have been thoſe who lived up to the religion of their country, " when they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to morality, and to the beſt " lights they had of the divine nature. *Pythagoras*'s firſt rule directs us " to worſhip the Gods *as it is ordained by law*, for that is the moſt na- " tural interpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who was the moſt re- " nowned among the heathens both for wiſdom and virtue, in his laſt " moments deſires his friends to offer a cock to *Æſculapius*; doubtleſs " out of a ſubmiſſive deference to the eſtabliſhed worſhip of his country. " *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom he ſets forth as a pattern of " perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered ſacrifices on " the mountains to the *Perſian Jupiter*, and the Sun, *according to the* " *cuſtom of the Perſians*; for thoſe are the words of the hiſtorian. Nay, " the *Epicureans* and atomical philoſophers ſhewed a very remarkable " modeſty in this particular; for, though the being of a God was entirely

" repugnant

" repugnant to their ſchemes of natural philoſophy, they contented themſelves with the denial of a Providence, aſſerting at the ſame time the " exiſtence of Gods in general; becauſe they would not ſhock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.

N° 189. *Saturday, October 6.*

-----Patriæ pietatis imago. Virg.

THE following letter being written to my bookſeller, upon a ſubject of which I treated ſome time ſince, I ſhall publiſh it in this paper, together with the letter that was incloſed in it.

Mr. *Buckley*,

" MR. SPECTATOR having of late deſcanted upon the cruelty of " parents to their children, I have been induced (at the requeſt " of ſeveral of Mr. SPECTATOR's admirers) to incloſe this letter, which " I aſſure you is the original from a father to his ſon, notwithſtanding " the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully " obliging to the world, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his opinion of " it in ſome of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr. *Buckley*) *Your humble Servant.*

SIRRAH,

" YOU are a ſawcy audacious raſcal, and both fool and mad, and I " care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not " raze out my impreſſions of your inſolence, going about railing at me, " and the next day to ſollicit my favour: theſe are inconſiſtencies, ſuch " as diſcover thy Reaſon depraved. To be brief, I never deſire to ſee " your face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the work-houſe, it is no diſgrace to " me for you to be ſupported there; and if you ſtarve in the ſtreets, I'll " never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of " your ſcribling nonſenſe, I will break your head the firſt time I ſet " ſight on you. You are a ſtubborn beaſt; is this your gratitude for my giv-

" ing

" ing you money? You Rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give " you a greater ſenſe of your duty to (I regret to ſay) your father, *&c.*

" *P. S.* It is prudence for you to keep out of my ſight; for to reproach " me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outſide of your letter, I ſhall " give you a great knock on the skull for it.

Was there ever ſuch an image of paternal tenderneſs! It was uſual among ſome of the *Greeks* to make their ſlaves drink to exceſs, and then expoſe them to their children, who by that means conceived an early averſion to a vice which makes men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational. I have expoſed this picture of an unnatural father with the ſame intention, that its deformity may deter others from its reſemblance. If the Reader has a mind to ſee a father of the ſame ſtamp repreſented in the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the fineſt Comedies that ever appeared upon the *Engliſh* ſtage: I mean the part of Sir *Sampſon* in *Love for Love.*

I muſt not however engage my ſelf blindly on the ſide of the ſon, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a *ſawcy and audacious Raſcal* in the firſt line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. *To go about railing* at his father, and to find no other place but *the outſide of his letter* to tell him *that might overcomes right*, if it does not diſcover *his reaſon to be depraved*, and *that he is either fool or mad*, as the cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at leaſt allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his judgment, and give him a greater ſenſe of his duty.* But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his head*, or *giving him a great knock on the skull*, ought I think to be well conſidered. Upon the whole, I wiſh the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a ſon, as the mother in *Virgil.*

——Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

Or like the crow and her egg in the *Greek* proverb,

Κακὴ κόρακι κακὸν ὠόν.

I muſt here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correſpondent, upon the ſubject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewiſe founded. The writer of it ſeems very much concerned leaſt that paper ſhould ſeem to give encouragement to the diſobedience

obedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehension will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent Wit, who upon some great mens pressing him to forgive his daughter who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving*.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon humane nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependant more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and is set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father *le Comte*, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the *Chinese*, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay the place it self would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people, who could have bred up among them so horrible an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of *Herodotus*. That historian in his account of the *Persian* customs and religion tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, suppositious, or begotten in adultery.

adultery. Their opinion in this particular ſhews ſufficiently what a notion they muſt have had of undutifulneſs in general.

N° 191. *Tueſday, October* 9.

——— ἕλον ἔνεικον. Hom.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the caſe, that if an aſs were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his ſenſes equally on each ſide, and tempted him in the very ſame degree, whether it would be poſſible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this queſtion to the diſadvantage of the aſs, who they ſay would ſtarve in the midſt of plenty, as not having a ſingle grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either ſide ſtriking his ſight and ſmell in the ſame proportion, would keep him in a perpetual ſuſpence, like the two Magnets which trávellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of *Mahomet*'s burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, ſay they, pull the Impoſtor's iron coffin with ſuch an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the aſs's behaviour in ſuch nice circumſtances, whether he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own ſpecies in the ſame perplexity. When a mân has a mind to venture his money in a Lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the ſame pretenſions to good luck, ſtand upon the ſame foot of competition, and no manner of reaſon can be given why a man ſhould prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this caſe therefore Caprice very often acts in the place of Reaſon, and forms to its ſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleaſed to riſque his good fortune upon the number 1711, becauſe it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary I have been told

of

of a certain zealous Diſſenter, who being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the moſt fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number *666* againſt any other number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the number of the Beaſt. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own age in their number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame number that ſucceeded in the laſt Lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great Lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

Theſe principles of election are the paſtimes and extravagancies of human reaſon, which is of ſo buſie a nature, that it will be exerting it ſelf in the meaneſt trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wiſeſt of men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the ſuperſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diſeurs de bonne Avanture*, who publiſh their bills in every quarter of the town, have turned our Lotteries to their advantage: did any of them ſet up for a Caſter of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended diſcoveries and predictions.

I remember among the advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurprized to ſee the following one:

This is to give notice, that ten ſhillings over and above the market price will be given for the Ticket in the 1500000 l. *Lottery*, N° 132, *by Nath. Cliff at the Bible and three Crowns in Cheapſide.*

This advertiſement has given great matter of ſpeculation to Coffee-houſe Theoriſts. Mr. *Cliff*'s principles and converſation have been canvaſſed upon this occaſion, and various conjectures made why he ſhould thus ſet his heart upon N° 132. I have examined all the powers in thoſe numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the ſquare and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this advertiſement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" I Am the perſon that lately advertiſed I would give ten ſhillings more than the current price for the Ticket N° 132 in the Lottery now " drawing; which is a ſecret I have communicated to ſome friends, who " rally me inceſſantly upon that account. You muſt know I have but " one Ticket, for which reaſon, and a certain dream I have lately had " more than once, I was reſolved it ſhould be the number I moſt ap- " proved. I am ſo poſitive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I " could almoſt lay all I am worth of it. My viſions are ſo frequent and " ſtrong upon this occaſion, that I have not only poſſeſſed the Lot, but " diſpoſed of the money which in all probability it will ſell for. This " morning, in particular, I ſet up an equipage which I look upon to be " the gayeſt in the town; the Liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I " ſhould be very glad to ſee a Speculation or two upon Lottery ſubjects, " in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular

Your moſt humble Servant, George Goſling.

P. S. " Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 pound, I'll make thee a hand- " ſome Preſent.

After having wiſhed my correſpondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the ſubject of the Lottery, and only obſerve that the greateſt part of mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my friend *Goſling*'s extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in poſſibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our poſſeſſions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent Income, as not doubting to diſburſe our ſelves out of the profits of ſome future place, project, or reverſion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee Tradeſmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their buſineſs; and men of eſtates reduced to poverty, who have never ſuffered from loſſes or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine temper, this depending upon contingent Futurities, that occaſions romantic generoſity, chimerical grandeur, ſenſeleſs oſtentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his preſent circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* proverb runs, The man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It

It ſhould be an indiſpenſable rule in life, to contract our deſires to our preſent condition, and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be time enough to enjoy an eſtate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we ſhall loſe the pleaſure of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon.

N° 195. *Saturday, October* 13.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ. Hes.

THERE is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a Phyſician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he encloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball it ſelf. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe *rightly prepared* inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat. When, as the ſtory goes, the vertue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the Sultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern Allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that Exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſick. I have deſcribed, in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary Exerciſe is for its preſervation: I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as Exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of Exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking

of is Temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If Exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exerciſe clears the veſſels, Temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if Exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, Temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert her ſelf in all her force and vigour; if Exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, Temperance ſtarves it.

Phyſick, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute of Exerciſe or Temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe of Exerciſe and Temperance, there would be but little occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſe parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the chace; and that men lived longeſt when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, cupping, bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are for the moſt part nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſtent with health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is ſaid of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh and fleſh; ſwallow oyl and vinegar, wines and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty different herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments muſt ſuch a medly of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſies, feavers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, Fiſh of that, and

and Fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a Berry or a Muſhrome can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for Temperance, becauſe what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my Readers as my Patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole Repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong 'till you have finiſhed your Meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe there would be no variety of taſtes to ſollicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *the firſt glaſs for my ſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence, according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating her ſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels. Beſides that Abſtinence well timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during the great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always obſerved.

And here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the Philoſophers, and comparing them with

with any ſeries of Kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe ancient ſages, a great part of whoſe Philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, one would think the life of a Philoſopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer an hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book publiſhed by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, till about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of Temperance, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life*. He lived to give a 3d or 4th Edition of it, and after having paſſed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent Authors, and is written with ſuch a ſpirit of chearfulneſs, religion, and good ſenſe, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and ſobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a diſcredit to it.

Having deſigned this paper as the ſequel to that upon Exerciſe, I have not here conſidered Temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I ſhall make the ſubject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

Wedneſday,

N° 198. *Wednesday, October* 17.

Cervæ luporum præda rapacium
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus. Hor.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to, be in breeches or in petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at Pickette, walks with him two or three hours by Moon-light; and is extreamly scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against Jealousy, an admirer of the *French* good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence: her constitution is *preserved* in a kind of natural frost; she wonders what people mean by Temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal*, or fiery trial: (like good Queen *Emma*) the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning Plow-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such Females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to humane frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls

Tempta-

Temptations, and the world *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many thouſands of their ſex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruine and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, proteſtations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs: they would ſhun like death the very firſt approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and miſery. I muſt ſo far give up the cauſe of the Male world, as to exhort the Female ſex in the language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*,

Truſt not a man, we are by nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and unconſtant:
When a man talks of love, with caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this ſubject, but ſhall conclude it with a ſtory which I lately heard from one of our *Spaniſh* Officers, and which may ſhew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a Male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of *Caſtile*, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave compoſed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himſelf eaſy in it, he caſt his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for ſome years have laid that whole country waſte. The *Caſtilian* having made his addreſſes to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happineſs for ſome time; when at length the husband's affairs made it neceſſary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of *Naples*, where a great part of his eſtate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ſhipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole company on ſhore, and made them ſlaves. The *Caſtilian* and his wife had the comfort to be under the ſame Maſter; who ſeeing how dearly they loved one another, and gaſped after their liberty, demanded a moſt exorbitant price for their ranſom. The *Caſtilian*, though he would rather have died in ſlavery himſelf than have paid ſuch a ſum as he found would go near to ruin him, was ſo moved with compaſſion towards his wife, that he ſent repeated orders to his friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to ſell his eſtate, and tranſmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ranſom might be made more reaſonable,

nable, and unwilling to ſell an eſtate which he himſelf had ſome proſpect of inheriting, formed ſo many delays, that three whole years paſſed away without any thing being done for the ſetting of them at liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the ſame place where the *Caſtilian* and his wife were kept priſoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he ſometimes added a ſong or a dance, or ſome other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the *Algerines* enabled him likewiſe to do them ſeveral good offices. The *Caſtilian*, as he was one day in converſation with this Renegado, diſcovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correſpondent in *Caſtile*, and at the ſame time asked his advice how he ſhould behave himſelf in that exigency: he further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impoſſible for him to raiſe the money, unleſs he himſelf might go over to diſpoſe of his eſtate. The Renegado, after having repreſented to him that his *Algerine* Maſter would never conſent to his releaſe upon ſuch a pretence, at length contrived a method for the *Caſtilian* to make his eſcape in the habit of a Seaman. The *Caſtilian* ſucceeded in his attempt; and having ſold his eſtate, being afraid leſt the money ſhould miſcarry by the way, and determining to periſh with it rather than loſe what was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himſelf in a little Veſſel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the joy he felt upon this occaſion, when he conſidered that he ſhould ſoon ſee the wife whom he ſo much loved, and endear himſelf more to her by this uncommon piece of generoſity.

The Renegado, during the husband's abſence, ſo inſinuated himſelf into the graces of his young wife, and ſo turned her head with ſtories of gallantry, that ſhe quickly thought him the fineſt Gentleman ſhe had ever converſed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honeſt *Caſtilian*, whom ſhe was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the poſſeſſion of ſo charming a creature. She had been inſtructed by the Renegado how to manage herſelf upon his arrival; ſo that ſhe received him with an appearance of the utmoſt love and gratitude, and at length perſwaded him to truſt their common friend the Renegado with the money he had brought over for their Ranſom; as not queſtioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negociate the affair more to their advantage than they themſelves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wiſh I could conceal the ſequel of this ſtory, but ſince I cannot, I ſhall diſpatch it in as

few words as poſſible. The *Caſtilian* having ſlept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: he immediately roſe and enquired after her, but was told that ſhe was ſeen with the Renegado about break of day. In a word, her Lover having got all things ready for their departure, they ſoon made their eſcape out of the territories of *Algiers*, carried away the money, and left the *Caſtilian* in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incenſed *Algerine* his Maſter, and partly through the unkind uſage of his unfaithful wife, died ſome few months after.

N° 201. *Saturday, October* 20.

Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a child with Devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers it ſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and ſmothered.

A ſtate of temperance, ſobriety, and juſtice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be ſtiled Philoſophy than Religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more ſublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted ſcience; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

It has been obſerved by ſome writers, that Man is more diſtinguiſhed from the Animal world by Devotion than by Reaſon, as ſeveral brute creatures diſcover in their actions ſomething like a faint glimmering of Reaſon, though they betray in no ſingle circumſtance of their behaviour any thing that bears the leaſt affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the propenſity of the mind to religious worſhip, the natural tendency of the ſoul to fly to

ſome

ſome ſuperior Being for ſuccour in dangers and diſtreſſes, the gratitude to an inviſible Superintendent which riſes in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are ſo wonderfully tranſported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the univerſal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of Adoration, plainly ſhew that devotion or religious-worſhip muſt be the effect of a tradition from ſome firſt Founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of Reaſon, or that it proceeds from an Inſtinct implanted in the ſoul it ſelf. For my part, I look upon all theſe to be the concurrent cauſes, but which ever of them ſhall be aſſigned as the principle of Divine worſhip, it manifeſtly points to a Supreme Being as the firſt Author of it.

I may take ſome other opportunity of conſidering thoſe particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by chriſtianity; but ſhall here obſerve into what errors even this divine principle may ſometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reaſon which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a miſtaken devotion may betray us, are Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious Enthuſiaſm. A perſon that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a ſight very mortifying to human nature; but when the diſtemper ariſes from any indiſcreet fervours of devotion, or too intenſe an application of the mind to its miſtaken duties, it deſerves our compaſſion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this leſſon from it, that ſince Devotion it ſelf (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may diſorder the mind, unleſs its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we ſhould be particularly careful to keep our reaſon as cool as poſſible, and to guard our ſelves in all parts of life againſt the influence of paſſion, imagination, and conſtitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reaſon, is very apt to degenerate into Enthuſiaſm. When the mind finds her ſelf very much inflamed with her devotions, ſhe is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by ſomething Divine within her. If ſhe indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing paſſion, ſhe at laſt flings her ſelf into imaginary raptures and ecſtaſies; and when once ſhe fancies her ſelf under the influence of a divine impulſe, it is no wonder if ſhe ſlights human ordinances, and refuſes to comply with any eſtabliſhed form of religion, as thinking her ſelf directed by a much ſuperior Guide.

As Enthuſiaſm is a kind of exceſs in devotion, Superſtition is the exceſs not only of devotion, but of religion in general; according to an old heathen ſaying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas*; A man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious: for as that Author tells us, *Nigidius* obſerved upon this paſſage, that the *Latin* words which terminate in *oſus* generally imply vitious characters, and the having of any quality to an exceſs.

An Enthuſiaſt in religion is like an obſtinate Clown, a Superſtitious man like an inſipid Courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of madneſs, Superſtition of folly. Moſt of the Sects that fall ſhort of the Church of *England*, have in them ſtrong tinctures of Enthuſiaſm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge over-grown body of childiſh and idle Superſtitions.

The *Roman* Catholick Church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this particular. If an abſurd dreſs or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded: on the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, though never ſo ridiculous, which has taken ſanctuary in the Church, ſticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Biſhop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat ſuch a form in ſuch particular ſhooes or ſlippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a part of publick devotions were performed with a Mitre on his head, and a Croſier in his hand: to this a brother *Vandal*, as wiſe as the others, adds an antick dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch Myſteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty ſhow.

Their ſucceſſors ſee the vanity and inconvenience of theſe ceremonies; but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the Pope officiate at St. *Peter*'s, where, for two hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is ſo glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to humane nature, ſetting aſide the infinite advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong ſteady maſculine piety; but Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition are the weakneſſes of human reaſon, that expoſe us to the ſcorn and deriſion of Infidels, and ſink us even below the Beaſts that periſh.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error ariſing from miſtaken devotion; but becauſe reflections on that ſubject would be of no uſe to an *Engliſh* Reader, I ſhall not enlarge upon it.

Tueſday,

N° 203. *Tuesday, October* 23.

——Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor—— Ov. Met.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the Churchwarden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and several batchelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *Jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the *Roman* laws to all such as were fathers of three children: nay, I have heard a rake who was not quite five and twenty declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the town is full of those young Patriarchs, not to mention several battered Beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine that had a little smattering of Heraldry; and observing how the Genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind.

——— Nec longum tempus, et ingens,
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non ſua poma. Virg.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, *Will. Maple.* Out of the ſide of it grew a large barren branch, inſcribed *Mary Maple*, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the firſt was written in capital characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three ſprigs, *viz. William*, *Richard*, and *Rebecca*. *Sal Twiford* gave birth to another bough that ſhot up into *Sarah*, *Tom*, *Will*, and *Frank*. The third arm of the tree had only a ſingle infant in it, with a ſpace left for a ſecond, the parent from whom it ſprung being near her time when the Author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the ſame kind; beſides which, there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In ſhort, a more flouriſhing tree never came out of the Herald's office.

What makes this generation of vermin ſo very prolifick, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themſelves to their buſineſs. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the courſe of a vicious amour. As it is ſaid of ſome men, that they make their buſineſs their pleaſure, theſe ſons of darkneſs may be ſaid to make their pleaſure their buſineſs. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of theſe men leſs to be admired than their induſtry and vigilance. There is a fragment of *Apollodorus* the comick Poet (who was contemporary with *Menander*) which is full of humour, as follows: *Thou may'ſt ſhut up thy doors*, ſays he, *with bars and bolts: It will be impoſſible for the blackſmith to make them ſo faſt, but a cat and a whoremaſter will find a way through them.* In a word, there is no head ſo full of ſtratagem as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propoſe a puniſhment for this infamous race of propagators, it ſhould be to ſend them, after the ſecond or third offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to people thoſe parts of her Majeſty's dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the phraſe of *Diogenes*, to *plant men*. Some countries puniſh this crime with death; but I think ſuch a baniſhment would be ſufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the publick.

In

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best attonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be looked upon as reproaches, and that the shame which is only due to lewdness and falshood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true genuine light.

SIR,

"I Am one of those people who by the general opinion of the world "are counted both infamous and unhappy.

"My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears "considerable offices in it. I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I "dare not call him father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I "being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tender- "ness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love "and conversation of a parent: neither have I the opportunities to ren- "der him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so "vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use "I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which hinders me "from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the "inconveniencies I undergo.

"It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor "to any kind of business, which renders me entirely uncapable of mak- "ing provision for my self without his assistance; and this creates a con-

" tinual uneaſineſs in my mind, fearing I ſhall in time want bread; my " father, if I may ſo call him, giving me but very faint aſſurances of do- " ing any thing for me.

" I have hitherto lived ſomewhat like a gentleman, and it would be " very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety " for my future fortune, and under a great unhappineſs in loſing the ſweet " converſation and friendly advice of my parents; ſo that I cannot look " upon my ſelf otherwiſe than as a monſter ſtrangely ſprung up in nature, " which every one is aſhamed to own.

" I am thought to be a man of ſome natural parts, and by the conti- " nual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer " thereof, which has drawn me to make this confeſſion; at the ſame " time hoping, if any thing herein ſhall touch you with a ſenſe of pity, " you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as " alſo what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affecti- " on who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to be thought " his ſon, or he acknowledged as my father. Your ſentiments and ad- " vice herein will be a great conſolation and ſatisfaction to,

SIR, Your Admirer and
Humble Servant, W. B.

N° 205. *Thurſday, October* 25.

Decipimur ſpecie recti------ Hor.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing miſchief, I draw it at length, and ſet it up as a ſcare-crow; by which means I do not only make an example of the perſon to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her Majeſty's ſubjects, that they may not ſuffer by it. Thus, to change the alluſion, I have marked out ſeveral of the ſhoals and quick-ſands of life, and am continually employed in diſcovering thoſe which are ſtill concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon

upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THERE are none of your Speculations which I read over with "greater delight, than those which are designed for the improve- "ment of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable "fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy "for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet shows, in your "thirty first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty third; our inclinati- "on for romances, in your thirty seventh; our passion for *French* foppe- "ries, in your forty fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty "seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty sixth and sixty seventh; "our levity, in your hundred and twenty eighth; our love of coxcombs, "in your hundred and fifty fourth, and hundred and fifty seventh; our "tyranny over the henpeckt, in your hundred and seventy sixth. You "have described the *Pict* in your forty first; the Idol, in your seventy "third; the Demurrer, in your eighty ninth; the Salamander, in your "hundred and ninety eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our "dress, and represented to us the extravagances we are often guilty of "in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches, in your fiftieth "and eighty first; our commodes, in your ninety eighth; our fans in "your hundred and second; our riding habits, in your hundred and "fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty seventh; "besides a great many little blemishes, which you have touched upon "in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scatte- "red up and down your works. At the same time we must own, that "the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those ve- "ry faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, "nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these "your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of wo- "mankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vici- "ous. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our "sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your "censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into "the behaviour of these female libertines; but as your remarks on some "part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and "honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it "improper to give the publick some accounts of this nature. You must

" know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter by the behaviour " of an infamous woman, who having paſſed her youth in a moſt ſhame- " leſs ſtate of proſtitution, is now one of thoſe who gain their Livelihood " by ſeducing others, that are younger than themſelves, and by eſtabliſhi- " ing a criminal commerce between the two ſexes. Among ſeveral of " her artifices to get money, ſhe frequently perſwades a vain young fel- " low, that ſuch a woman of quality, or ſuch a celebrated toaſt, enter- " tains a ſecret paſſion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity " of revealing it: nay, ſhe has gone ſo far as to write letters in the " name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of theſe fooliſh " *Roderigo*'s, which ſhe has afterwards appropriated to her own uſe. In " the mean time, the perſon who has lent the money, has thought a La- " dy under obligations to him, who ſcarce knew his name; and wondered " at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that ſhe has not owned " the favour, though at the ſame time he was too much a man of honour " to put her in mind of it.

" When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity " enough to give credit to relations of this nature, ſhe turns him to a " very good account, by repeating praiſes that were never uttered, and " delivering meſſages that were never ſent. As the houſe of this ſhame- " leſs creature is freqented by ſeveral foreigners, I have heard of another " artifice, out of which ſhe often raiſes money. The foreigner ſighs " after ſome *Britiſh* beauty, whom he only knows by fame: upon which " ſhe promiſes, if he can be ſecret, to procure him a meeting. The " ſtranger, raviſhed at his good fortune, gives her a preſent, and in a " little time is introduced to ſome imaginary title; for you muſt know " that this cunning purveyor has her repreſentatives, upon this occaſion, " of ſome of the fineſt Ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am " informed, it is uſual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign " countries, that ſhall make his boaſts of favours he has received from " women of the higheſt ranks, and the moſt unblemiſhed characters. " Now, Sir, what ſafety is there for a woman's reputation, when a Lady " may be thus proſtituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaſte " woman; as the Hero in the ninth book of *Dryden*'s *Virgil* is looked " upon as a coward, becauſe the phantom which appeared in his likeneſs " ran away from *Turnus?* You may depend upon what I relate to you " to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of theſe female " panders. If you print this letter, I may give you ſome further accounts " of this vicious race of women.

Your humble Servant, Belvidera.

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Am a country clergy-man, and hope you will lend me your assist-
" ance, in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so pro-
" perly be exposed from the pulpit.

" A widow Lady, who straggled this summer from *London* into my
" parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every *Sunday* at
" Church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment
" of my congregation.

" But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of sing-
" ing the psalms. She introduces above fifty *Italian* airs into the hun-
" dredth psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in the old solemn tune
" of our fore-fathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the
" vowels, and adorns them with the graces of *Nicolini*; if she meets
" with eke or aye, which are frequent in the metre of *Hopkins* and
" *Sternhold*, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute
" after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

" I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this
" abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the
" singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion:
" Besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread, for Squire
" *Squeekum*, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be
" cut out for an *Italian* singer, was last *Sunday* practising the same airs.

" I know the Lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration,
" which (as she fancies) allows her non-conformity in this particular;
" but I beg you to acquaint her, that singing the psalms in a different
" tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated
" by that act.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant, R. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"IN your paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a rule for drink-
" ing, out of Sir *William Temple*, in the following words; *the*
" *first glass for my self, the second for my friends, the third for good hu-*
" *mour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know
" that I have read this your *Spectator* in a club whereof I am a member;
" when our President told us there was certainly an error in the print,

" and that the word *Glaſs* ſhould be *Bottle*; and therefore has ordered " me to inform you of this miſtake, and to deſire you to publiſh the ' following *errata:* In the paper of *Saturday*, *October* 13, Col. 3, Line " 11, for *Glaſs* read *Bottle.*

Yours, Robin Good-fellow.

N° 207. *Saturday, October* 27.

Omnibus in terris, quæ ſunt à Gadibus uſque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ------- Juv.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I laid down ſome thoughts upon Devotion in general, and ſhall here ſhew what were the notions of the moſt refined heathens on this ſubject, as they are repreſented in *Plato*'s dialogue upon prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtleſs gave occaſion to *Juvenal*'s tenth Satyr, and to the ſecond Satyr of *Perſius*; as the laſt of theſe Authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled, *Alcibiades the Firſt*, in his fourth Satyr.

The Speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the ſubſtance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digreſſions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his devotions, and obſerving his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great ſerioufneſs and attention, tells him, that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a man to bring down evils upon himſelf by his own prayers, and that thoſe things which the gods ſend him in anſwer to his petitions might turn to his deſtruction: this, ſays he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is miſchievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the gods to ſow diſſenſion between his ſons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and againſt what he believes would be to his detriment. This the Philoſopher

losopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased if that God to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole earth? *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after receiving this great favour he would be content to lose his life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he would make an ill use of it? To both which questions *Alcibiades* answers in the negative. *Socrates* then shews him from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, That all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the Model of his devotion, a short prayer, which a *Greek* Poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words; *O* Jupiter, *give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for; and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.*

In the second place, that his Disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the *Lacedemonians* made use of, in which they petition the gods, *to give them all good things, so long as they are virtuous.* Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an Oracle to the following purpose.

When

When the *Athenians* in the war with the *Lacedemonians* received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following reply; *I am better pleased with the prayer of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the oblations of the* Greeks. As this prayer implyed and encouraged virtue in those who made it; the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of *Homer*, in which the Poet says, that the scent of the *Trojan* sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, *We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how to behave our selves towards the gods, and towards men.* But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Diomedes* his eyes, that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed, before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says *Alcibiades*, the darkness, and what else he pleases; I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-priest, prophesied unknowingly,

ingly, and pointed at that divine teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the divine nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of *Plato*'s discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their form of prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply our selves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the supreme Being for *the coming of his kingdom*, being sollicitous for no other temporal blessing but our *daily sustenance.* On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against *evil* in general, leaving it with omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the supreme Being that *his Will may be done:* which is of the same force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, *Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.* This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes

poſes the ſupreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than our ſelves what is ſo.

N° 209. *Tueſday, October* 30.

Γυναικὸς ἐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λυίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ἐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς: Simonides.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleaſed with, than thoſe who ſhew humane nature in a variety of views, and deſcribe the ſeveral ages of the world in their different manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times, with thoſe which prevailed in the times of his fore-fathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other perſons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under theſe changeable colours, is apt to ſhame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleaſed or diſpleaſed with our ſelves in the moſt proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepoſſeſſion, and rectify that narrowneſs of temper which inclines us to think amiſs of thoſe who differ from our ſelves.

If we look into the manners of the moſt remote ages of the world, we diſcover humane nature in her ſimplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may obſerve her hiding her ſelf in artifices and refinements, poliſhed inſenſibly out of her original plainneſs, and at length entirely loſt under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the moſt ancient writers, both ſacred and prophane, and you would think you were reading the hiſtory of another ſpecies.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who inſtruct us more openly in the manners of their reſpective times in which they lived, than thoſe who have employed themſelves in ſatyr, under what dreſs ſoever it may appear; as there are no other Authors whoſe province it is to enter

ter ſo directly into the ways of men, and ſet their miſcarriages in ſo ſtrong a light.

Simonides, a Poet famous in his generation, is I think Author of the oldeſt Satyr that is now extant; and, as ſome ſay, of the firſt that was ever written. This Poet flouriſhed about four hundred years after the ſiege of *Troy*; and ſhews, by his way of writing, the ſimplicity, or rather coarſeneſs, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and ſixty firſt Speculation, that the rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance*, in an alluſion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeneſs in their ſimilitudes, did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon. The Satyrs or Iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I ſhall entertain my Readers in the preſent paper, are a remarkable inſtance of what I formerly advanced. The ſubject of this Satyr is Woman. He deſcribes the ſex in their ſeveral characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful ſuppoſition raiſed upon the doctrine of Præ-exiſtence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of women out of thoſe ſeeds and principles which compoſe ſeveral kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad diſpoſitions ariſe in them according as ſuch and ſuch ſeeds and principles predominate in their conſtitutions. I have tranſlated the Author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at leaſt ſo as to comprehend every one of his ſentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's want of delicacy, and muſt further premiſe, That the following Satyr affects only ſome of the lower part of the ſex, and not thoſe who have been refined by a polite education, which was not ſo common in the age of this Poet.

In the beginning God made the Souls of womankind out of different materials, and in a ſeparate ſtate from their bodies.

The Souls of one kind of women were formed out of thoſe ingredients which compoſe a Swine. A woman of this make is a ſlut in her houſe, and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her perſon, a ſlattern in her dreſs, and her family is no better than a dunghil.

A ſecond ſort of female Soul was formed out of the ſame materials that enter into the compoſition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable diſcerning woman, who has an inſight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this ſpecies of females there are ſome virtuous and ſome vicious.

A third kind of women were made up of Canine particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.*

The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

The Mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

The ninth species of females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

The tenth and last species of women were made out of the Bee: and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her family flourishes and improves by her good

good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes her self among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter *can bestow on man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same Author: *A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the Poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which *Juvenal* and Monsieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satyr, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no use to the world, and for this reason I have often wondered how the *French* Author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think humane nature a proper subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man.* What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to shew by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it.

N° 211. *Thursday, November* 1.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis. Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the fragment of an old Poet, which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together

in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. *Horace* has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when *Prometheus* made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart he seasoned it with some furious particles of the Lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversify'd with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagances.

Instead therefore of pursuing the thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of Præexistence, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a manner, satyrized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's Postexistence, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented humane souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of Transmigration, which supposes that humane souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it, as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his translation of *Pythagoras* his speech in the fifteenth book of *Ovid*, where that Philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh.

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies:
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights in bird or beast,
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind:
From tenement to tenement is toss'd:
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton-appetite;

But

But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leaſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.

Plato in the viſion of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may poſſibly make the ſubject of a future ſpeculation, records ſome beautiful tranſmigrations; as that the ſoul of *Orpheus*, who was muſical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the ſoul of *Ajax*, which was all wrath and fierceneſs, into a Lion; the ſoul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the ſoul of *Therſites*, who was a mimick and a buffoon, into a Monkey.

Mr. *Congreve*, in a Prologue to one of his Comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour.

Thus Ariſtotle's *ſoul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an aſs;
Or in this very houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful penance in ſome Beau.

I ſhall fill up this paper with ſome Letters which my laſt *Tueſday*'s Speculation has produced. My following correſpondents will ſhew, what I there obſerved, that the Speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the ſex.

From my houſe in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"UPon reading your *Tueſday*'s paper, I find by ſeveral ſymptoms in my conſtitution, that I am a Bee. My ſhop, or if you pleaſe to "call it ſo, my Cell, is in that great Hive of females which goes by the "name of the *New-Exchange*; where I am daily employed in gathering "together a little ſtock of gain from the fineſt flowers about the town, "I mean the Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous ſwarm of chil-"dren, to whom I give the beſt education I am able: but, Sir, it is my "misfortune to be married to a Drone, who lives upon what I get with-"out bringing any thing into the common ſtock. Now, Sir, as on the "one hand I take care not to behave my ſelf towards him like a Waſp, "ſo likewiſe I would not have him look upon me as a Humble Bee; for "which reaſon I do all I can to put him upon laying up proviſions for a "bad day, and frequently repreſent to him the fatal effects his ſloth and "negli-

" negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I muſt beg that you will " join with me in your good advice upon this occaſion, and you will for " ever oblige

Your humble Servant, MELISSA.

SIR, *Piccadilly, October* 31, 1711.

" I Am joined in wedlock for my ſins to one of thoſe Fillies who are " deſcribed in the old Poet with that hard name you gave us the " other day. She has a flowing mane, and a skin as ſoft as ſilk: but, " Sir, ſhe paſſes half her life at her glaſs, and almoſt ruins me in ribbons. " For my own part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger of break- " ing by her lazineſs and expenſiveneſs. Pray, Maſter, tell me in your " next paper, whether I may not expect of her ſo much drudgery as to " take care of her family, and curry her hide in caſe of refuſal.

Your loving friend, Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapſide, October* 30.

" I Am mightily pleaſed with the humour of the Cat, be ſo kind as to " enlarge upon that ſubject.

Yours till death, Joſiah Henpeck.

P. S. " You muſt know I am married to a *Grimalkin*.

SIR, *Wapping, October* 31, 1711.

" EVER ſince your *Spectator* of *Tueſday* laſt came into our family, " my husband is pleaſed to call me his *Oceana*, becauſe the fooliſh " old Poet that you have tranſlated ſays, That the ſouls of ſome women " are made of ſea-water. This, it ſeems, has encouraged my ſauce-box " to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries, Pr'ythee my dear " *be calm*; when I chide one of my ſervants, pr'ythee child *do not bluſter*. " He had the impudence about an hour ago to tell me, that he was a " ſeafaring man, and muſt expect to divide his life between *Storm* and " *Sunſhine*. When I beſtir my ſelf with any ſpirit in my family, it is " *high ſea* in his houſe; and when I ſit ſtill without doing any thing, his " affairs forſooth are *wind-bound*. When I ask him whether it rains, he " makes anſwer, it is no matter, ſo that it be *fair weather* within doors. " In ſhort, Sir, I cannot ſpeak my mind freely to him, but I either *ſwell* " or *rage*, or do ſomething that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. " Pray Mr. SPECTATOR, ſince you are ſo ſharp upon other women, let " us know what materials your wife is made of, if you have one. I ſup-

" poſe

" poſe you would make us a parcel of poor-ſpirited tame inſipid crea-
" tures; but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good paſſions
" in us as your ſelf, and that a woman was never deſigned to be a milk-
" ſop.

MARTHA TEMPEST.

N° 213. *Saturday, November* 3.

--------*Mens ſibi conſcia recti.* Virg.

IT is the great art and ſecret of Chriſtianity, if I may uſe that phraſe, to manage our actions to the beſt advantage, and direct them in ſuch a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be ſet before us.

In order to give this conſideration its full weight, we may caſt all our actions under the diviſion of ſuch as are in themſelves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the ſame manner, and conſider them with regard to our actions, we may diſcover that great art and ſecret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in ſome caſes may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as humane actions can be ſo.

In the next place, to conſider in the ſame manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the beſt of actions, and makes them in reality what the fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed the virtues of the heathen world, ſo many *ſhining ſins*. It deſtroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all poſſible blackneſs and horrour, or in the emphatical language of ſacred Writ, makes *ſin exceeding ſinful*.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the nature of an indifferent intention, we ſhall find that it deſtroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural ſtate of indifference. It

It is therefore of unſpeakable advantage to poſſeſs our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at ſome laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own ſouls.

This is a ſort of thrift or good-husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any ſingle action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of Salvation, encreaſes the number of our virtues, and diminiſhes that of our vices.

There is ſomething very devout, though not ſo ſolid, in *Acoſta*'s anſwer to *Limborch*, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the *Jewiſh* religion, as waſhings, dreſſes, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply with the *Jew* makes upon this occaſion, is, to the beſt of my remembrance, as follows: "There are not duties enough (ſays he) in "the eſſential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, "place, and perſon are requiſite, before you have an opportunity of putting "a moral virtue into practice. We have therefore, ſays he, enlarged the "ſphere of our duty, and made many things which are in themſelves in-"different a part of our religion, that we may have more occaſion of "ſhewing our love to God, and in all the circumſtances of life be doing "ſomething to pleaſe him.

Monſieur *St. Evremont* has endeavoured to palliate the ſuperſtitions of the Roman-catholick religion with the ſame kind of apology, where he pretends to conſider the different ſpirit of the Papiſts and the Calviniſts, as to the great points wherein they diſagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expreſſions of duty and devotion towards the ſupreme Being, the former ſeem particularly careful to do every thing which may poſſibly pleaſe him, and the other to abſtain from every thing that may poſſibly diſpleaſe him.

But notwithſtanding this plauſible reaſon with which both the Jew and the Roman-catholick would excuſe their reſpective ſuperſtitions, it is certain there is ſomething in them very pernicious to mankind, and deſtructive to religion; becauſe the injunction of ſuperfluous ceremonies makes ſuch actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burthenſome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into ſins of Omiſſion which they would not otherwiſe be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the ſhadowy uneſſential points, inſtead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this *holy officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to our selves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to the particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the divine presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *down-sitting and his uprising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.* In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have *walked with God.*

When I employ my self upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that, many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a pagan philosopher, than to a christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great Philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the Soul, has these words: *Whether or no God will ap-*

prove of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him. We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner, *When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis. *O holy* Socrates, *pray for us.*

N° 215. *Tuesday, November 6.*

------*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros. Ov.

I Consider an humane Soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a block of marble, Education is to an humane Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the wise, the good, or the

the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage exerting it ſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Mens paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſway'd by reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes it ſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? and what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies; that we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpect of happineſs in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this ſubject, I cannot forbear mentioning a ſtory which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that paſſed about twelve years ago at St. *Chriſtophers*, one of our *Britiſh* Leeward Iſlands. The Negroes who were concerned in it, were all of them the ſlaves of a gentleman who is now in *England*.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a moſt extraordinary beauty by thoſe of her own complexion. He had at the ſame time two young fellows, who were likewiſe negroes and ſlaves, remarkable for the comelineſs of their perſons, and for the friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themſelves which ſhould be the man. But they were both ſo paſſionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the ſame time were ſo true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's conſent. The torments of theſe two

lovers were the diſcourſe of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear obſerving the ſtrange complication of paſſions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropp'd expreſſions of the uneaſineſs they underwent, and how impoſſible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long ſtruggle between love and friendſhip, truth and jealouſie, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their miſtreſs along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they ſtabbed her to the heart, of which ſhe immediately died. A ſlave, who was at his work not far from the place where this aſtoniſhing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the ſhrieks of the dying perſon, ran to ſee what was the occaſion of them. He there diſcovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each ſide of her kiſſing the dead corps, weeping over it, and beating their breaſts in the utmoſt agonies of grief and deſpair. He immediately ran to the *Engliſh* family with the news of what he had ſeen; who upon coming to the place ſaw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themſelves.

We ſee, in this amazing inſtance of barbarity, what ſtrange diſorders are bred in the minds of thoſe men whoſe paſſions are not regulated by virtue, and diſciplined by reaſon. Though the action which I have recited is in it ſelf full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable education.

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſſed, there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt sketched into an human figure; ſometimes we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features, ſometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or a *Praxiteles* could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings.

Diſcourſes of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the beſt means we can make uſe of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge

ledge of our ſelves, and conſequently to recover our ſouls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt my ſelf in this paper a promoter of theſe great ends; and I flatter my ſelf that I do from day to day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of men's minds; at leaſt my deſign is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I muſt confeſs I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and muſt take this opportunity of returning my thanks to thoſe who write them, and excuſing my ſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publiſh the praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do honour to the perſons who write them, but my publiſhing of them would I fear be a ſufficient inſtance to the world, that I did not deſerve them.

N° 219. *Saturday, November* 10.

Vix ea noſtra voco------ Ov.

THERE are but few men who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt mechanick, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his ſet of admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the ſoul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

I ſhall therefore put together ſome thoughts on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodize them. All

All ſuperiority and preeminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of *Quality*, which, conſidered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in birth, title, or riches; and is the moſt foreign to our natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three kinds of Quality. In relation to the body, Quality ariſes from health, ſtrength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of our ſelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its riſe from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of fortune, though a man has leſs reaſon to value himſelf upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the moſt ſhining figure in the eye of the world.

As Virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine ſource of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of ſome particular merit that ſhould recommend men to the high ſtations which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the Pope; Majeſty to Kings; Serenity or mildneſs of temper to Princes; Excellence or perfection to Ambaſſadors; Grace to Archbiſhops; Honour to Peers; Worſhip or venerable behaviour to Magiſtrates; Reverence, which is of the ſame import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great families, ſuch attributes of honour are generally correſpondent with the virtues of that perſon to whom they are applied; but in the deſcendants they are too often the marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The ſtamp and denomination ſtill continues, but the intrinſic value is frequently loſt.

The death-bed ſhews the emptineſs of titles in a true light. A poor diſpirited ſinner lies trembling under the apprehenſions of the ſtate he is entring on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the title of Highneſs or Excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of mortality as are the diſgrace of humane nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and mockery than reſpect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppreſſed, and Vice triumphant. The laſt day will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character; Ranks will be then adjuſted, and Precedency ſet right.

Methinks

Methinks we ſhould have an ambition, if not to advance our ſelves in another world, at leaſt to preſerve our Poſt in it, and outſhine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a ſtate which is to ſettle the diſtinction for eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon earth*, and life a *Pilgrimage*. Several heathen, as well as chriſtian Authors, under the ſame kind of metaphor, have repreſented the world as an Inn, which was only deſigned to furniſh us with accommodations in this our paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our Reſt before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we ſhall there meet with, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes uſe of another kind of alluſion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the poſt in which Providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is, to act his part in perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the Philoſopher) is not our buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is, to excell in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has *caſt* our ſeveral parts, and is the great diſpoſer of the Drama.

The part which was acted by this Philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a ſlave. His motive to contentment in this particular receives a very great inforcement from the abovementioned conſideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be *new caſt*, and that mankind will be there ranged in different ſtations of ſuperiority and preeminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their ſeveral poſts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful paſſages in the little Apocryphal book, entitled, *The Wiſdom of* Solomon, to ſet forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal bleſſings, which are in ſo great repute among men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great ſurprize which it will produce among thoſe who are his ſuperiors in this. "Then ſhall the righteous man ſtand in great boldneſs "before the face of ſuch as have afflicted him, and made no account of

"his

" his labours. When they ſee it, they ſhall be troubled with terrible " fear, and ſhall be amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of his ſalvation, ſo far be- " yond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for " anguiſh of ſpirit, ſhall ſay within themſelves ; This was he whom we " had ſome time in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach. We fools ac- " counted his life madneſs, and his end to be without honour. How is he " numbred among the children of God, and his lot is among the Saints!

If the Reader would ſee the deſcription of a life that is paſſed away in vanity, and among the ſhadows of pomp and greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent conſtitution of things, that order and diſtinction ſhould be kept up in the world, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper ſtations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condeſcenſion make their ſuperiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them ; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in the meaner poſts of life, would conſider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a juſt deference and ſubmiſſion to their ſuperiors, make them happy in thoſe bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them.

N° 221. *Tueſday, November* 13.

----- Ab ovo
Uſque ad mala------ Hor.

WHEN I have finiſhed any of my Speculations, it is my method to conſider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the ſubject that I treat of. By this means I meet with ſome celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expreſſed in better words, or ſome ſimilitude for the illuſtration of my ſubject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuſe to take out of the Poets than the Proſe-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My

My Reader is therefore ſure to meet with at leaſt one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory ſome beautiful paſſage of a Claſſic Author.

It was a ſaying of an ancient Philoſopher, which I find ſome of our writers have aſcribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occaſion to repeat it, That a good face is a Letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquiſitive into the perſon who is the owner of it, and generally prepoſſeſſes them in his favour. A handſome motto has the ſame effect. Beſides that, it always gives a ſupernumerary beauty to a paper, and is ſometimes in a manner neceſſary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar minds, as it ſhews that he is ſupported by good authorities, and is not ſingular in his opinion.

I muſt confeſs the Motto is of little uſe to an unlearned Reader; for which reaſon I conſider it only as *a word to the wiſe*. But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot reliſh the Motto, I take care to make proviſion for them in the body of my paper. If they do not underſtand the ſign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the houſe; and I think I was never better pleaſed than with a plain man's compliment, who upon his friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he underſtood the Motto, replied, *Good wine needs no buſh*.

I have heard of a couple of Preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which ſhould out-ſhine one another, and draw together the greateſt congregation. One of them being well verſed in the Fathers, uſed to quote every now and then a *Latin* ſentence to his illiterate hearers, who it ſeems found themſelves ſo edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his Rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the occaſion of it, reſolved to give his Pariſh a little *Latin* in his turn: but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digeſted into his Sermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however ſuch explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entred upon *As in præſenti*, which he converted in the ſame manner to the uſe of his pariſhioners. This in a very little time thickned his audience, filled his Church, and routed his antagoniſt.

The natural love to *Latin*, which is ſo prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worſe among them for that little ſcrap which appears at the head of them; and what

the more encourages me in the uſe of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the Ladies, whoſe approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themſelves in a more particular manner pleaſed with my *Greek* Motto's.

Deſigning this day's work for a diſſertation upon the two Extremities of my paper, and having already diſpatched my Motto, I ſhall, in the next place, diſcourſe upon thoſe ſingle capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of ſpeculation to the Curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this ſubject. Some tell us, that C is the mark of thoſe papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others aſcribe them to the Club in general. That the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir ROGER. That L ſignifies the Lawyer, whom I have deſcribed in my ſecond Speculation; and that T ſtands for the Trader or Merchant: But the letter X, which is placed at the end of ſome few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be ſuppoſed to have had any hand in theſe Speculations.

In anſwer to theſe inquiſitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made enquiries of me by Letter, I muſt tell them the reply of an ancient Philoſopher, who carried ſomething hidden under his Cloak. A certain acquaintance deſiring him to let him know what it was he covered ſo carefully; *I cover it*, ſays he, *on purpoſe that you ſhould not know.* I have made uſe of theſe obſcure marks for the ſame purpoſe. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preſerve the paper againſt the faſcination or malice of evil eyes; for which reaſon I would not have my Reader ſurprized, if hereafter he ſees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word *Abracadabra.*

I ſhall however ſo far explain my ſelf to the Reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X are cabaliſtical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Thoſe who are verſed in the philoſophy of *Pythagoras*, and ſwear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is, the number Four, will know very well that the number *Ten*, which is ſignified by the letter X, (and which has ſo much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic writers the Compleat Number; that one, two, three and four put together make up the number Ten; and that Ten is all. But theſe are not myſteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A man muſt have ſpent many years in hard ſtudy before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We

We had a rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's degree, he preached before the University of *Cambridge*, upon the *first* verse of the *first* chapter of the *first* book of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you will see the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short text into many parts, and discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound Preacher was Doctor *Alabaster*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular account in Doctor *Fuller*'s book of *English* Worthies. This instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.

N° 223. *Thursday, November* 15.

O suavis anima! qualem bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ! Phæd.

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an immense ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite dis-jointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Among the mutilated Poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary

character we find of her, in the remarks of thoſe great criticks who were converſant with her works when they were entire. One may ſee by what is left of them, that ſhe followed nature in all her thoughts, without deſcending to thoſe little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are ſo miſerably infected. Her Soul ſeems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: ſhe felt the paſſion in all its warmth, and deſcribed it in all its ſymptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muſe; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the ſon of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are loſt. They were filled with ſuch bewitching tenderneſs and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconſtant lover, called *Phaon*, occaſioned great calamities to this poetical Lady. She fell deſperately in love with him, and took a voyage into *Sicily*, in purſuit of him, he having withdrawn himſelf thither on purpoſe to avoid her. It was in that iſland, and on this occaſion, ſhe is ſuppoſed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a tranſlation of which I ſhall preſent my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that happineſs which ſhe prayed for in it. *Phaon* was ſtill obdurate, and *Sappho* ſo tranſported with the violence of her paſſion, that ſhe was reſolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was uſual for *deſpairing* Lovers to make their vows in ſecret, and afterwards to fling themſelves from the top of the precipice into the ſea, where they were ſometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called *The Lover's leap*; and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the reſolution that could puſh them to ſo dreadful a remedy, or the bruiſes which they often received in their fall, baniſhed all the tender ſentiments of love, and gave their ſpirits another turn; thoſe who had taken this leap were obſerved never to relapſe into that paſſion. *Sappho* tried the cure, but periſhed in the experiment.

After having given this ſhort account of *Sappho* ſo far as it regards the following Ode, I ſhall ſubjoin the tranſlation of it as it was ſent me by a friend, whoſe admirable Paſtorals and *Winter-piece* have been already ſo well received. The Reader will find in it that pathetick ſimplicity which is ſo peculiar to him, and ſo ſuitable to the Ode he has here tranſlated. This Ode in the *Greek* (beſides thoſe beauties obſerved by Madam

dam *Dacier*) has ſeveral harmonious turns in the words, which are not loſt in the *Engliſh*. I muſt further add, that the tranſlation has preſerved every image and ſentiment of *Sappho*, notwithſtanding it has all the eaſe and ſpirit of an original. In a word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practiſed by the ſo much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here ſee it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus, *beauty of the ſkies,*
To whom a thouſand Temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love perplexing wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

III.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton ſparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way:
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V. *What*

V.

What phrenzy in my boſom raged,
And by what cure to be aſſwaged?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me who?*

VI.

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul relief;
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

Madam *Dacier* obſerves there is ſomething very pretty in that circumſtance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is deſcribed as ſending away her chariot upon her arrival at *Sappho*'s lodgings, to denote that it was not a ſhort tranſient viſit which ſhe intended to make her. This Ode was preſerved by an eminent *Greek* critick, who inſerted it intire in his works, as a pattern of perfection in the ſtructure of it.

Longinus has quoted another Ode of this great Poeteſs, which is likewiſe admirable in its kind, and has been tranſlated by the ſame hand with the foregoing one. I ſhall oblige my Reader with it in another paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that theſe two finiſhed pieces have never been attempted before by any of our country-men. But the truth of it is, the compoſitions of the antients, which have not in them any of thoſe unnatural witticiſms that are the delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, ſo as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the tranſlation.

Saturday,

N° 225. *Saturday, November* 17.

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia------ Juv.

I Have often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe man and that of the fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberleſs extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which paſs through both. The great difference is, that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This ſort of diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation between intimate friends. On ſuch occaſions the wiſeſt men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing elſe but *thinking aloud.*

Tully has therefore very juſtly expoſed a precept delivered by ſome ancient writers, that a man ſhould live with his enemy in ſuch a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in ſuch a manner, that if he became his enemy, it ſhould not be in his power to hurt him. The firſt part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reaſonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, ſavours more of cunning than of diſcretion, and would cut a man off from the greateſt pleaſures of life, which are the freedoms of converſation with a boſom friend. Beſides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the ſon of *Sirach* calls him) a bewrayer of ſecrets, the world is juſt enough to accuſe the perfidiouſneſs of the friend, rather than the indiſcretion of the perſon who confided in him.

Diſcretion does not only ſhow it ſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none ſo uſeful as Diſcretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the reſt, which ſets them at work in their proper times and places, and

turns them to the advantage of the person who possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; Virtue it self looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistable force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world: but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his station of life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon Cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: Cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, Cunning is only the mimic of Discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions

of

of ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows that the miſery or happineſs which are reſerved for him in another world, loſe nothing of their reality by being placed at ſo great a diſtance from him. The objects do not appear little to him becauſe they are remote. He conſiders that thoſe pleaſures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers it ſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his views of an Hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his ſchemes are large and glorious, and his conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper methods.

I have, in this eſſay upon Diſcretion, conſidered it both as an accompliſhment and as a virtue, and have therefore deſcribed it in its full extent; not only as it is converſant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole exiſtence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reaſonable being. It is in this light that Diſcretion is repreſented by the wiſe man, who ſometimes mentions it under the name of Diſcretion, and ſometimes under that of Wiſdom. It is indeed (as deſcribed in the latter part of this paper) the greateſt wiſdom, but at the ſame time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquiſition eaſy; or, to ſpeak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper, *Wiſdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet ſhe is eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of ſuch as ſeek her. She preventeth them that deſire her, in making her ſelf firſt known unto them. He that ſeeketh her early, ſhall have no great travels: for he ſhall find her ſitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wiſdom, and whoſo watcheth for her ſhall quickly be without care. For ſhe goeth about ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of her, ſheweth her ſelf favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.*

N° 227. *Tuesday, November* 20.

Ὤ μοι ἐγώ τι πάθω; τί δ δύσομαι; ἐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν ϑαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τλῶα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὅπερ τὼς ϑύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γερϖδύς.
Κἤκα μὴ ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἄδυ τέτυχλαι. Theoc.

IN my laſt *Thurſday*'s paper I made mention of a place called the *Lover's Leap*, which I find has raiſed a great curioſity among ſeveral of my correſpondents. I there told them that this Leap was uſed to be taken from a promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the ſea has by length of time overflowed and waſhed away; ſo that at preſent *Leucas* is divided from the continent, and is a little Iſland in the *Ionian* ſea. The promontory of this Iſland, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the reader has a mind to know both the Iſland and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient Iſland of *Leucas* under the name of St. *Mauro*, and the ancient promontory of *Leucate* under the name of *The Cape of St.* Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I muſt obſerve that *Theocritus* in the motto prefixed to my paper, deſcribes one of the deſpairing ſhepherds addreſſing himſelf to his miſtreſs after the following manner: *Alas! what will become of me? wretch that I am! will you not hear me? I will throw off my cloaths, and take a leap into that part of the ſea which is ſo much frequented by* Olphis *the fiſherman. And though I ſhould eſcape with my life, I know you will be pleaſed with it.* I ſhall leave it with the Critics to determine whether the place, which this ſhepherd ſo particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at leaſt ſome other lovers leap, which was ſuppoſed to have had the ſame effect: I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the ſhepherd means nothing further here than that he would drown himſelf, ſince he repreſents the iſſue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he ſhould eſcape with life,

life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it; which is according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THE lover's leap which you mention in your 223d paper, was ge-
" nerally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only
" for love, but for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such
" a leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her passion for *Leander*.
" A man is in no great danger of breaking his heart, who breaks his
" neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which ancient au-
" thors relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that very many
" persons who tried it, escaped not only with their lives but their limbs.
" If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be as-
" cribed to the reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose, that
" the cold bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some share
" in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt waters, very
" often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood;
" for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medi-
" cine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable
" author, in which the phrenzy produced by love, is compared to that
" which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison
" is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited
" to ridicule the author who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it,
" and desire you to consider whether, if the phrenzy produced by these
" two different causes be of the same nature, it may not very properly be
" cured by the same means.

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,

and well-wisher, ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Am a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and
" melancholy. To give you the heads of it; a young gentleman, af-
" ter having made his applications to me for three years together, and
" filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days
" since married another. Pray tell me in what part of the world

" your Promontory lies, which you call *The Lovers Leap*, and whether " one may go to it by land? But, alas, I am afraid it has loſt its virtue, " and that a woman of our times will find no more relief in taking ſuch " a Leap, than in ſinging an Hymn to *Venus*. So that I muſt cry out " with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no cure for love!

Your diſconſolate Servant, ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

" MY heart is ſo full of loves and paſſions for Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, and " ſhe is ſo pettiſh, and over-run with Cholers againſt me, that " if I had the good happineſs to have my dwelling (which is placed by " my Creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther diſtance " but twenty mile from the Lofer's Leap, I could indeed indeafour to " preak my neck upon it on purpoſe. Now, good Miſter SPICTATUR " of *Crete Prittain*, you muſt know it, there iſs in *Caernarvanſhire* a " fery pig mountain, the clory of all *Wales*, which iſs named *Penmain-* " *maure*, and you muſt alſo know it iſs no great journey on foot from " me; but the road is ſtony and bad for ſhooes. Now there is upon the " forehead of this mountain a very high rock, (like a pariſh ſteeple) that " cometh a huge deal over the ſea; ſo when I am in my melancholies, " and I do throw my ſelf from it, I do deſire my fery good friend to tell " me in his *Spictatur*, if I ſhall be cure of my griefous loſes; for there " is the ſea clear as the claſs, and aſs creen as the leek: then likewiſe, " if I be drown, and preak my neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will not loſe me " afterwards. Pray be ſpeedy in your anſwers, for I am in crete haſte, " and it is my teſires to do my puſineſs without loſs of time. I remain " with cordial affections, your ever loſing friend,

Davyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. " My Law-ſuits have brought me to *London*, but I have loſt my " cauſes; and ſo have made my reſolutions to go down and leap before " the froſts begin; for I am apt to take colds.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient againſt love than ſober advice, and I am of opinion that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this paſſion, as any of the old Philoſophers. I ſhall therefore publiſh, very ſpeedily, the tranſlation of a little *Greek* Manuſcript, which is ſent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been

been a piece of thoſe records which were kept in the little temple of *Apollo*, that ſtood upon the promontory of *Leucate*. The reader will find it to be a ſummary account of ſeveral perſons who tried the lovers leap, and of the ſucceſs they found in it. As there ſeem to be in it ſome Anachroniſms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am not wholly ſatisfied my ſelf that it is authentick, and not rather the production of one of thoſe *Grecian* Sophiſters, who have impoſed upon the world ſeveral ſpurious works of this nature. I ſpeak this by way of precaution, becauſe I know there are ſeveral writers, of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expoſe my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of ſo great moment.

N° 229. *Thurſday, November* 22.

------Spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor.

AMONG the many famous pieces of antiquity which are ſtill to be ſeen at *Rome*, there is the Trunk of a Statue which has loſt the arms, legs, and head; but diſcovers ſuch an exquiſite workmanſhip in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he ſtudied it ſo attentively, that he made moſt of his Statues, and even his pictures in that *Guſto*, to make uſe of the *Italian* phraſe; for which reaſon this maimed Statue is ſtill called *Michael Angelo*'s School.

A fragment of *Sappho*, which I deſign for the ſubject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the Poets and Critics, as the mutilated figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Country-men, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, ſeem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occaſion of this Ode, the *Engliſh* Reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he ſuppoſes it to have been writ-

ten

ten in the perſon of a lover ſitting by his Miſtreſs. I ſhall ſet to view three different copies of this beautiful original: the firſt is a tranſlation by *Catullus*, the ſecond by Monſieur *Boileau*, and the laſt by a Gentleman whoſe tranſlation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been ſo deſervedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mî par eſſe deo videtur,
Ille ſi fas eſt, ſuperare divos,
Qui ſedens adverſus identidem te,
Spectat, & audit
Dulce ridentem, miſero quod omnis
Eripit ſenſus mihi: nam ſimul te
Lesbia, aſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mî
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua ſed torpet, tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat, ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My learned Reader will know very well the reaſon why one of theſe verſes is printed in *Roman* letter; and if he compares this tranſlation with the original, will find that the three firſt Stanzas are rendered almoſt word for word, and not only with the ſame elegance, but with the ſame ſhort turn of expreſſion which is ſo remarkable in the *Greek*, and ſo peculiar to the *Sapphic* Ode. I cannot imagine for what reaſon Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preſerved entire in *Longinus*, ſince it is manifeſt to any one who looks into that Author's quotation of it, that there muſt at leaſt have been another Stanza, which is not tranſmitted to us.

The ſecond tranſlation of this fragment, which I ſhall here cite, is that of Monſieur *Boileau*.

Heureux! qui prés de toi, pour toi ſeule ſoûpire:
Qui joüit du plaiſir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui ſoûrire.
Les Dieux, dans ſon bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égale?

Je ſens de veine en veine une ſubtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, ſi-toſt que je te vois:
Et dans les doux tranſports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne ſçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un

Un nuage confus ſe répand ſur ma vuë,
Je n' entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et paſle, ſans haleine, interdite, eſperduë,
Un friſſon me ſaiſit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The Reader will ſee that this is rather an imitation than a tranſlation. The circumſtances do not lie ſo thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In ſhort, Monſieur *Boilean* has given us all the poetry, but not all the paſſion of this famous fragment. I ſhall in the laſt place preſent my Reader with the *Engliſh* tranſlation.

I.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt:

III.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

Inſtead of giving any character of this laſt tranſlation, I ſhall deſire my learned Reader to look into the criticiſms which *Longinus* has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the tranſlations he ought to give the preference. I ſhall only add, that this tranſlation is written in the very ſpirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our language will poſſibly ſuffer.

Longinus has obſerved, that this deſcription of Love in *Sappho* is an exact copy of Nature, and that all the circumſtances, which follow one another

another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the Critics or Editors, through whose hands this Ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous story of *Antiochus*, who fell in love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by his sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from *Sappho*'s writings. *Stratonice* was in the room of the love-sick Prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

N° 231. *Saturday, November* 24.

O Pudor! O Pietas! ----- Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have "observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to "exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to "which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve "some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his "enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon "making a speech before a body of his friends at home: one would "think

" think there was ſome kind of faſcination in the eyes of a large circle " of people, when darting all together upon one perſon. I have ſeen a " new actor in a tragedy ſo bound up by it, as to be ſcarce able to ſpeak " or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts be- " fore the dagger or cup of poiſon were brought in. It would not be " amiſs, if ſuch an one were at firſt introduced as a ghoſt, or a ſtatue, " till he recovered his ſpirits, and grew fit for ſome living part.

" As this ſudden deſertion of one's ſelf ſhews a diffidence, which is " not diſpleaſing, it implies at the ſame time the greateſt reſpect to an " audience that can be. It is a ſort of mute eloquence, which pleads " for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their " generoſity naturally moved to ſupport thoſe who are in ſo much per- " plexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleaſed with a late inſtance " of this kind at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to " a young ſinger, whoſe more than ordinary concern on her firſt appear- " ance, recommended her no leſs than her agreeable voice, and juſt per- " formance. Meer baſhfulneſs without merit is awkard; and merit with- " out modeſty, inſolent. But modeſt merit has a double claim to accept- " ance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impoſſible that a perſon ſhould exert himſelf to advantage in an aſſembly, whether it be his part either to ſing or ſpeak, who lies under too great oppreſſions of modeſty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our diſcourſe led us into the enumeration of the ſeveral organs of ſpeech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the noſe, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which ſays my friend, you have omitted the moſt material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithſtanding an exceſs of modeſty obſtructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought ſo requiſite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their diſciples as a particular in their art. *Cicero* tells us, that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in ſome little confuſion at the beginning of his ſpeech, and confeſſes that he himſelf never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great aſſembly, and ſeldom fails to raiſe a benevolence in the audience towards the perſon who ſpeaks. My correſpondent has taken notice, that the braveſt men often appear timorous on theſe occaſions;

as indeed we may obſerve that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

——*Linguâ melior; ſed frigida bello*
Dextera——

A bold tongue, and a feeble arm, are the qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to expreſs a man both timerous and ſawcy, makes uſe of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A juſt and reaſonable modeſty does not only recommend eloquence, but ſets off every great talent which a man can be poſſeſſed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the ſhades in paintings, it raiſes and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not ſo glaring as they would be without it.

Modeſty is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw her ſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the hiſtory of ancient *Greece*, that the women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The ſenate, after having tryed many expedients to prevent this ſelf-murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an edict, that if any woman whatever ſhould lay violent hands upon her ſelf, her corps ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreet, and dragged about the city in the moſt public manner. This edict immediately put a ſtop to the practice which was before ſo common. We may ſee in this inſtance the ſtrength of female modeſty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madneſs and deſpair. The fear of ſhame in the fair ſex, was in thoſe days more prevalent than that of death.

If Modeſty has ſo great an influence over our actions, and is in many caſes ſo impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfaſhionable the moſt ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not becauſe he is innocent, but becauſe he is ſhameleſs.

Seneca.

Seneca thought Modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in our selves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by our selves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on Modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward show of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gayety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardise, such a degenerate abject state of mind as one would think humane nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious Modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who because his head was bald, covered that defect with lawrels.

N° 233. *Tuesday, November* 27.

------Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat. Virg.

I Shall, in this paper, discharge my self of the promise I have made to the public, by obliging them with a translation of the little *Greek* manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that is preserved in the temple of *Apollo* upon the promontory of *Leucate:* It is a short history of the lover's leap, and is inscribed, *An account of persons male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the forty sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of* Leucate, *into the* Ionian *sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.*

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed, by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface, take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of *Menalcas*, the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of *Æschines*, being in love with *Lycus*; and *Æschines* her husband being in love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa,

Lariſſa, a virgin of *Theſſaly*, deſerted by *Plexippus*, after a courtſhip of three years; ſhe ſtood upon the brow of the promontory for ſome time, and having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other preſents which ſhe had received from *Plexippus*, ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Lariſſa, before ſhe leap'd, made an offering of a ſilver *Cupid* in the temple of *Apollo*.

Simætha, in love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, periſhed in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of *Sappho*, in love with *Rhodope* the Courtezan, having ſpent his whole eſtate upon her, was adviſed by his ſiſter to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his laſt talent; being forſaken by *Rhodope*, at length reſolved to take the leap. Periſhed in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful youth of *Epirus*, in love with *Praxinoe*, the wife of *Theſpis*, eſcaped without damage, ſaving only that two of his foreteeth were ſtruck out, and his noſe a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of *Epheſus*, being inconſolable for the death of her husband, was reſolved to take this leap, in order to get rid of her paſſion for his memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, ſhe there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a ſhort converſation with him, laid aſide the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are ſtill to be ſeen hanging up in the weſtern corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fiſherman, having received a box on the ear from *Theſtylis* the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and eſcaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whoſe cruelty had ſeveral years before driven two or three deſpairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of *Sparta*, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus being paſſionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the Dancing-maſter, in love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* matron, threw himſelf from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the uſurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped ſeveral times over the precipice, but his heart miſgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinæ-

Cinædus, after having entred his own name in the *Pythian* records, being asked the name of the perſon whom he leaped for, and being aſhamed to diſcover it, he was ſet aſide, and not ſuffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of *Paphos* aged nineteen, in love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was her ſecond time of leaping.

Heſperus, a young man of *Tarentum*, in love with his Maſter's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in ſoon enough to his relief.

Sappho the *Leshian*, in love with *Phaon*, arrived at the temple of *Apollo*, habited like a bride in garments as white as ſnow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little muſical inſtrument of her own invention. After having ſung an hymn to *Apollo*, ſhe hung up her garland on one ſide of his Altar, and her harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her veſtments like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidſt thouſands of ſpectators, who were anxious for her ſafety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmoſt ſummit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a ſtanza of her own verſes, which we could not hear, ſhe threw her ſelf off the rock with ſuch an intrepidity, as was never before obſerved in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many, who were preſent, related, that they ſaw her fall into the ſea, from whence ſhe never roſe again; though there were others who affirmed, that ſhe never came to the bottom of her leap; but that ſhe was changed into a Swan as ſhe fell, and that they ſaw her hovering in the air under that ſhape. But whether or no the whiteneſs and fluttering of her garments might not deceive thoſe who looked upon her, or whether ſhe might not really be metamorphoſed into that muſical and melancholy bird, is ſtill a doubt among the *Lesbians*.

Alcæus, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for ſome time been paſſionately in love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generouſly lamented her fall, and is ſaid to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that occaſion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.

Males	124
Females	126
Cured	120
Males	51
Females	69

Thurſ-

N° 235. *Thurſday, November* 29.

------ *Populares*
Vincentem ſtrepitus------- Hor.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than publick ſhows and diverſions; and as among theſe there are none which can pretend to vie with thoſe elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in ſuch numerous and refined aſſemblies.

It is obſerved, that of late years, there has been a certain perſon in the upper gallery of the Play-houſe, who when he is pleaſed with any thing that is acted upon the ſtage, expreſſes his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainſcot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This perſon is commonly known by the name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the blow he gives on theſe occaſions reſembles that which is often heard in the ſhops of ſuch artizans, or that he was ſuppoſed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finiſhing of his day's work uſed to unbend his mind at theſe publick diverſions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are ſome, I know, who have been fooliſh enough to imagine it is a ſpirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes thoſe ſtrange noiſes; and the rather, becauſe he is obſerved to be louder than ordinary every time the Ghoſt of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported that it is a dumb man, who has choſen this way of uttering himſelf, when he is tranſported with any thing he ſees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-houſe thunderer, that exerts himſelf after this manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my buſineſs to get the beſt imformation I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom no body knows. He generally leans

leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence: after which he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the Actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini*'s first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon *Dogget*, and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespear*, without leaving the wainscot extreamly shattered.

The players do not only connive at this his obstreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own cost whatever damage he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the musick of a Kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the mean while I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads, like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like *Virgil*'s Ruler of the wind, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon

upon the ſide of it, rouſed an hurricane, and ſet the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain the Trunk-maker has ſaved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwiſe have been taken notice of. It is very viſible, as the audience is not a little abaſhed, if they find themſelves betrayed into a Clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; ſo the actors do not value themſelves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *brutum fulmen*, or empty noiſe, when it has not the ſound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by thoſe who are enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has ſometimes been brib'd to be in the intereſt of a bad Poet or a vicious Player; but this is a ſurmiſe which has no foundation; his ſtroaks are always juſt, and his admonitions ſeaſonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. That inexpreſſible force wherewith he lays them on, ſufficiently ſhews the evidence and ſtrength of his conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outragious, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that ſtands within the expreſſion of his applauſe.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren Speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing ſomething from them for the advantage of my Countrymen, I ſhall take the liberty to make an humble propoſal, that whenever the Trunk-maker ſhall depart this life, or whenever he ſhall have loſt the ſpring of his arm by ſickneſs, old age, infirmity, or the like, ſome able-bodied Critic ſhould be advanced to this poſt, and have a competent ſalary ſettled on him for life, to be furniſhed with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken plants for Tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place ſhould be always diſpoſed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a ſound judgment and a ſtrong arm, and who could not, upon occaſion, either knock down an Ox, or write a comment upon *Horace*'s Art of Poetry. In ſhort, I would have him a due compoſition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and ſo rightly qualified for this important office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be miſſed by our poſterity.

N° 237. *Saturday, December* 1.

Viſu carentem magna pars veri latet. Senec. in OEdip.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that part of the pleaſure which happy minds ſhall enjoy in a future ſtate, will ariſe from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wiſdom in the government of the world, and a diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing ſteps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing ſeems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we conſider that Curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing paſſions; and what a perpetual ſucceſſion of enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a ſcene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our view in the ſociety of ſuperior ſpirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a proſpect!

It is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that part of the puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from Bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the ſame time vaſtly encreaſed, without any ſatisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain purſuit of knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them in labyrinths of error, darkneſs, diſtraction and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil ſtate. *Milton* has thus repreſented the fallen Angels reaſoning together in a kind of reſpite from their torments, and creating to themſelves a new diſquiet amidſt their very amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the ſports of condemned ſpirits, without that caſt of horror and melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

Others apart ſate on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.

In

In our preſent condition, which is a middle ſtate, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falſhood; and as our faculties arenarrow and our views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our Curioſity muſt meet with many repulſes. The buſineſs of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reaſon of the inquiſitive has ſo long been exerciſed with difficulties, in accounting for the promiſcuous diſtribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all thoſe pathetical complaints of ſo many tragical events, which happen to the wiſe and the good; and of ſuch ſurprizing proſperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the fooliſh; that reaſon is ſometimes puzzled, and at a loſs what to pronounce upon ſo myſterious a diſpenſation.

Plato expreſſes his abhorrence of ſome Fables of the Poets, which ſeem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injuſtice; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befal a juſt man, whether poverty, ſickneſs, or any of thoſe things which ſeem to be evils, ſhall either in life or death conduce to his good. My Reader will obſerve how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a diſcourſe purpoſely on this ſubject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the *Stoics*, to ſhew, that adverſity is not in it ſelf an evil; and mentions a notable ſaying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares proſperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the divine Being to that of a wiſe father, who would have his ſons exerciſed with labour, diſappointment, and pain, that they may gather ſtrength, and improve their fortitude. On this occaſion the Philoſopher riſes into that celebrated ſentiment, That there is not on earth a ſpectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man ſuperior to his ſufferings; to which he adds, That it muſt be a pleaſure to *Jupiter* himſelf to look down from heaven, and ſee *Cato* amidſt the ruines of his country preſerving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reaſonable, if we conſider humane life as a ſtate of probation, and adverſity as the poſt of honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect ſpirits.

But what I would chiefly inſiſt upon here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper ſituation to judge of the counſels by which Providence acts,

ſince but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in holy writ, *We ſee but in part, and as in a glaſs darkly.* It is to be conſidered that Providence in its OEconomy regards the whole ſyſtem of time and things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful connexions between incidents which lie widely ſeparated in time, and by loſing ſo many links of the chain, our reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe parts in the moral world which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in reſpect of ſome other parts concealed from us, but open to his eyes before whom *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come* are ſet together in one point of view; and thoſe events, the permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his goodneſs, may in the conſummation of things both magnify his goodneſs and exalt his wiſdom. And this is enough to check our preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our meaſures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the conſequents, the beginning nor the end.

I ſhall relieve my Readers from this abſtracted thought, by relating here a *Jewiſh* tradition concerning *Moſes*, which ſeems to be a kind of Parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. That great Prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a voice from Heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome queſtions concerning his adminiſtration of the Univerſe. In the midſt of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a Soldier alighted from his horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little boy came to the ſame place, and finding a purſe of gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The Soldier miſſing his purſe returns to ſearch for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to heaven in witneſs of his innocence. The Soldier not believing his proteſtations, kills him. *Moſes* fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expoſtulation; "Be not ſurprized, *Moſes*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth "has ſuffered this thing to come to paſs: the child is the occaſion that "the blood of the old man is ſpilt; but know, that the old man whom "thou ſaweſt, was the murderer of that child's father.

Tueſday

N° 239. *Tuesday, December* 4.

-----Bella, horrida bella! Virg.

I Have sometimes amused my self with considering the several methods of managing a debate, which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, 'till he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called Syllogisms. As in the *Socratic* way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the *Aristotelic* you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. *Socrates* conquers you by stratagem, *Aristotle* by force: the one takes the town by sapp, the other sword in hand.

The universities of *Europe*, for many years, carried on their debates by Syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure of *Aristotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Basilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expressed in our *English* word *Club-law*. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow defile, (to make use of a military term) where the partisans used to encounter, for which

which reaſon it ſtill retains the name of *Logic-Lane*. I have heard an old gentleman, a phyſician, make his boaſts, that when he was a young fellow, he marched ſeveral times at the head of a troop of *Scotiſts*, and cudgelled a body of *Smigleſians* half the length of *High-ſtreet*, till they had diſperſed themſelves for ſhelter into their reſpective garriſons.

This humour, I find, went very far in *Eraſmus*'s time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of *Greek* letters, moſt of the Univerſities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were thoſe who bore a mortal hatred to the language of the *Grecians*, inſomuch that if they met with any who underſtood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. *Eraſmus* himſelf had, it ſeems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with ſo many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hoſtilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made uſe of by ſtates and communities, when they draw up a hundred thouſand diſputants on each ſide, and convince one another by dint of ſword. A certain grand monarch was ſo ſenſible of his ſtrength in this way of reaſoning, that he writ upon his great guns---- *Ratio ultima Regum*, *The Logic of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a Philoſopher of this kind, one ſhould remember the old gentleman's ſaying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the queſtion, when he had viſibly the better of the diſpute, *I am never aſhamed*, ſays he, *to be confuted by one who is maſter of fifty legions.*

I ſhall but juſt mention another kind of reaſoning, which may be called arguing by poll; and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made uſe of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras*.

But the moſt notable way of managing a controverſy, is that which we call *Arguing by torture*. This is a method of reaſoning which has been made uſe of with the poor refugees, and which was ſo faſhionable in our country during the reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a paſſage of an author quoted by Monſieur *Bayle*, it is ſaid the price of wood was raiſed in *England* by reaſon of the executions that were made in *Smithfield*. Theſe diſputants convince their adverſaries with a *Sorites*, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is alſo a kind of ſyllogiſm which has been uſed with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly diſputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reaſon,

ſon, and won over to opinions by the candour, ſenſe and ingenuity of thoſe who had the right on their ſide; but this method of conviction operated too ſlowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than reaſon. Every ſcruple was looked upon as obſtinacy, and not to be removed but by ſeveral engines invented for that purpoſe. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and faggot in a diſpute, may be looked upon as popiſh refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reaſoning, which ſeldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have laſt mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved ſucceſsful, when all the others have been made uſe of to no purpoſe. A man who is furniſhed with arguments from the mint, will convince the antagoniſt much ſooner than one who draws them from reaſon and philoſophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the underſtanding; it diſſipates every doubt and ſcruple in an inſtant; accommodates it ſelf to the meaneſt capacities; ſilences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the moſt obſtinate and inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a man of moſt invincible reaſon this way. He refuted by it all the wiſdom of *Athens*, confounded their ſtateſmen, ſtruck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the ſeveral methods of diſputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I ſhall very ſuddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which ſhall be a full ſatisfactory anſwer to all ſuch papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared againſt the SPECTATOR.

Thurſday,

N° 241. *Thurſday, December* 6.

------*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam ------ Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THough you have conſidered virtuous love in moſt of its di-
" ſtreſſes, I do not remember that you have given us any diſ-
" ſertation upon the Abſence of lovers, or laid down any me-
" thods how they ſhould ſupport themſelves under thoſe long ſeparations
" which they are ſometimes forced to undergo. I am at preſent in this
" unhappy circumſtance, having parted with the beſt of husbands, who
" is abroad in the ſervice of his country, and may not poſſibly return
" for ſome years. His warm and generous affection while we were to-
" gether, with the tenderneſs which he expreſſed to me at parting, make
" his abſence almoſt inſupportable. I think of him every moment of the
" day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I ſee puts
" me in mind of him. I apply my ſelf with more than ordinary dili-
" gence to the care of his family and eſtate; but this inſtead of relieving
" me, gives me but ſo many occaſions of wiſhing for his return. I fre-
" quent the rooms where I uſed to converſe with him, and not meet-
" ing him there, ſit down in his chair, and fall a weeping. I love to
" read the books he delighted in, and to converſe with the perſons whom
" he eſteemed. I viſit his picture a hundred times a day, and place my
" ſelf over-againſt it whole hours together. I paſs a great part of my
" time in the walks where I uſed to lean upon his arm, and recollect
" in my mind the diſcourſes which have there paſſed between us: I look
" over the ſeveral proſpects and points of view which we uſed to ſur-
" vey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take
" notice of, and call to mind a thouſand agreeable remarks which he
" has made on thoſe occaſions. I write to him by every conveyance,

" and

" and contrary to other people, am always in good humour when an eaſt
" wind blows, becauſe it ſeldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him.
" Let me intreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occaſion,
" and to let me know how I may relieve my ſelf in this my widow-
" hood.

I am, SIR, your moſt humble Servant, ASTERIA.

Abſence is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given occaſion to abundance of beautiful complaints in thoſe Authors who have treated of this paſſion in verſe. *Ovid*'s Epiſtles are full of them. *Otway*'s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this ſubject.

——It was not kind
To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop, and mourn the abſence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is deſart:
And I methinks am ſavage and forlorn.
Thy preſence only 'tis can make me bleſſed,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my ſoul.

The conſolations of lovers on theſe occaſions are very extraordinary. Beſides thoſe mentioned by *Aſteria*, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made uſe of by abſent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery*'s romances, a couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to ſet aſide one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious abſence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually obſerved the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or buſineſs they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as ſoon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance farther adds, that the Lovers expected the return of this ſtated hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real aſſignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happineſs that was almoſt as pleaſing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction to theſe divided Lovers to be aſſured that each was at the ſame time employed in the ſame kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderneſs and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more ſerious expedient for the alleviating of abſence, I ſhall take notice of one which I have known two perſons practiſe, who joined religion to that elegance of ſentiments with which the paſſion of Love generally inſpires its votaries. This was, at

the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada in one of his prolusions gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a vertue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of Dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetick needle moving of it self to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the train of a Knight-errant, making a present to two Lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as *Flames*, *Darts*, *Die*, *Languish*,

Languiſh, Abſence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to expreſs the moſt uſeful and ſignificant words with a ſingle touch of the needle.

N° 243. *Saturday, December* 8.

Formam quidem ipſam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honeſti vides: quæ ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret ſapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

I Do not remember to have read any diſcourſe written expreſly upon the beauty and lovelineſs of virtue, without conſidering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I deſign therefore this Speculation as an eſſay upon that ſubject, in which I ſhall conſider virtue no further than as it is in it ſelf of an amiable nature, after having premiſed, that I underſtand by the word Virtue ſuch a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by men of the world under the name of Honour.

Hypocriſy it ſelf does great honour, or rather juſtice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to humane nature. The Hypocrite would not be at ſo much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the moſt proper and effectual means to gain the love and eſteem of mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles* it was a common ſaying among the heathens, that the wiſe man hates no body, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts, to ſhew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, ſays he, who lives in the remoteſt parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died ſeveral ages ago, raiſes a ſecret fondneſs and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his ſtory: nay, what is ſtill more, one who has been the

enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by juſtice and humanity, as in the inſtance of *Pyrrhus*, whom *Tully* mentions on this occaſion in oppoſition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural beauty and lovelineſs of virtue.

Stoiciſm, which was the pedantry of Virtue, aſcribes all good qualifications of what kind ſoever to the virtuous man. Accordingly *Cato*, in the character *Tully* has left of him, carried matters ſo far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handſome. This indeed looks more like a philoſophical rant, than the real opinion of a wiſe man; yet this was what *Cato* very ſeriouſly maintained. In ſhort, the Stoics thought they could not ſufficiently repreſent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all poſſible perfection; and therefore did not only ſuppoſe, that it was tranſcendently beautiful in it ſelf, but that it made the very body amiable, and baniſhed every kind of deformity from the perſon in whom it reſided.

It is a common obſervation, that the moſt abandoned to all ſenſe and goodneſs, are apt to wiſh thoſe who are related to them of a different character; and it is very obſervable, that none are more ſtruck with the charms of virtue in the fair ſex, than thoſe who by their very admiration of it are carried to a deſire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful ſex all over Charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abſtinence, faith and devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but thoſe which make a man popular and beloved, are juſtice, charity, munificence, and in ſhort all the qualifications that render us beneficial to each other. For which reaſon even an extravagant man, who has nothing elſe to recommend him but a falſe generoſity, is often more beloved and eſteemed than a perſon of a much more finiſhed character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantagious views, and make her altogether lovely, are chearfulneſs and good nature. Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from ſouring into ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs. If

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can ſuffer their averſion for a party to blot out all the Merit of the perſon who is engaged in it. A man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own ſide, and that there are not men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to thoſe qualities which are of ſo amiable a nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the points in diſpute. Men of virtue, though of different intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagoniſt, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned paſſage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I ſpeak this with an eye to thoſe cruel treatments which men of all ſides are apt to give the characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many perſons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either ſide, are blackned and defamed? How many men of honour expoſed to public obloquy and reproach? Thoſe therefore who are either the inſtruments or abettors in ſuch infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as perſons who make uſe of religion to promote their cauſe, not of their cauſe to promote religion.

N° 245. *Tueſday, December* 11.

Ficta voluptatis cauſâ ſint proxima veris. Hor.

THERE is nothing which one regards ſo much with an eye of mirth and pity, as Innocence when it has in it a daſh of folly. At the ſame time that one eſteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the ſimplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the leaſt grain of the Serpent in his compoſition

position, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a story of their Founder St. *Francis*, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to Heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the Saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent humane nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as *Shakespear* expresses it, *hackneyed in the ways of men*, may here find a picture of its follies and extravagances. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snare of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

"I Could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon "several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and "which are very proper to pass away a winter night for those who do "not care to throw away their time at an Opera, or at the Play-house. "I would gladly know in particular what notion you have of hot-cockles; "as also whether you think that questions and commands, mottoes, "similes, and cross purposes have not more mirth and wit in them, "than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable a-"mong us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who "read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports "and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, "we who are masters of families should be hugely obliged to you. I "need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only "merry but innocent, for which reason I have not mentioned either "Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so much as One and thirty. After "having

" having communicated to you my requeſt upon this ſubject, I will be " ſo free as to tell you how my wife and I paſs away theſe tedious win- " ter evenings with a great deal of pleaſure. Though ſhe be young, and " handſome, and good-humoured to a miracle, ſhe does not care for " gadding abroad like others of her ſex. There is a very friendly man, " a Colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civili- " ties, that comes to ſee me almoſt every night; for he is not one of " thoſe giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a play-houſe. When " we are together, we very often make a party at blind-man's-buff, " which is a ſport that I like the better, becauſe there is a good deal of " exerciſe in it. The Colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you " would laugh your heart out to ſee what pains my dear takes to hood- " wink us, ſo that it is impoſſible for us to ſee the leaſt glimpſe of light. " The poor Colonel ſometimes hits his noſe againſt a poſt, and makes " us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt my " ſelf, but am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of " them; for you muſt know we hide our ſelves up and down in cor- " ners, that we may have the more ſport. I only give you this hint as a " ſample of ſuch innocent diverſions as I would have you recommend; " and am,

Moſt eſteemed SIR,

your ever loving friend, Timothy Doodle.

The following letter was occaſioned by my laſt *Thurſday*'s paper upon the abſence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making ſuch abſence ſupportable.

SIR,

" AMONG the ſeveral ways of conſolation which abſent lovers make " uſe of while their ſouls are in that ſtate of departure, which " you ſay is death in love, there are ſome very material ones, that have " eſcaped your notice. Among theſe, the firſt and moſt received is a " crooked ſhilling, which has adminiſtred great comfort to our Fore-fa- " thers, and is ſtill made uſe of on this occaſion with very good effect " in moſt parts of her Majeſty's dominions. There are ſome, I know, " who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preſerved by " the diſtant lovers, is of more ſovereign virtue than the former. But " ſince opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the ſame " perſons make uſe of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in ſtone

" or

" or caſt in metal, whether bleeding upon an Altar, ſtuck with darts, or " held in the hand of a *Cupid*, has always been looked upon as taliſman- " nic in diſtreſſes of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave " fellow, who carries his miſtreſs in the lid of his ſnuff-box, and by that " expedient has ſupported himſelf under the abſence of a whole cam- " paign. For my own part, I have tried all theſe remedies, but never " found ſo much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my miſtreſs's " hair is platted together very artificially in a kind of true-lover's knot. " As I have received great benefit from this ſecret, I think my ſelf obli- " ged to communicate it to the public, for the good of my fellow-ſub- " jects. I deſire you will add this letter as an appendix to your conſo- " lations upon abſence, and am

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a letter from an univerſity gentleman, occaſioned by my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper, wherein I gave ſome account of the great feuds which happened formerly in thoſe learned bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

" THIS will give you to underſtand, that there is at preſent in the " ſociety, whereof I am a member, a very conſiderable body of " *Trojans*, who, upon a proper occaſion, would not fail to declare our " ſelves. In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our enemies by " ſtratagem, and are reſolved, by the firſt opportunity, to attack Mr. *Jo-* " *ſhua Barnes*, whom we look upon as the *Achilles* of the oppoſite par- " ty. As for my ſelf, I have had the reputation, ever ſince I came from " ſchool, of being a truſty *Trojan*, and am reſolved never to give quar- " ter to the ſmalleſt particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance to meet it. " It is for this reaſon I take it very ill of you, that you ſometimes hang " out *Greek* colours at the head of your paper, and ſometimes give a " word of the enemy even in the body of it. When I meet with any " thing of this nature, I throw down your Speculations upon the table; " with that form of words which we make uſe of when we declare war " upon an author,

Græcum eſt, non poteſt legi.

" I give you this hint, that you may for the future abſtain from any ſuch " hoſtilities at your peril. *Troilus.*

Thurſday,

N° 247. *Thurſday, December* 13.

——Τῶν δ' ἀκάμαλ@ ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ ϛομάτων ἡδεῖα—— Heſ.

WE are told by ſome ancient authors, that *Socrates* was inſtructed in eloquence by a woman, whoſe name, if I am not miſtaken, was *Aſpaſia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the moſt proper for the female ſex, and I think the Univerſities would do well to conſider whether they ſhould not fill their rhetoric chairs with She profeſſors.

It has been ſaid in the praiſe of ſome men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it muſt be owned to the honour of the other ſex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore diſſertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her ſervant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am perſwaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be preſent at thoſe debates which frequently ariſe among the Ladies of the *Britiſh* fiſhery.

The firſt kind therefore of female Orators which I ſhall take notice of, are thoſe who are employed in ſtirring up the paſſions, a part of rhetoric in which *Socrates* his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The ſecond kind of female Orators are thoſe who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the cenſorious. The imagination and elocution of this ſet of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiouſneſs of expreſſion, will they enlarge upon every little ſlip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumſtances, and with what variety of phraſes, will they tell over the ſame ſtory? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy marriage the ſubject of a month's converſation. She blamed the bride in one place, pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her

in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in ſhort, wore out a pair of coach-horſes in expreſſing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhauſted the ſubject on this ſide, ſhe made a viſit to the new-married pair, praiſed the wife for the prudent choice ſhe had made, told her the unreaſonable reflections which ſome malicious people had caſt upon her, and deſired that they might be better acquainted. The cenſure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be conſidered as helps to diſcourſe.

A third kind of female Orators may be comprehended under the word *Goſſips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accompliſhed in this ſort of eloquence; ſhe launches out into deſcriptions of chriſtenings, runs diviſions upon an head-dreſs, knows every diſh of meat that is ſerved up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to ſpeak.

The Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female Orator. To give her ſelf the larger field for diſcourſe, ſhe hates and loves in the ſame breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneaſy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room: She has falſe quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; ſighs when ſhe is not ſad, and laughs when ſhe is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great miſtreſs of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed ſeems to ſpeak for no other purpoſe, but as it gives her an opportunity of ſtirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimicks, ſtory-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reaſon I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence.

I have been often puzzled to aſſign a cauſe why women ſhould have this talent of a ready utterance in ſo much greater perfection than men. I have ſometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, the faculty of ſuppreſſing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are neceſſitated to ſpeak every thing they think; and if ſo, it would perhaps furniſh a very ſtrong argument to the *Carteſians*, for the ſupporting of their doctrine, that the ſoul always thinks. But as ſeveral are of opinion that the fair ſex are not altogether ſtrangers to the arts of diſſembling, and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquiſh that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to ſeek after ſome better reaſon. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomiſt, has promiſed me by the firſt opportunity to diſſect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it ſo won-

wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it ſome particular muſcles, which dart it up and down by ſuch ſudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the laſt place, there may not be certain undiſcovered channels running from the head and the heart, to this little inſtrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal ſpirits. Nor muſt I omit the reaſon which *Hudibras* has given, why thoſe who can talk on trifles ſpeak with the greateſt fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horſe, which runs the faſter the leſſer weight it carries.

Which of theſe reaſons ſoever may be looked upon as the moſt probable, I think the *Iriſhman*'s thought was very natural, who after ſome hours converſation with a female Orator told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when ſhe was aſleep, for that it had not a moment's reſt all the while ſhe was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the *Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable lines:

I think, quoth Thomas, *womens tongues*
Of aſpen leaves are made.

And *Ovid*, though in the deſcription of a very barbarous circumſtance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that poſture

——Comprehenſam forcipe linguam
Abſtulit enſe fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipſa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of ſpeech, and accomplices of ſound about it? I might here mention the ſtory of the pippin-woman, had not I ſome reaſon to look upon it as fabulous.

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charmed with the muſic of this little inſtrument, that I would by no means diſcourage it. All that I aim at by this diſſertation is, to cure it of ſeveral diſagreeable notes, and in particular of thoſe little jarrings and diſſonances which ariſe from anger, cenſoriouſneſs, goſſiping and coquettry. In ſhort, I would have it always tuned by good-nature, truth, diſcretion and ſincerity.

N° 249. *Saturday, December* 15.

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν. Frag. Vet. Po.

WHEN I make choice of a ſubject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, ſo that they may appear rather in the looſeneſs and freedom of an Eſſay, than in the regularity of a ſet diſcourſe. It is after this manner that I ſhall conſider Laughter and Ridicule in my preſent paper.

Man is the merrieſt ſpecies of the creation, all above and below him are ſerious. He ſees things in a different light from other Beings, and finds his mirth riſing from objects that perhaps cauſe ſomething like pity or diſpleaſure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoiſe to the Spleen; and it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, ſince we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my forty ſeventh paper raiſed a Speculation on the notion of a modern Philoſopher, who deſcribes the firſt motive of Laughter to be a ſecret compariſon which we make between our ſelves, and the perſons we laugh at; or, in other words, that ſatisfaction which we receive from the opinion of ſome pre-eminence in our ſelves, when we ſee the abſurdities of another, or when we reflect on any paſt abſurdities of our own. This ſeems to hold in moſt caſes, and we may obſerve that the vaineſt part of mankind are the moſt addicted to this paſſion.

I have read a ſermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on thoſe words of the wiſe man, *I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that Laughter was the effect of original ſin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it laſts, ſlackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and cauſes a kind of remiſſneſs and diſſolution in all the powers of the ſoul: and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakneſs in the compoſi-

compoſition of humane nature. But if we conſider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depreſs the mind and damp our ſpirits with tranſient and unexpected gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too wiſe for ſo great a pleaſure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and expoſing to laughter thoſe one converſes with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this caſt of mind cuts himſelf off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weakneſſes; nay, the greateſt blemiſhes are often found in the moſt ſhining characters; but what an abſurd thing is it to paſs over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to obſerve his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make uſe of him for the ſport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that perſons the moſt accompliſhed in ridicule, are thoſe who are very ſhrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing maſterly in themſelves. As there are many eminent Critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every ſingle defect in another, without ever diſcovering the leaſt beauty of their own. By this means, theſe unlucky little Wits often gain reputation in the eſteem of vulgar minds, and raiſe themſelves above perſons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of ſome uſe to the world; but inſtead of this, we find that it is generally made uſe of to laugh men out of virtue and good ſenſe, by attacking every thing that is ſolemn and ſerious, decent and praiſeworthy in humane life.

We may obſerve, that in the firſt Ages of the world, when the great Souls and maſter-pieces of humane nature were produced, men ſhined by a noble ſimplicity of behaviour, and were ſtrangers to thoſe little embelliſhments which are ſo faſhionable in our preſent converſation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithſtanding we fall ſhort at preſent of the Ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, hiſtory, architecture, and all the noble arts and ſciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burleſque, and all the trivial arts of Ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good ſenſe among the ancients.

The two great branches of Ridicule in writing are Comedy and Burleſque. The firſt ridicules perſons by drawing them in their proper characters,

racters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don *Quixote* is an instance of the first, and *Lucian*'s gods of the second. It is a dispute among the Critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the *Dispensary*; or in doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an Heroe is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in it self both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise *Venus* has gained the title of φιλομείδης, the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the goddess who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of Laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set the passage down at length.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a birth*
With two Sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *cheek,*
And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport

Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free.

N° 251. *Tueſday, December* 18.

-----Linguæ centum ſunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox.------ Virg.

THERE is nothing which more aſtoniſhes a foreigner and frights a country Squire, than the *Cries of London.* My good friend Sir ROGER often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to ſleep for them, the firſt week that he is in town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the ſounds of larks and nightingales, with all the muſick of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from ſome very odd fellow upon this ſubject, which I ſhall leave with my Reader, without ſaying any thing further of it.

SIR,

"I Am a man out of all buſineſs, and would willingly turn my head to any "thing for an honeſt livelihood. I have invented ſeveral projects "for raiſing many millions of money without burthening the Subject, "but I cannot get the Parliament to liſten to me, who look upon me, "forſooth, as a crack and a projector; ſo that deſpairing to enrich either "my ſelf or my country by this publick-ſpiritedneſs, I would make ſome "pro-

" propoſals to you relating to a deſign which I have very much at heart,
" and which may procure me an handſome ſubſiſtance, if you will be
" pleaſed to recommend it to the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

" The poſt I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the
" *London* Cries, which are at preſent under no manner of rules or di-
" ſcipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a
" man of very ſtrong lungs, of great inſight into all the branches of our
" *Britiſh* trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in muſick.

" The Cries of *London* may be divided into vocal and inſtrumental.
" As for the latter, they are at preſent under a very great diſorder. A
" Freeman of *London* has the privilege of diſturbing a whole ſtreet for
" an hour together, with the twanking of a braſs-kettle or a frying-pan.
" The Watchman's thump at midnight ſtartles us in our beds, as much
" as the breaking in of a thief. The Sowgelder's horn has indeed ſome-
" thing muſical in it, but this is ſeldom heard within the liberties. I
" would therefore propoſe, that no inſtrument of this nature ſhould be
" made uſe of, which I have not tuned and licenſed, after having care-
" fully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majeſty's
" liege ſubjects.

" Vocal Cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed ſo full of in-
" congruities and barbariſms, that we appear a diſtracted city to foreign-
" ers, who do not comprehend the meaning of ſuch enormous outcries.
" Milk is generally ſold in a note above *Ela*, and in ſounds ſo exceed-
" ing ſhrill, that it often ſets our teeth on edge. The Chimney-ſwee-
" per is confined to no certain pitch; he ſometimes utters himſelf in
" the deepeſt baſe, and ſometimes in the ſharpeſt treble; ſometimes in
" the higheſt, and ſometimes in the loweſt note of the Gamut. The
" ſame obſervation might be made on the retailers of Small-coal, not to
" mention broken glaſſes or brick-duſt. In theſe therefore, and the like
" caſes, it ſhould be my care to ſweeten and mellow the voices of theſe
" itinerant tradeſmen, before they make their appearance in our ſtreets,
" as alſo to accommodate their cries to their reſpective wares; and to
" take care in particular that thoſe may not make the moſt noiſe who
" have the leaſt to ſell, which is very obſervable in the venders of Card-
" matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of *Much cry*
" *but little wool.*

" Some of theſe laſt-mentioned Muſicians are ſo very loud in the ſale
" of theſe trifling manufactures, that an honeſt ſplenetick Gentleman of
" my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the

" ſtree

" ſtreet where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? Why,
" the whole tribe of Cardmatch-makers which frequent the quarter,
" paſſed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off
" after the ſame manner.

" It is another great imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is
" no juſt time nor meaſure obſerved in them. Our news ſhould indeed
" be publiſhed in a very quick time, becauſe it is a commodity that will
" not keep cold. It ſhould not however be cried with the ſame preci-
" pitation as *Fire:* yet this is generally the caſe: a bloody battle alarms
" the town from one end to another in an inſtant. Every motion of the
" *French* is publiſhed in ſo great a hurry, that one would think the ene-
" my were at our gates. This likewiſe I would take upon me to regu-
" late in ſuch a manner, that there ſhould be ſome diſtinction made be-
" tween the ſpreading of a victory, a march, or an incampment, a *Dutch*,
" a *Portugal*, or a *Spaniſh* Mail. Nor muſt I omit under this head,
" thoſe exceſſive alarms with which ſeveral boiſterous ruſticks infeſt our
" ſtreets in Turnip-ſeaſon; and which are more inexcuſable, becauſe theſe
" are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

" There are others who affect a very ſlow time, and are in my opinion
" much more tunable than the former; the Cooper in particular ſwells
" his laſt note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor
" can I forbear being inſpired with a moſt agreeable melancholy, when
" I hear that ſad and ſolemn air with which the publick is very often
" asked, if they have any Chairs to mend? Your own memory may ſug-
" geſt to you many other lamentable ditties of the ſame nature, in which
" the muſick is wonderfully languiſhing and melodious.

" I am always pleaſed with that particular time of the year which is
" proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but, alas, this Cry,
" like the ſong of the Nightingale, is not heard above two months. It
" would therefore be worth while, to conſider whether the ſame Air
" might not in ſome caſes be adapted to other words.

" It might likewiſe deſerve our moſt ſerious conſideration, how far,
" in a well-regulated city, thoſe humouriſts are to be tolerated, who, not
" contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented
" particular ſongs and tunes of their own: ſuch as was, not many years
" ſince, the Paſtry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-
" molly-puff; and ſuch as is at this day the vender of powder and waſh-
" balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of *Powder-*
" *Watt.*

" I muſt not here omit one particular abſurdity which runs through " this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their Cries very " often not only incommodious, but altogether uſeleſs to the publick; I " mean that idle accompliſhment which they all of them aim at, of crying " ſo as not to be underſtood. Whether or no they have learned this " from ſeveral of our affected ſingers, I will not take upon me to ſay; " but moſt certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather " by their tunes than by their words; inſomuch that I have ſometimes " ſeen a country boy run out to buy apples of a Bellows-mender, and " Ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and ſciſſars. Nay, ſo ſtrangely " infatuated are ſome very eminent artiſts of this particular grace in a " Cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to gueſs at their pro- " feſſion; for who elſe can know, that *Work if I had it*, ſhould be the " ſignification of a Corn-cutter?

" Foraſmuch therefore as perſons of this rank are ſeldom men of ge- " nius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that ſome man of " good ſenſe and ſound judgment ſhould preſide over theſe publick cries, " who ſhould permit none to lift up their voices in our ſtreets, that have " not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noiſe of " the croud, and the rattling of coaches, but alſo to vend their reſpe- " ctive merchandizes in apt phraſes, and in the moſt diſtinct and agreea- " ble ſounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my ſelf as a perſon " rightly qualified for this poſt; and if I meet with fitting encourage- " ment, ſhall communicate ſome other projects which I have by me, that " may no leſs conduce to the emolument of the publick.

I am, SIR, &c.

Ralph Crotchet.

Thurſday,

N° 253. *Thurſday, December* 20.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper. Hor.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This paſſion reigns more among bad Poets, than among any other ſet of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than thoſe who are converſant in Poetry, it is very natural for ſuch as have not ſucceeded in it, to depreciate the works of thoſe who have. For ſince they cannot raiſe themſelves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they muſt endeavour to ſink it to their own pitch, if they would ſtill keep themſelves upon a level with them.

The greateſt wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in ſo good an underſtanding, and celebrated one another with ſo much generoſity, that each of them receives an additional luſtre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of ſo extraordinary a genius, than if he had himſelf been the ſole wonder of the age. I need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the reign of *Auguſtus*, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained ſo great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom ſingly we have ſo great an eſteem, ſtand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the ſame time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man ſeldom ſets up for a Poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the ſcriblers of the age, the decay of Poetry, are the topicks

of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: But how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his poem on *Fletcher*'s works!

But whither am I strayd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern Kings, who to secure their reign
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspecuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter Ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a Reader examines *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan* Age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those Critics, who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius or imagination. If the Reader would see how

how the beſt of the *Latin* Critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully deſcribed in the characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Eſſay of which I am now ſpeaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the ſame kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *Engliſh* Author has after the ſame manner exemplified ſeveral of his precepts in the very precepts themſelves. I ſhall produce two or three inſtances of this kind. Speaking of the inſipid ſmoothneſs which ſome Readers are ſo much in love with, he has the following verſes.

Theſe equal ſyllables *alone require*,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels *tire*,
While expletives *their feeble aid* do *join*,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the ſecond line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monoſyllables in the fourth, give ſuch a beauty to this paſſage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient Poet. The Reader may obſerve the following lines in the ſame view.

A needleſs Alexandrine *ends the ſong*,
That like a wounded Snake, drags its ſlow length along.

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound *muſt ſeem an* echo *to the* ſenſe.
Soft *is the ſtrain when* Zephir *gently blows*,
And the ſmooth ſtream *in* ſmoother number *flows*;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe *ſhou'd like the* torrent *roar.*
When Ajax *ſtrives*, *ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw*,
The line too labours, *and the words move* ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla *ſcours the plain*,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

The beautiful Diſtich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a deſcription in *Homer*'s Odyſſey. It is where *Siſyphus* is repreſented lifting his ſtone up the hill, which is no ſooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion

of

of the ſtone is admirably deſcribed in the numbers of theſe verſes; as in the four firſt it is heaved up by ſeveral *Spondees* intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at laſt trundles down in a continued line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὶν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατερ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρηφιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον. ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταιὶς
Αὖτις, ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

It would be endleſs to quote verſes out of *Virgil* which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occaſion in a future paper to ſhew ſeveral of them which have eſcaped the obſervation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſter-piece in its kind; the Eſſay on tranſlated verſe, the Eſſay on the art of poetry, and the Eſſay upon criticiſm.

N° 255. *Saturday, December* 22.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello. Hor.

THE Soul, conſidered abſtractedly from its paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary nature, ſlow in its reſolves, and languiſhing in its executions. The uſe therefore of the paſſions is to ſtir it up, and put it upon action, to awaken the underſtanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the proſecution of his deſigns. As this is the end of the paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of Ambition, which puſhes the ſoul to ſuch actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may diſcover further ends of Providence in implanting this paſſion in mankind. It

It was neceſſary for the world, that arts ſhould be invented and improved, books written and tranſmitted to poſterity, nations conquered and civilized: now ſince the proper and genuine motives to theſe and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is Ambition, or a deſire of fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lye idle and uſeleſs to the public, and many vicious men over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may further obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition: and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

Were not this deſire of fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe, who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention; and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is *Saluſt*'s remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew it ſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations; they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper, grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leaſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But further, this deſire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leaſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leaſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtic recitals of his own performances: his diſcourſe generally leans one way, and what-ever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruines the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

Beſides, this very deſire of Fame is looked on as a meanneſs and an imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in our ſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary, it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain-glory, and a deſire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble

action

action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most men have so much either of ill-nature or of wariness, as not to gratify and sooth the vanity of the ambitious man; and since this very thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is it self looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

N° 256. *Monday, December* 24.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κάδη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δ' ἔμμεναι——— Hes.

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilifie the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals, envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But further, a man whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill-natured diſcoveries with a ſecret pride, and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have over-looked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatisfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity, to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters; as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatyr or a libel on one of the common ſtamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a man whoſe character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed by ſome implicit kind of revenge to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration

ration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which enclines us to a deſire of Fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all it muſt be confeſſed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little ſpots and ſullies in its reputation; but if by a miſtaken purſuit after Fame, or through humane infirmity, any falſe ſtep be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole ſcheme of ambitious deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their judgment or their wit; and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour.

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and ſplendour. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his Fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-liv'd paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that however ſurprizing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the poſſeſſion of Fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying conſiderations, can engage a man in ſo deſperate a purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret tumult in the Soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: It is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfie it. Moſt other things we long for, can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt: but Fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſie under it; and which does not ſo much ſatisfie the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the Soul on new enterprizes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much Fame as they deſired, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in *Cæſar*'s character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, *That he was ſatisfied with his ſhare of life and fame. Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unſatisfying in it ſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles, which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortifyed with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought? which they ſeldom do, unleſs encreaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of our ſelves. But if the ambitious man can be ſo much grieved

even

even with praiſe it ſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? For the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? Eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of Fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable: becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſie motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the ſilence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praiſes.

Tueſday,

N° 257. *Tuesday, December* 25.

——————Οὐχ' εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ' ἐστὶ καὶ πάντων ἀΐει. Incert. ex Stob.

THAT I might not lose my self upon a subject of so great extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our minds such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn, from many considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End, that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following considerations.

First, Because the strong desire of Fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in Speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of Speculation. From

From what has been already obſerved, I think we may make a natural concluſion, that it is the greateſt folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any Being, beſides the ſupream, and that for theſe two reaſons, Becauſe no other Being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and Becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other Being.

In the firſt place, no other Being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created Beings ſee nothing but our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exteriour actions and behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to humane nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhow, and are only viſible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the entire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? That ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? That inward pleaſure and complacency, which he feels in doing good? That delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? Theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a Martyr or Confeſſor lye concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a publick capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the Martyr and Confeſſor without the tryal of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men

men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions; but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of humane improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt entire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the ſupreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength and perfection of thoſe principles.

And

And as the ſupreme Being is the only proper Judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts it ſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of Fame this way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a Fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the ſupreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, *Well done thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into thy Maſter's joy.*

N° 261. *Saturday, December 29.*

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐυκταῖον κακόν. Frag. vet. Po.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my firſt Speculation, and whom I muſt always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the ſubject of Marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtſhip of a perſon who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my firſt approaches ſeem to have any averſion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from ſhewing my ſelf to the beſt advantage, ſhe by degrees began to look upon me as a very ſilly fellow, and being reſolved to regard Merit more than any thing elſe in the perſons who made their applications to her, ſhe married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in thoſe parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an averſion to pretty fellows ever ſince, and diſcouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair ſex. The obſervations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following Eſſay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleaſanteſt part of a man's life is generally that which paſſes in courtſhip, provided his paſſion be ſincere, and the party beloved kind with diſcretion. Love, Deſire, Hope, all the pleaſing motions of the ſoul riſe in the purſuit.

It is eaſier for an artful man, who is not in love, to perſuade his Miſtreſs he has a paſſion for her, and to ſucceed in his purſuits, than for one who loves with the greateſt violence. True love hath ten thouſand griefs, impatiences and reſentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the perſon whoſe affection he ſollicites; beſides, that it ſinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehenſions and poorneſs of ſpirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himſelf.

Thoſe marriages generally abound moſt with love and conſtancy, that are preceded by a long courtſhip. The paſſion ſhould ſtrike root, and gather ſtrength before marriage be grafted on it. A long courſe of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondneſs of the perſon beloved.

There is nothing of ſo great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join our ſelves for life; they do not only make our preſent ſtate agreeable, but often determine our happineſs to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under conſideration is an Eſtate: where the parties chuſe for themſelves, their thoughts turn moſt upon the Perſon. They have both their reaſons. The firſt would procure many conveniencies and pleaſures of life to the party whoſe intereſts they eſpouſe; and at the ſame time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themſelves a perpetual feaſt. A good perſon does not only raiſe, but continue love, and breeds a ſecret pleaſure and complacency in the beholder, when the firſt heats of deſire are extinguiſhed. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and ſtrangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I ſhould prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably

remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it will be imbittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature, and evenness of temper, will give you an easie companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interest; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of humane nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoaked, and uneasie for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easie; and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vitious Age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

N° 262. *Monday, December* 31.

Nulla venenato littera miſta joco eſt. Ovid.

I Think my ſelf highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which viſits them every morning, and has in it none of thoſe *Seaſonings* that recommend ſo many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one ſide, my paper has not in it a ſingle word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a ſtroke of party; ſo, on the other, there are no faſhionable touches of infidelity, no obſcene ideas, no ſatyrs upon prieſthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule; no private ſcandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular perſons, families, or ſocieties.

There is not one of theſe above-mentioned ſubjects that would not ſell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by ſuch mean and baſe methods: but notwithſtanding I have rejected every thing that ſavours of party, every thing that is looſe and immoral, and every thing that might create uneaſineſs in the minds of particular perſons, I find that the demand of my papers has encreaſed every month ſince their firſt appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect ſo much honour upon my ſelf, as on my Readers, who give a much greater attention to diſcourſes of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke looſe from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating of vice and irreligion, I did not queſtion but I ſhould be treated as an odd kind of fellow that had a mind to appear ſingular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not ſo corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if thoſe men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age, had endeavoured to rectifie and amend it, they needed not have ſacrificed their good ſenſe and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is ſo ſunk in vice and ignorance, but there are ſtill

ſome

ſome hidden ſeeds of goodneſs and knowledge in him; which give him a reliſh of ſuch reflections and ſpeculations as have an aptneſs to improve the mind, and to make the heart better.

I have ſhewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all ſuch thoughts as are looſe, obſcene, or immoral; and I believe my Reader would ſtill think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after ſuch a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private perſons. For this reaſon when I draw any faulty character, I conſider all thoſe perſons to whom the malice of the world may poſſibly apply it, and take care to daſh it with ſuch particular circumſtances as may prevent all ſuch ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent perſons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every ſyllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any reſemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man ſets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be expoſed to the mirth and deriſion of the publick, and ſhould therefore ſcorn to divert my Reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular perſon's reputation, ſo I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to thoſe who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make my ſelf merry even with a piece of paſtboard that is inveſted with a publick character; for which reaſon I have never glanced upon the late deſigned proceſſion of his Holineſs and his attendants, notwithſtanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among thoſe advantages, which the publick may reap from this paper, it is not the leaſt, that it draws mens minds off from the bitterneſs of party, and furniſhes them with ſubjects of diſcourſe that may be treated without warmth or paſſion. This is ſaid to have been the firſt deſign of thoſe Gentlemen who ſet on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greateſt genius's of that age to the diſquiſitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politicks, with the ſame parts and application, might have ſet their country in a flame. The Air-pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to thoſe buſie ſpirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ſhip ſail on without diſturbance, while he diverts himſelf with thoſe innocent amuſements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forborn mentioning even such Authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as a breach of charity to criticise the Author, so long as I keep clear of the Person.

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our *English* Poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday*, 'till I have given my thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous lines;

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.

N° 265. *Thurſday, January* 3.

Dixerit e multis aliquis, Quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ? Ov. de Art. Am.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly imformed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, *an animal that delights in finery.* I have already treated of the ſex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular obſerved, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outſide.

This obſervation is ſo very notorious, that when in ordinary diſcourſe we ſay a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we expreſs our ſelves metaphorically, and ſpeak in relation to his underſtanding; whereas when we ſay of a woman, ſhe has a fine, a long or a good head, we ſpeak only in relation to her commode.

It is obſerved among birds, that nature has laviſhed all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a moſt beautiful head-dreſs: whether it be a creſt, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greateſt abundance upon the female part of our ſpecies, ſo they are very aſſiduous in beſtowing upon themſelves the fineſt garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not diſplay half the colours that appear in the garments of a *Britiſh* Lady, when ſhe is dreſſed either for a ball or a birthday.

But to return to our female heads. The Ladies have been for ſome time in a kind of *moulting ſeaſon*, with regard to that part of their dreſs, having *caſt* great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in ſome meaſure reduced that part of the humane figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be ſubſtituted in the place of thoſe antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the laſt ſummer ſo taken up

up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing elſe; but having at length ſufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembring the old kitchin proverb, that if you light a fire at both ends, the middle will ſhift for its ſelf.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a ſight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was ſtanding in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluſter of women ſitting together in the prettieſt coloured hoods that I ever ſaw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleaſure upon this little party-coloured aſſembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at firſt whether it might not be an embaſſie of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immeditately undeceived, and ſaw ſo much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be *Engliſh*. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from obſerving any further the colour of their hoods, though I could eaſily perceive by that unſpeakable ſatisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on thoſe pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this faſhion ſpreads daily, inſomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to ſhew their principles in their head-dreſs. Nay if I may believe my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old Coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very ſuddenly in a rainbow hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, not queſtioning but that among ſuch a variety of colours ſhe ſhall have a charm for every heart.

My friend WILL, who very much values himſelf upon his great inſights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already gueſs at the humour a Lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of *Morocco* know the diſpoſition of their preſent Emperor by the colour of the dreſs which he puts on. When *Meleſinda* wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is ſet upon execution. When ſhe covers it with purple, I would not, ſays he, adviſe her lover to approach her; but if ſhe appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with ſafety.

WILL informs me likewiſe, that theſe hoods may be uſed as ſignals. Why elſe, ſays he, does *Cornelia* always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such

Such are my friend HONEYCOMB's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diverſity of colours in the hoods to the diverſity of complexion in the faces of my pretty country women. *Ovid* in his *Art of Love* has given ſome precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from thoſe which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red ſtriped ſilk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary my friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater maſter in this art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the paleſt features look the moſt agreeable in white ſarcenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepeſt ſcarlet, and that the darkeſt complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In ſhort, he is for loſing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the Sun. This, ſays he, your *Ovid* himſelf has hinted, where he treats of theſe matters, when he tells us that the blue Water-nymphs are dreſſed in Sky-coloured garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the light of the riſing Sun, is robed in ſaffron.

Whether theſe his obſervations are juſtly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have ſtood together behind the Ladies, praiſe or diſpraiſe the complexion of a face which he never ſaw, from obſerving the colour of her hood, and has been very ſeldom out in theſe his gueſſes.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair ſex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the *Britiſh* Ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good ſenſe, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as induſtrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies; in the mean while I ſhall recommend to their moſt ſerious conſideration the ſaying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, καὶ ὁ χρυσίον.

N° 267. *Saturday, January* 5.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii. Propert.

THERE is nothing in nature more irkſome than general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, Whether *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* may be called an Heroic Poem? thoſe who will not give it that title, may call it (if they pleaſe) a *Divine Poem*. It will be ſufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an Heroic Poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of Epic poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an Epic poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This action ſhould have three qualifications in it. Firſt, it ſhould be but One action. Secondly, it ſhould be an Entire action; and Thirdly, it ſhould be a Great action. To conſider the action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradiſe Loſt*, in theſe three ſeveral lights. *Homer*, to preſerve the Unity of his action, haſtens into the midſt of things, as *Horace* has obſerved: had he gone up to *Leda*'s egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of *Helen*, or the inveſting of *Troy*, it is manifeſt that the ſtory of the poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his poem with the diſcord of his Princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before this fatal diſſenſion. After the ſame manner *Æneas* makes his firſt appearance in the *Tyrrhene* ſeas, and within ſight of *Italy*, becauſe the action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in *Latium*. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his

his voyage, *Virgil* makes his Heroe relate it by way of Episode in the second and third books of the *Æneid*. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving of this Unity of action, they follow it in the disposition of the poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal council plotting the Fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, the battel of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my opinion, would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth and seventh books, by way of Episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, though at the same time that great Critic and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the *Greek* Poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an Epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as excrescencies rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as *Virgil* in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the *Roman* empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton* with the like art in his poem on the Fall of man, has related the Fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Beside the many other beauties in such an Episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem, hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the Critics admire in the *Spanish Fryar*, or the *Double Discovery*, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an Epic poem is, that it should be an *entire* action: an action is entire when it is compleat in all its parts; or as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermix-

ed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to its conſummation. Thus we ſee the anger of *Achilles* in its birth, its continuance and effects; and *Æneas*'s ſettlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by ſea and land. The action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we ſee it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and puniſhed by heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural order.

The third qualification of an Epic poem is its *Greatneſs*. The anger of *Achilles* was of ſuch conſequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, deſtroyed the Heroes of *Aſia*, and engaged all the Gods in factions. The ſettlement of *Æneas* in *Italy* produced the *Cæſars*, and gave birth to the *Roman* empire. *Milton*'s ſubject was ſtill Greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united powers of hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it ſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are man in his greateſt perfection, and woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels: the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of Being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be Great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of Games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil*'s ſimile of a Top, and many other of the ſame kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performances, that there is an indiſputable and unqueſtioned magnificence in every part of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan ſyſtem.

But *Ariſtotle*, by the Greatneſs of the action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its Nature, but alſo in its Duration, or in other words, that it ſhould have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude. An animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, and has

only

only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have ſhewn their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of *Epiſodes*, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory ſufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. *Milton*'s action is enriched with ſuch variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the Contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the traditions on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumſtances in them than the hiſtory of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Beſides it was eaſier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraints he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurprizing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt Delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt Scrupulous.

The modern Critics have collected, from ſeveral hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the ſpace of time which is taken up by the action of each of thoſe poems; but as a great part of *Milton*'s ſtory was tranſacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the Sun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratifie the Reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the Critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumſcribe the action of an Epic poem with any determined number of years, days or hours.

* But of this more particularly hereafter.

* *Vid.* Spect. 303.

Saturday,

N° 273. *Saturday, January* 12.

-------- *Notandi ſunt tibi* Mores. Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradiſe Loſt*, let us in the next place conſider the Actors. This is *Ariſtotle*'s method of conſidering, firſt the fable, and ſecondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in *Engliſh*, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the Multitude and Variety of his characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a part which would have been ſuitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their manners as by their dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe characters ſeem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not aſcribe to the perſon that ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only out-ſhine all other Poets in the Variety, but alſo in the Novelty of his characters. He hath introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a perſon who had lived thrice the age of man, and converſed with *Theſeus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the firſt race of Heroes. His principal actor is the ſon of a Goddeſs, not to mention the Off-ſpring of other deities, who have likewiſe a place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the father of ſo many Kings and Heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the ſame time, to give them the greater Variety, he has deſcribed a *Vulcan*, that is a buffoon among his Gods, and a *Therſites* among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect character, but as for *Achates*, though he is ſtiled the Hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, *Sergeſtus*,

geſtus and *Cloanthus*, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character,

——*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*: Virg.

There are indeed ſeveral natural incidents in the part of *Aſcanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lauſus* and *Mezentius* are almoſt parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The characters of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek Poet. In ſhort, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the perſons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in thoſe of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the Variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more Magnificent, but more New than any characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a ſhadowy fictitious nature, in the perſons of *Sin* and *Death*, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this Allegory may attone for it in ſome meaſure; I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper actors in an Epic Poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them, which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter. *Vid.* Spect. 279.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an actreſs in the *Æneid*, but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in Mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Diſpenſary* and the *Lutrin*, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may, perhaps, be uſed as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, ſuch characters might have a place in an Epic work. For my own part, I ſhould be

be glad the reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the Poem I am now examining; and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial Beings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* is very much admired by *Ariſtotle*, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that Poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than *Ulyſſes*, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurprize of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the Poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons that ſpeak in his infernal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting it ſelf towards man in its full benevolence under the three-fold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of *Raphael*, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for man, ſhews ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperior nature. The Angels are indeed as much diverſified in *Milton*, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having choſen for their Heroes perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote founder of *Rome*. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their Heroes in all their adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes, and victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments that befell him; as a *Greek* muſt have had the ſame regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of thoſe poems have

have loſt this great advantage, among thoſe readers to whom their Heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country or people he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives. We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of *Ariſtotle*, which hath been very much miſrepreſented in the quotations of ſome modern Critics. "If a man of perfect and conſummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes our pity, but not our terror, becauſe we do not fear that it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the ſuffering perſon. But as that great Philoſopher adds, If we ſee a man of virtue, mixt with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raiſe our pity, but our terror; becauſe we are afraid that the like misfortune may happen to our ſelves, who reſemble the character of the ſuffering perſon.

I ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent caſe, though the perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is our own caſe; ſince we are embarked with them on the ſame bottom, and muſt be partakers of their happineſs or miſery.

In this, and ſome other very few inſtances, *Ariſtotle*'s rules for Epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be ſuppoſed to ſquare exactly with the Heroic poems which have been made ſince his time; ſince it is evident to every impartial Judge his rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the *Æneid* which was made ſome hundred years after his death.

In my next, I ſhall go through other parts of *Milton*'s Poem; and hope that what I ſhall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Ariſtotle*.

N° 279. *Saturday, January* 19.

Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique. Hor.

WE have already taken a general ſurvey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*: the parts which remain to be conſidered, according to *Ariſtotle*'s method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language*. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt advertiſe my Reader, that it is my deſign, as ſoon as I have finiſhed my general reflections on theſe four ſeveral heads, to give particular inſtances out of the Poem, now before us, of Beauties and Imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them, as alſo of ſuch other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the Reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author aſcribes to the perſons whom he introduces, and are *juſt* when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The Sentiments have likewiſe a relation to *things* as well as *perſons*, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the Poet endeavours to argue or explain, magnifie or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the Sentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe ends. *Homer* is cenſured by the Critics for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, though at the ſame time thoſe who have treated this great Poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his ſentiments, there

there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his ſentiments. *Milton* ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced perſons whoſe characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in hiſtory, or in ordinary converſation. *Milton*'s characters, moſt of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It ſhows a greater genius in *Shakeſpear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotſpur* or *Julius Cæſar:* the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory, and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for *Homer* to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diverſifie his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. *Adam* and *Eve* before the fall are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a Poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgment, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are *natural*, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are *ſublime*. *Virgil* in this particular falls ſhort of *Homer*. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the ſame time has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the Greatneſs of his ſentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both modern and ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impoſſible for the imagination of man to diſtend it ſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the Creation of the world, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, though not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the Reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the Epic way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the

judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in *Homer*, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

From what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic Poem; there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil:* he has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatic turns of *Lucan*, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequently in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of *Taſſo*. Every thing is juſt and natural. His Sentiments ſhow that he had a perfect inſight into humane nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented *Virgil*'s way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. *Milton*, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhew more at large in another paper; though conſidering all the Poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that divine Poet. *Zöilus*, among the ancients, and Monſieur *Perrault* among the moderns, puſhed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in *Virgil*, under this head, and but a very few in *Milton*.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in *Homer*, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raiſe laughter can very ſeldom be

be admitted with any decency into an heroic Poem, whose business is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his characters of *Vulcan* and *Thersites*, in his story of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his behaviour of *Irus*, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth book upon *Monœtes*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critic can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the Reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the success of their new invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent.

——— *Satan beheld their plight,*
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
O friends, why come not on these victors proud!
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breast, (what could we more) propounded terms
Of composition; *straight they changed their minds,*
Flew *off, and into strange vagaries fell,*
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial *in like gamesome moode.*
Leader, the terms we sent, were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, *and full of force urg'd home,*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled *many; who receives them right,*
Had need, from head to foot, well understand;
Not understood, *this gift they have besides,*
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing ——— *Saturday,*

N° 285. *Saturday, January* 26.

Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper et oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are in the laſt place to conſider the *Language*; and as the learned world is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and encline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantagiouſly of the Author.

It is requiſite that the Language of an Heroic poem ſhould be both Perſpicuous and Sublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natured Reader ſometimes over-looks a little ſlip even in the Grammar or Syntax, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the Poet's ſenſe. Of this kind is that paſſage in *Milton*, wherein he ſpeaks of *Satan*.

——*God and his Son except,*
Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.

And that in which he deſcribes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam *the goodlieſt man of men ſince born*
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of theſe paſſages, according to the natural Syntax, the divine Perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as Created Beings; and that in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their ſons and daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great and natural, we ſhould, with *Horace*, impute to a pardo-

pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient Critics therefore, who were acted by a ſpirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of ſpeech, on purpoſe to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of thoſe Authors who had ſo many greater beauties to attone for them.

If Clearneſs and Perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the Poet would have nothing elſe to do but to cloath his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of Meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, a Poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatic ways of ſpeaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only be natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. *Milton* has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages.

Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars
White, black *and* grey, *with all their* trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam———
———*A while diſcourſe they hold,*
No fear leaſt dinner cool; *when thus began*
Our Author————
Who of all Ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head, ill fare our Anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*————

The great maſters in compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient Authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern Reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

It

It is not therefore ſufficient, that the Language of an Epic poem be Perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgment of a Poet very much diſcovers it ſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the *Greeks*, *Æſchylus*, and ſometimes *Sophocles* were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own countrymen, *Shakeſpear* and *Lee*. In theſe Authors the affectation of Greatneſs often hurts the Perſpicuity of the ſtile, as in many others the endeavour after Perſpicuity prejudices its Greatneſs.

Ariſtotle has obſerved, that the Idiomatic ſtile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following methods. Firſt, by the uſe of metaphors: ſuch are thoſe in *Milton*.

Imparadis'd *in one anothers arms*,
——And in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt *with fire*; ——
The graſſie clods now calv'd. ——
Spangled *with eyes* ——

In theſe and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold but juſt; I muſt however obſerve, that the metaphors are not thick-ſown in *Milton*, which always ſavours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of an Ænigma or Riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the Idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* forms of ſpeech, which the Critics call *Helleniſms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them, much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which *Homer* has made uſe of for this end. *Milton* in conformity with the practice of the ancient Poets, and with *Ariſtotle*'s rule, has infuſed a great many *Latiniſms* as well as *Græciſms*, and ſometimes *Hebraiſms*, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it,

Nor *did they* not *perceive the evil plight*
In which they were, or *the fierce pains* not *feel*.

Yet

Yet to their Gen'ral's voice they ſoon obey'd.
——Who ſhall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure *find out*
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt Abrupt!

——So both aſcend
In the viſions of God—— B. II.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, the tranſpoſition of words, the turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of proſe.

The third method mentioned by *Ariſtotle*, is what agrees with the Genius of the *Greek* language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more uſed by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthening of a phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. *Milton* has put in practice this method of raiſing his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the paſſage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, for what is *Hermite* in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the meaſure of his verſe, he has with great judgment ſuppreſſed a ſyllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortned thoſe of two ſyllables into one, by which method, beſides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perſons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Heſſebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words, which alſo makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in *Milton* ſeveral words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miſcreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *Engliſh* Poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in *Plutarch*, which ſhews us how frequently *Homer* has made uſe of the ſame liberty

Milton by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the *Engliſh* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the ſublimity of his ſtile equal to that of his ſentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on *Milton*'s *ſtile*, becauſe it is that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other Poets, with my obſervations out of *Ariſtotle*, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his poem upon this account; tho' after all, I muſt confeſs, that I think his ſtile, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which *Ariſtotle* has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech which *Ariſtotle* calls *foreign language*, and with which *Milton* has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome places darkned the language of his poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound, and energy of expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtile, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe who have not a taſte for this elevation of ſtile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he goes out of the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how *Ariſtotle* has treated an ancient author, called *Euclid*, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. *Dryden* uſed to call this ſort of men his *Proſe-critics*.

I ſhould, under this head of the Language, conſider *Milton*'s Numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral eliſions, that are not cuſtomary among other *Engliſh* Poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, has varied his numbers, in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear and cloying the Reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflections upon the Language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, with obſerving that *Milton* has copied after *Homer*, rather than *Virgil*, in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another.

Saturday,

N° 291. *Saturday, February 2.*

------Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura------ Hor.

I Have now conſidered *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* under thoſe four great heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chuſe my Readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Critics, but alſo with the Ancient and Modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a Critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in Criticiſm, as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps ſeveral little hints that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critic; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights, is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient, that a man who ſets up for a Judge in Criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the Authors above-mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical head. Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own Blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. *Ariſtotle*, who was the beſt Critic, was alſo one of the beſt Logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Lock*'s Eſſay on human underſtanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himſelf maſter of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, and ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critic who has not ſhewn, even in the ſtile of his Criticiſms, that he was a maſter of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more abſurd than for a man to ſet up for a Critic, without a good inſight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thoſe who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by works of this nature among our *Engliſh* writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly diſcover by the phraſes which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules extracted out of the *French* Authors, with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable Critic.

One great mark, by which you may diſcover a Critic who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the publick, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a Critic is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publiſhing of a new Poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines,

Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
He who would ſearch for pearls, muſt dive below.

A true Critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an Author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable, to a man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe, which a ſoure undiſtinguiſhing Critic generally attacks with the greateſt violence. *Tully* obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or,

as it may be rendred into *Engliſh, a glowing bold expreſſion*, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though ſuch a treatment of an Author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into; the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in it ſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a Critic, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A man, who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject, is dull and ſtupid, but one who ſhews it in an improper place, is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of Criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both antient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to ſhew the defects in *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapſes and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of Author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall conclude my paper with a ſtory out of *Boccalini*, which ſufficiently ſhews us the opinion that judicious Author entertained of the ſort of Critics I have been here mentioning. A famous Critic, ſays he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent Poet, made a preſent of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the Author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the ſheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aſide by it ſelf. The Critic applied himſelf to the task with great induſtry and pleaſure, and after having made the due ſeparation, was preſented by *Apollo* with the chaff for his pains.

Satur-

N° 297. *Saturday, February* 9.

------velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos. Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday*'s paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without farther preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton*'s *Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is, that the event of it is Unhappy.

The Fable of every Poem is according to *Aristotle*'s division either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called Simple when there is no change of fortune in it; Implex when the fortune of the chief Actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater variety of accidents.

The Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds: in the first the chief Actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, 'till he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the story of *Ulysses*. In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the antients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *OEdipus*, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the antients, as well as most

moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our own country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the moſt perfect in Tragedy, is not ſo proper for an Heroic Poem.

Milton ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adverſary of mankind meets with upon his return to the aſſembly of infernal ſpirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the tenth book; and likewiſe by the viſion, wherein *Adam* at the cloſe of the Poem ſees his off-ſpring triumphing over his great enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier *Paradiſe* than that from which he fell.

There is another objection againſt *Milton*'s Fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradiſe Loſt* is unſucceſsful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr. *Dryden*'s reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton*'s Hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my firſt paper. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is an Epic, or a Narrative Poem, and he that looks for an Hero in it, ſearches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an Hero upon any perſon in it, it is certainly the *Meſſiah* who is the Hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief Epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form a higher notion of a Poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton*'s is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine: It is ſufficient, that I ſhew there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* all the Greatneſs of plan, Regularity of deſign, and Maſterly beauties which we diſcover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that *Milton* has interwoven in the texture of his Fable ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other paſſages in the ſecond book. Such allegories rather favour of the ſpirit of *Spenſer* and *Arioſto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the ſtructure of his Poem he has likewiſe admitted of too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by *Ariſtotle*, that the author of an Heroic Poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal Actors. *Ariſto-*

tle

tle has given no reaſon for this precept; but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* ſpeak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own perſons. Beſides that aſſuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raiſe the Ideas of an author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief ſpeaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably impoſed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himſelf, who uttered his thoughts on that ſubject.

If the Reader would be at the pains to ſee how the ſtory of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* is delivered by thoſe perſons who act in it, he will be ſurpriſed to find how little in either of theſe Poems proceeds from the authors. *Milton* has, in the general diſpoſition of his fable, very finely obſerved this great rule; inſomuch, that there is ſcarce a third part of it which comes from the Poet; the reſt is ſpoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by ſome good or evil ſpirit who is engaged either in their deſtruction or defence.

From what has been here obſerved, it appears that digreſſions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary courſe of his narration, ſhould ſpeak as little as poſſible, he ſhould certainly never let his narration ſleep for the ſake of any reflections of his own. I have often obſerved, with a ſecret admiration, that the longeſt reflection in the *Æneid* is in that paſſage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is repreſented as dreſſing himſelf in the ſpoils of *Pallas*, whom he had ſlain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable ſtand ſtill for the ſake of the following remark. *How is the mind of man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear proſperous fortune with moderation? The time will come when* Turnus *ſhall wiſh that he had left the body of* Pallas *untouched, and curſe the day on which he dreſſed himſelf in theſe ſpoils.* As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* ſlew becauſe he ſaw him adorned with the ſpoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which ſo ſmall a circumſtance might poſſibly have ſlipped out of his reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious Poet, lets drop his ſtory very frequently for the ſake of his unneceſſary digreſſions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occaſion, and ſhews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to paſs, and ſuffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenſion of it. *Milton*'s complaint for his blindneſs, his Panegyric on marriage, his reflections on *Adam* and *Eve*'s going naked, of the Angels

Angels eating, and ſeveral other paſſages in his poem, are liable to the ſame exception, though I muſt confeſs there is ſo great a beauty in theſe very Digreſſions, that I would not wiſh them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, ſpoken of the *Characters* of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, and declared my opinion, as to the Allegorical Perſons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads; Firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much Pointed, and ſome that degenerate even into Punns. Of this laſt kind, I am afraid is that in the firſt book, where ſpeaking of the Pigmies, he calls them

——— *The ſmall* Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes ———

Another Blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts, is his frequent Alluſion to heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine ſubject, of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe Alluſions, where the Poet himſelf repreſents them as Fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of fact. The limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Inſtances of this kind: the Reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the poem.

A third fault in his Sentiments, is an unneceſſary Oſtentation of Learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain, that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were maſters of all the learning of their times, but it ſhews itſelf in their works, after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on Free-will and Predeſtination, and his many glances upon Hiſtory, Aſtronomy, Geography and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of Arts and Sciences.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the *Language* of this great Poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions, and foreign Idioms. *Seneca*'s objection to the Stile of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lene*, is what many Critics make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton*'s Sentiments and Ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have

been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatneſs of Soul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his words, as in the following paſſages, and many others:

And brought into the World *a* World *of woe.*
————*Begirt th'Almighty throne*
Beſeeching *or* beſieging————
This tempted *our* Attempt————
At one ſlight Bound *high over-leapt all* Bound.

I know there are figures for this kind of ſpeech, that ſome of the greateſt Antients have been guilty of it, and that *Ariſtotle* himſelf has given it a place in his Rhetoric among the beauties of that Art. But as it is in ſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the Maſters of polite writing.

The laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in *Milton*'s Stile, is the frequent uſe of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the great beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of it ſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary Readers: Beſides, that the knowledge of a Poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn from books and ſyſtems. I have often wondered, how Mr. *Dryden* could tranſlate a paſſage out of *Virgil*, after the following manner,

Tack to the Larboard, and ſtand off to ſea,
Veer Star-board ſea and land.————

Milton makes uſe of *Larboard* in the ſame manner. When he is upon Building, he mentions *Doric Pillars*, *Pilaſters*, *Cornice*, *Freeze*, *Architrave*. When he talks of heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic*, and *Eccentric*, the *Trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many Inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other Arts and Sciences.

I ſhall in my next papers give an account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticiſm.

Saturday,

N° 303. *Saturday, February* 16.

--------volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. Hor.

I Have ſeen in the works of a modern Philoſopher, a map of the Spots in the Sun. My laſt paper of the Faults and Blemiſhes in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, may be conſidered as a piece of the ſame nature. To purſue the Alluſion: As it is obſerved, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, and dart a ſtronger light than others; ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhewn *Milton*'s Poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch Beauties as appear to be more exquiſite than the reſt. *Milton* has propoſed the Subject of his Poem in the following verſes.

Of Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, *'till one greater Man*
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muſe——

Theſe lines are perhaps as plain, ſimple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem, in which particular the Author has conformed himſelf to the example of *Homer*, and the precept of *Horace*.

His Invocation to a work which turns in a great meaſure upon the Creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muſe who inſpired *Moſes* in thoſe books from whence our Author drew his ſubject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt production of Nature. This whole Exordium riſes very happily into noble Language and Sentiment, as I think the Tranſition to the Fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

Vid. Heſiod.

The Nine-days aſtoniſhment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of thought or ſpeech, is a noble *Circumſtance*, and very finely imagined. The diviſion of hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the ſame furious Element, with that particular circumſtance of the Excluſion of *Hope* from thoſe infernal regions, are inſtances of the ſame great and fruitful Invention.

The Thoughts in the firſt ſpeech and deſcription of *Satan*, who is one of the principal Actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obſtinacy, Deſpair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In ſhort, his firſt ſpeech is a Complication of all thoſe Paſſions which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his ſpeeches in the poem. The whole Part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with ſuch Incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Poſture on the burning Lake, his Riſing from it, and the deſcription of his Shield and Spear.

Thus Satan *talking to his neareſt mate,*
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blazed, his other parts beſide
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and rowl'd
In billows leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unuſual weight———
———His pondrous Shield,
Ethereal temper, maſſie, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe orb
Thro' Optic glaſs the Tuſcan *Artiſts view*
At Ev'ning from the top of Feſole,
Or in Valdarno, *to deſcry new Lands,*
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty Globe.

His

His Spear, to equal which the talleſt Pine
Hewn on Norwegian *hills, to be the Maſt*
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning Marle———

To which we may add his Call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded———

But there is no ſingle paſſage in the whole poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated lines:

———He, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a Tow'r, &c.

His Sentiments are every way anſwerable to his Character, and ſuitable to a created Being of the moſt exalted and depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his place of torments.

———Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new Poſſeſſour: one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.

And afterwards,

———Here at leaſt
We ſhall be Free; th'Almighty hath not built
Here for his Envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heaven.

Amidſt thoſe Impieties which this enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with Abſurdity, and incapable of ſhocking a religious Reader; his words, as the Poet deſcribes them, bearing only a *Semblance of worth, not Subſtance.* He is likewiſe with great art deſcribed as owning his Adverſary to be Almighty. Whatever perverſe interpretation he puts on the Juſtice, Mercy,

Mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his Omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only conſideration which could ſupport his Pride under the ſhame of his defeat.

Nor muſt I here omit that beautiful circumſtance of his burſting out in tears, upon his ſurvey of thoſe innumerable ſpirits whom he had involved in the ſame guilt and ruine with himſelf.

——*He now prepared*
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half encloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth——

The catalogue of evil ſpirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which riſes in a great meaſure from its deſcribing the places where they were worſhipped, by thoſe beautiful marks of rivers, ſo frequent among the ancient Poets. The Author had doubtleſs in this place *Homer*'s catalogue of ſhips, and *Virgil*'s liſt of warriors in his view. The characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's mind for their reſpective ſpeeches and behaviour in the ſecond and ſixth book. The account of *Thammuz* is finely romantic, and ſuitable to what we read among the ancients of the worſhip which was paid to that idol.

——Thammuz *came next behind,*
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon *allur'd*
The Syrian *damſels to lament his fate*
In am'rous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth Adonis *from his native rock*
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz *yearly wounded: the love-tale*
Infected Sion's *daughters with like heat,*
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel *ſaw, when by the Viſion led*
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah.——

The Reader will pardon me if I inſert as a note on this beautiful paſſage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell* of this ancient piece of worſhip, and probably the firſt occaſion of ſuch a

ſuper-

ſuperſtition. " We came to a fair large river——doubtleſs the anci-
" ent river *Adonis*, ſo famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in
" lamentation of *Adonis*. We had the fortune to ſee what may be ſup-
" poſed to be the occaſion of that opinion which *Lucian* relates, concer-
" ning this river, *viz.* That this ſtream, at certain ſeaſons of the year,
" eſpecially about the feaſt of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the
" heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of ſympathy in the
" river for the death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild boar in the
" mountains, out of which this ſtream riſes. Something like this we
" ſaw actually come to paſs; for the water was ſtained to a ſurpriſing
" redneſs; and, as we obſerved in travelling, had diſcoloured the ſea a
" great way into a reddiſh hue, occaſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of Mini-
" um, or red earth, waſhed into the river by the violence of the rain,
" and not by any ſtain from *Adonis*'s blood.

The paſſage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how ſpirits tranſform themſelves by contraction, or enlargement of their dimenſions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents in the ſequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very end of the firſt book, which is what the *French* Critics call *marvellous*, but at the ſame time *probable* by reaſon of the paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the infernal Palace is finiſhed, we are told the multitude and rabble of ſpirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall compaſs, that there might be room for ſuch a numberleſs aſſembly in this capacious hall. But it is the Poet's refinement upon this thought, which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in it ſelf. For he tells us, that notwithſtanding the vulgar, among the fallen ſpirits, contracted their forms, thoſe of the firſt rank and dignity ſtill preſerved their natural dimenſions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large
Though without number ſtill amidſt the hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great ſeraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſate,
A thouſand Demy-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full——

The

The character of *Mammon*, and the deſcription of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of beauties.

There are ſeveral other ſtrokes in the firſt book wonderfully poetical, and inſtances of that Sublime genius ſo peculiar to the Author. Such is the deſcription of *Azazel*'s ſtature, and of the infernal ſtandard, which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of thoſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful——

The ſhout of the whole hoſt of fallen Angels when drawn up in battel array:

——The univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos *and old* Night.

The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army:

——He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods,
Their number laſt he ſums, and now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories——

The flaſh of light, which appeared upon the drawing of their Swords;

He ſpake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thigh
Of mighty Cherubim; *the ſudden blaze.*
Far round illumin'd Hell——

The ſudden production of the *Pandæmonium*;

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet.

The artificial illuminations made in it.

——*From*

——From th' arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle Magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha *and* Aſphaltus, *yielded light*
As from a sky. —— ——

There are alſo ſeveral noble Similes and Alluſions in the firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. And here I muſt obſerve, that when *Milton* alludes either to things or perſons, he never quits his Simile till it riſes to ſome very great Idea, which is often foreign to the occaſion that gave birth to it. The reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a line or two, but the Poet runs on with the hint, till he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the Reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of entertainment, which is ſuitable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. Thoſe, who are acquainted with *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s way of writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of ſtructure in *Milton*'s Similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, becauſe ignorant Readers, who have formed their taſte upon the quaint Similes, and little turns of wit, which are ſo much in vogue among modern Poets, cannot reliſh theſe beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure *Milton*'s compariſons, in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing points of likeneſs. Monſieur *Perrault* was a man of this vitiated reliſh, and for that very reaſon has endeavoured to turn into ridicule ſeveral of *Homer*'s Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaiſons à longue queue*, *Long-tail'd compariſons*. I ſhall conclude this paper on the firſt book of *Milton* with the anſwer which Monſieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this occaſion; "Compariſons, ſays he, in "Odes and Epic Poems are not introduced only to illuſtrate and embel- "liſh the diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the mind of the Reader, "by frequently diſengaging him from too painful an attention to the "principal ſubject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. *Ho-* "*mer*, ſays he, excelled in this particular, whoſe Compariſons abound "with ſuch images of nature as are proper to relieve and diverſifie his "ſubjects. He continually inſtructs the Reader, and makes him take "notice, even in objects which are every day before our eyes, of ſuch "circumſtances as we ſhould not otherwiſe have obſerved. *To this he* "*adds, as a maxim univerſally acknowledged*, that it is not neceſſary in "Poetry for the Points of the compariſon to correſpond with one ano- "ther exactly, but that a general reſemblance is ſufficient, and that too

" much nicety in this particular favours of the Rhetorician and Epigram-
" matiſt.

In ſhort, if we look into the conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the ſoul of each Poem, ſo to give their works an agreeable variety, their Epiſodes are ſo many ſhort Fables, and their Similes ſo many ſhort Epiſodes; to which you may add if you pleaſe, that their Metaphors are ſo many ſhort Similes. If the Reader conſiders the Compariſons in the firſt book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an eclipſe, of the ſleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees ſwarming about the hive, of the Fairy dance, in the view wherein I have placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great beauties that are in each of thoſe paſſages.

N° 309. *Saturday, February* 23.

Dî, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas. Virg.

I Have before obſerved in general, that the perſons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always diſcover ſuch ſentiments and behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective characters. Every circumſtance in their ſpeeches and actions, is with great juſtneſs and delicacy adapted to the perſons who ſpeak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this conſiſtency of his characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral paſſages of the ſecond book in this light. That ſuperior greatneſs, and mock-majeſty, which is aſcribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preſerved in the beginning of this book. His opening and cloſing the debate; his taking on himſelf that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal aſſembly trembled; his encountring the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are inſtances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook ſubmiſſion even to Omnipotence.

Satan

Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode,
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd ———

The ſame boldneſs and intrepidity of behaviour diſcovers it ſelf in the ſeveral adventures, which he meets with during his paſſage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his addreſs to thoſe tremendous powers who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

The part of *Moloch* is likewiſe in all its circumſtances full of that fire and fury, which diſtinguiſh this ſpirit from the reſt of the fallen Angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt book as beſmeared with the blood of humane ſacrifices, and delighted with the tears of Parents and the cries of Children. In the ſecond book he is marked out as the fierceſt ſpirit that fought in Heaven; and if we conſider the figure which he makes in the ſixth book, where the battel of the Angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious enraged Character.

——— *Where the might of* Gabriel *fought,*
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. ———

It may be worth while to obſerve, that *Milton* has repreſented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate paſſions, as the *firſt* that riſes in that aſſembly, to give his opinion upon their preſent poſture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himſelf abruptly for war, and appears incenſed at his companions, for loſing ſo much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his ſentiments are raſh, audacious and deſperate. Such is that of arming themſelves with tortures, and turning their puniſhments upon him who inflicted them.

——— *No, let us rather chuſe,*
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'ns high towr's to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms

Againſt the tort'rer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engine he ſhall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne it ſelf
Mixt with Tartarean *ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,*
His own invented torments.——

His preferring annihilation to ſhame or miſery, is alſo highly ſuitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their diſturbing the peace of Heaven, that if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a ſentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterneſs of this implacable Spirit.

Belial is deſcribed, in the firſt book, as the Idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the ſecond book, purſuant to that deſcription, characteriſed as timorous and ſlothful; and if we look into the ſixth book we find him celebrated in the battle of Angels for nothing but that ſcoffing ſpeech which he makes to *Satan*, on their ſuppoſed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece in theſe three ſeveral views, we find his Sentiments in the infernal Aſſembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his apprehenſions of a ſecond battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miſerable rather than *not to be*. I need not obſerve, that the contraſt of thought in this ſpeech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's Character is ſo fully drawn in the firſt book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the ſecond. We were before told, that he was the firſt who taught mankind to ranſack the earth for gold and ſilver, and that he was the architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the infernal palace, where the evil ſpirits were to meet in council. His ſpeech in this book is every where ſuitable to ſo depraved a Character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taſte the happineſs of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven is ſaid to have had his mind dazled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatific viſion. I ſhall alſo leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the ſame Character.

——*This deep world*
Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire

Chuſe

Chuſe to reſide, his Glory unobſcured,
And with the Majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep Thunders roar
Muſtring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? this deſart Soil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence, and what can Heaven ſhew more?

Belzebub, who is reckoned the ſecond in dignity that fell, and is in the firſt book the ſecond that awakens out of the trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the ſituation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful Majeſty deſcribed in his riſing up to ſpeak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two oppoſite parties, and propoſes a third undertaking, which the whole aſſembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in ſearch of a new world is grounded upon a project deviſed by *Satan*, and curſorily propoſed by him in the following lines of the firſt Book.

Space may produce New worlds, whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal Pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature:———

It is on this project that *Belzebub* grounds his propoſal.

———What if we find
Some eaſier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd MAN, *about this time*
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more

Of

Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook Heav'ns whole circumference, confirm'd.

The Reader may obſerve how juſt it was, not to omit in the firſt book the project upon which the whole Poem turns: as alſo that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper perſon to give it birth, and that he next to him in dignity was the fitteſt to ſupport it.

There is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's imagination, in this antient prophecy or report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of man. Nothing could ſhew more the dignity of the ſpecies, than this tradition which ran of them before their exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* Common-wealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence; but *Milton* does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpſe of them even before they are in Being.

The riſing of this great aſſembly is deſcribed in a very ſublime and poetical manner.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of Thunder heard remote———

The Diverſions of the fallen Angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are deſcribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiouſneſs of invention. The Diverſions are every way ſuitable to Beings who had nothing left them but ſtrength and knowledge miſapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainment in the following lines.

Others with vaſt Typhean *rage more fell*
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

Their Muſic is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their Diſcourſe in ſounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge.

The ſeveral circumſtances in the deſcription of Hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which diſgorge themſelves into the ſea of fire, the extreams of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monſtrous animals produced in that infernal world are repreſented by a ſingle line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer deſcription would have done. ——— *Nature*

——*Nature breeds,*
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

This Epiſode of the fallen Spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the Reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many circumſtances to a great length, and by that means have weakned, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal Fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.

I have already declared my opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finiſhed Piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy. *Sin* is the daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the off-ſpring of *Sin*. The inceſtuous mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces thoſe Monſters and Hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. Theſe are the Terrors of an evil Conſcience, and the proper fruits of *Sin*, which naturally riſe from the apprehenſions of *Death*. This laſt beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the ſpeech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Iſſue, ſhe adds,

Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim *Death* thy ſon and foe, who ſets them on.
And me his Parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd——

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumſtance in the laſt part of this quotation. He will likewiſe obſerve how naturally the three perſons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common intereſt to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portreſs of hell, and the only Being that can open the gates to that world of Tortures.

The deſcriptive part of this Allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of ſublime Ideas. The figure of *Death*, the Regal Crown upon his head, his menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the combat, the Outcry at his birth, are circumſtances too noble to be paſt over in ſilence, and extreamly

extreamly ſuitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the juſtneſs of thought which is obſerved in the Generation of theſe ſeveral ſymbolical perſons, that *Sin* was produced upon the firſt Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appeared ſoon after he was caſt into hell, and that the Terrors of Conſcience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The deſcription of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton*'s Spirit.

——On a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. *She open'd, but to ſhut*
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoak and ruddy flame.

In Satan's voyage through the Chaos, there are ſeveral imaginary perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe waſte of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the Taſte of thoſe Critics who are pleaſed with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners aſcribed to it; but for my own part I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe paſſages in this deſcription which carry in them a greater meaſure of probability, and are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the Smoak, that riſes from the infernal Pit, his falling into a cloud of Nitre, and the like combuſtible materials, that by their exploſion ſtill hurried him forward in his voyage; his ſpringing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious paſſage through that Confuſion of Elements, which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature and perhaps her Grave.

The glimmering Light which ſhot into the *Chaos* from the utmoſt verge of the Creation, with the diſtant diſcovery of the Earth that hung cloſe by the Moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

Saturday,

N° 315. *Saturday, March* 1.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit-------- Hor.

HORACE adviſes a Poet to conſider thoroughly the nature and force of his Genius. *Milton* ſeems to have known perfectly well wherein his ſtrength lay, and has therefore choſen a ſubject entirely conformable to thoſe talents of which he was maſter. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the nobleſt that could have entred into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly Great and Aſtoniſhing has a place in it. The whole ſyſteme of the intellectual world; the *Chaos*, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the conſtitution of his Poem.

Having in the firſt and ſecond book repreſented the Infernal world with all its horrours, the thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the oppoſite regions of bliſs and glory.

If *Milton*'s majeſty forſakes him any where, it is in thoſe parts of his Poem, where the divine Perſons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, obſerve that the Author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilſt he deſcribes the ſentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chuſes to confine himſelf to ſuch thoughts as are drawn from the books of the moſt orthodox divines, and to ſuch expreſſions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in theſe ſpeeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor ſo proper to fill the mind with ſentiments of Grandeur, as with thoughts of Devotion. The paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a divine Love and religious Fear. The particular beauty of the ſpeeches in the third book conſiſts in that Shortneſs and Perſpicuity of ſtile, in which the Poet has couched the greateſt myſteries of Chriſtianity, and drawn together, in a regular ſcheme, the whole diſpenſation of Providence, with reſpect to man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe

Ariſtotle obſerves, that the Fable in an Epic Poem ſhould abound in circumſtances that are both Credible and Aſtoniſhing; or, as the *French* Critics chuſe to phraſe it, the Fable ſhould be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This rule is as fine and juſt as any in *Ariſtotle*'s whole Art of Poetry.

If the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true hiſtory; if it is only Marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great ſecret therefore of Heroic Poetry, is to relate ſuch circumſtances, as may produce in the Reader at the ſame time both Belief and Aſtoniſhment. This is brought to paſs in a *well-choſen* Fable, by the account of ſuch things as have really happened, or at leaſt of ſuch things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. *Milton*'s Fable is a maſter-piece of this nature; as the war in Heaven, the condition of the fallen Angels, the ſtate of Innocence, the temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of man, though they are very Aſtoniſhing in themſelves, are not only Credible, but actual points of Faith.

The next method of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a ſuperior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things. *Ulyſſes*'s ſhip being turn'd into a rock, and *Æneas*'s fleet into a ſhoal of water-nymphs, though they are very Surprizing accidents, are nevertheleſs Probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with ſuch circumſtances as are Wonderful, but not Impoſſible, and ſo frequently produce in the Reader the moſt pleaſing paſſion that can riſe in the mind of man, which is Admiration. If there be any inſtance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Æneas* is repreſented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumſtance, *Polydorus* tells a ſtory from the root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with ſpears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumſtance ſeems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any God, or rather ſupernatural power capable of producing it: the ſpears and arrows grow of themſelves, without ſo much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton*'s fable, though we find it

full

full of Surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of Probability. I must only make an exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary persons in his *Chaos*. These passages are Astonishing, but not Credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them; they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many Critics look upon the stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the Poets, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances, in which they are represented, might possibly have been truths and realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the ancient Tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the Tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more Credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear Probable. The story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature, that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the Simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the Reader with as surprising and glorious an Idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the Universe with the eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first book) with the kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the Creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the Sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech and behaviour

upon

upon his transforming himself into an Angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The Poet's thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the most conspicuous part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical Probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apostle in sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the answer which this Angel returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior Being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the seventh book.

I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, &c.

In the following part of the speech he points out the Earth with such circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

Look downward on the Globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, *the seat of* Man, *that light*
His day, &c.

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that Celebrated complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given to it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excrescence, than as an Essential part of the Poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon Hypocrisie, in the same book.

Saturday,

N° 321. *Saturday, March* 8.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto. Hor.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the Poems of *Horace* and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of Genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my six first papers, I thought my self obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The three first books I have already dispatched, and am now entring upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my Reader, that there are multitudes of beauties in this great Author, especially in the descriptive parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Critics, who have written upon the *Odyssy*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat on this subject after me, may find several beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those Pictures of Still-life, which we meet with in the descriptions of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam*'s bower, *&c.* In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal Actors in the Poem.

In the description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle*'s rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the Expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the Poem. I must further add, that though the *Drawings* of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an Heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that Happiness from which our first Parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in holy writ. *Milton*'s exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The Reader, during their whole course of Action, always finds himself in the walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Critics have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the Machines of the fourth book. *Satan* being now within prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softned with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length, he confirms

firms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing men into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, *to tell thee how I hate thy beams,*
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the center of it, and over-topped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*; together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprize to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the Poet has engaged this great artificer of fraud.

The thought of *Satan*'s transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are described, as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vulturs.

His planting himself at the ear of *Eve* under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

Know ye not then, said Satan, *fill'd with scorn,*
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;

Not to know me argues your ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; ——

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on *Satan*, is exquiſitely graceful and moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradiſe*. His diſdainful behaviour on this occaſion is ſo remarkable a beauty, that the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel*'s diſcovering his approach at a diſtance, is drawn with great ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſt'ning this way, and now by glimps diſcern
Ithuriel *and* Zephon *through the ſhade;*
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

The conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with ſentiments proper for the occaſion, and ſuitable to the perſons of the two ſpeakers. *Satan*'s cloathing himſelf with Terror, when he prepares for the combat, is truly ſublime, and at leaſt equal to *Homer*'s deſcription of Diſcord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both repreſented with their feet ſtanding upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharpning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With pointed ſpears, &c.
——*On th' other ſide,* Satan *alarm'd,*
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood
Like Tenariff *or* Atlas *unremov'd.*
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat Horror plum'd; ——————

I muſt here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of hints and ſometimes literal tranſlations, taken from the greateſt of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reſerve for a diſcourſe by it ſelf, becauſe I would

would not break the thread of these Speculations, that are designed for *English* readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the golden Scales in heaven, is a refinement upon *Homer*'s thought, who tells us, that before the battel between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical Embellishment, like the Authors abovementioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in holy writ, where a wicked Prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been *weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting*.

I must here take notice, under the head of the Machines, that *Uriel*'s gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the Poet's device to make him *descend*, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the Genius of *Milton*. The description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly round in *Paradise*, is of another spirit;

> *So saying, on he led his radiant files,*
> *Dazling the Moon;*

as that account of the Hymns, which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth book. The description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Astonishment, and those emotions of Envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all.
And worthy ſeem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhon,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front, and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthine *locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to her ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſ-ſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or Angels, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in loves embraces met.

There is a fine ſpirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a bed of flowers by the ſide of a fountain, amidſt a mixed aſſembly of animals.

The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt Lovers flow equally from paſſion and ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the ſame time founded on truth. In a word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradiſe*.

——*When* Adam *firſt of Men*——
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys
Dearer thy ſelf than all;——
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune thoſe growing plants and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve *reply'd, O thou for whom*
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide

And

And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thy ſelf canſt no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve*'s ſpeech, in which ſhe gives an account of her ſelf upon her firſt creation, and the manner in which ſhe was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a paſſage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatſoever. Theſe paſſages are all worked off with ſo much art, that they are capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate Reader, without offending the moſt ſevere.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep, &c.

A Poet of leſs judgment and invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled theſe tender parts of the Poem with ſentiments proper for a ſtate of Innocence; to have deſcribed the warmth of love, and the profeſſions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the Man ſpeak the moſt endearing things, without deſcending from his natural dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the modeſty of her character; in a word, to adjuſt the prerogatives of Wiſdom and Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and lovelineſs. This mutual ſubordination of the two ſexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the ſpeech of *Eve* I have before-mentioned, and upon the concluſion of it in the following lines.

So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father, half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperiour love,———

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with envy at the ſight of ſo much happineſs.

We

We have another view of our first Parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the Poet makes to their evening worship, in the following lines.

Thus at their shadie lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe
And starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, *&c.*

Most of the modern heroic Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of *Homer*, in the twenty-third Chapter of *Longinus*.

N° 327. *Saturday, March* 15.

-------Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo. Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride and ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mentioned circumstance the first part of the fifth book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture

ſture in which he regards her, is deſcribed with a tenderneſs not to be expreſſed, as the Whiſper with which he awakens her, is the ſofteſt that ever was conveyed to a Lover's ear.

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As thro' unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus *on* Flora *breathes,*
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heaven's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us, we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, *whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:*
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd———

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the conference between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble ſpirit of eaſtern Poetry; and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the age of *Solomon*. I think there is no queſtion but the Poet in the preceding ſpeech remember'd thoſe two paſſages which are ſpoken on the like occaſion, and fill'd with the ſame pleaſing images of Nature.

My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my Love, my fair-one, and come away; for lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my Love, my fair-one, and come away.

Come,

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.

His preferring the garden of *Eden* to that,

——Where the sapient *King*
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian *spouse,*

shews that the Poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's Dream is full of those *high conceits engendring pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instill into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies her self awakened by *Adam* in the following beautiful lines.

Why sleep'st thou Eve? *now is the pleasant time,*
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things: in vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk through the whole work, in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falshood are not the courtship of *Milton*'s *Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her state of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produced on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind in this relation of her Dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely prefaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision of it self is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall

From

From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he e'er they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning Hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe Pſalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe, the Pſalmiſt calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of Nature, is at all times a proper kind of worſhip, it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, and had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of Providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topicks of praiſe which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the beautiful ſpirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned thoſe ſpeeches which are aſſigned to the perſons in this poem, I proceed to the deſcription which the Poet gives of *Raphael.* His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with circumſtances that are marvellous and aſtoniſhing, he deſcribes the gate of heaven as framed after ſuch a manner, that it opened of it ſelf upon the approach of the Angel who was to paſs through it.

——— *'Till at the gate*
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſovereign architect had framed.

The Poet here ſeems to have regarded two or three paſſages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, ſpeaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* ſays, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels; which, upon occaſion, might go of themſelves to the aſſembly of the Gods, and, when there was no more uſe for them, return again after the ſame manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very ſeverely upon this point, as M. *Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not loſe ſight

of the probable. As the miraculous workmanſhip of *Milton*'s gates is not ſo extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, ſo I am perſuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been ſupported in it by a paſſage in the Scripture, which ſpeaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, and moved of themſelves, or ſtood ſtill, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no queſtion but *Milton* had this circumſtance in his thoughts, becauſe in the following book he deſcribes the chariot of the *Meſſiah* with *living* wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel*'s viſion.

——— Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
It ſelf inſtinct with ſpirit ———

I queſtion not but *Boſſu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is cenſured in *Homer*, by ſomething parallel in holy Writ, would have been very well pleaſed had they thought of confronting *Vulcan*'s *Tripodes* with *Ezekiel*'s wheels.

Raphael's deſcent to the earth, with the figure of his perſon, is repreſented in very lively colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* Poets have given a looſe to their imaginations in the deſcription of Angels: but I do not remember to have met with any ſo finely drawn, and ſo conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having ſet him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and repreſented him as alighting upon the earth, the Poet concludes his deſcription with a circumſtance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy.

——— Like Maia's *ſon he ſtood,*
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. ——— ———

Raphael's reception by the guardian Angels; his paſſing through the wilderneſs of ſweets; his diſtant appearance to *Adam*, have all the graces that Poetry is capable of beſtowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular deſcription of *Eve* in her domeſtick employments.

So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd, as not to mix

Taſtes,

Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, &c.———

Though in this, and other parts of the ſame book, the ſubject is only the houſewifry of our firſt parent, it is ſet off with ſo many pleaſing images and ſtrong expreſſions, as make it none of the leaſt agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majeſty of *Adam*, and at the ſame time his ſubmiſſive behaviour to the ſuperior Being, who had vouchſafed to be his gueſt; the ſolemn *Hail* which the Angel beſtows upon the Mother of mankind, with the figure of *Eve* miniſtring at the table, are circumſtances which deſerve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way ſuitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a ſociable ſpirit, with which the Author has ſo judiciouſly introduced him. He had received inſtructions to converſe with *Adam*, as one friend converſes with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his deſtruction: accordingly he is repreſented as ſitting down at a table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradiſe*. The occaſion naturally leads him to his diſcourſe on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into converſation with man upon more indifferent ſubjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural tranſition to the hiſtory of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our firſt Parents.

Had I followed Monſieur *Boſſu*'s method in my firſt paper on *Milton*, I ſhould have dated the action of *Paradiſe Loſt* from the beginning of *Raphael*'s ſpeech in this book, as he ſuppoſes the action of the *Æneid* to begin in the ſecond book of that Poem. I could alledge many reaſons for my drawing the action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the firſt book, than from its remote beginning in the ſecond; and ſhew why I have conſidered the ſacking of *Troy* as an *Epiſode*, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of Criticiſm, and perhaps unneceſſary to thoſe who have read my firſt paper, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. Which-ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton*'s Action is preſerved according to either of them; whether we conſider the Fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the reſolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the firſt revolt of the Angels in heaven. The occaſion which *Milton* aſſigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, and on the opinion of

ſome great writers, ſo it was the moſt proper that the Poet could have made uſe of.

The Revolt in heaven is deſcribed with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumſtances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleaſed with the Poet's imitation of *Homer* in the laſt of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan took his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, *(ſo call*
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted)———

Homer mentions perſons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are called by different names from thoſe they go by in the language of men. *Milton* has imitated him with his uſual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewiſe the authority of Scripture to juſtify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite hoſt of Angels preſerved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious Singularity. The zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of ſentiments and expreſſions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous ſcorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The Author doubtleſs deſigned it as a pattern to thoſe who live among mankind in their preſent ſtate of degeneracy and corruption.

So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, *faithful found*
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind,
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

Saturday,

N° 333. *Saturday, March* 22.

------*Vocat in certamina divos.* Virg.

WE are now entring upon the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in which the Poet deſcribes the battel of Angels; having raiſed his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by ſeveral paſſages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting theſe paſſages in my obſervations on the former books, having purpoſely reſerved them for the opening of this, the ſubject of which gave occaſion to them. The Author's imagination was ſo inflamed with this great ſcene of Action, that wherever he ſpeaks of it, he riſes, if poſſible, above himſelf. Thus where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his Poem:

——Him the Almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs Perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewiſe ſeveral noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low.
But ſee the angry Victor has recall'd
His Miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice

Of

Of Heaven receiv'd us falling, and the thunder
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.

There are ſeveral other very ſublime images on the ſame ſubject in the firſt book, as alſo in the ſecond.

What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us; this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds ——

In ſhort, the Poet never mentions any thing of this battel but in ſuch images of greatneſs and terror as are ſuitable to the ſubject. Among ſeveral others, I cannot forbear quoting that paſſage, where the Power, who is deſcribed as preſiding over the Chaos, ſpeaks in the third book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With fault'ring ſpeech, and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd, I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heaven's King, tho' overthrown.
I ſaw and heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing ————

It required great pregnancy of invention, and ſtrength of imagination, to fill this battel with ſuch circumſtances as ſhould raiſe and aſtoniſh the mind of the reader; and at the ſame time an exactneſs of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Thoſe who look into *Homer*, are ſurprized to find his battels ſtill riſing one above another, and improving in horror, to the concluſion of the *Iliad*. *Milton*'s fight of Angels is wrought up with the ſame beauty. It is uſhered in with ſuch ſigns of wrath, as are ſuitable to Omnipotence incenſed. The firſt engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occaſioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are diſcharged from either hoſt. The ſecond onſet is ſtill more terrible, as it is filled with thoſe artificial thunders, which ſeem to make the victory doubtful, and produce

a kind of conſternation even in the good Angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; 'till, in the laſt place, the Meſſiah comes forth in the fulneſs of majeſty and terror. The pomp of his appearance, amidſt the roarings of his thunders, the flaſhes of his lightnings, and the noiſe of his chariot-wheels, is deſcribed with the utmoſt flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels.

The ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination, which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the antient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to aſcribe the firſt uſe of artillery to the rebel-Angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch authors, ſo it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along deſcribed as aſpiring to the majeſty of his maker. Such engines were the only inſtruments he could have made uſe of to imitate thoſe thunders, that in all Poetry, both ſacred and profane, are repreſented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up of the hills, was not altogether ſo daring a thought as the former. We are, in ſome meaſure, prepared for ſuch an incident by the deſcription of the Giant's war, which we meet with among the antient Poets. What ſtill made this circumſtance the more proper for the Poet's uſe, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the Giant's war, which makes ſo great a noiſe in antiquity, and gave birth to the ſublimeſt deſcription in *Heſiod*'s works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to conſider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the deſcriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and, at the ſame time, improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this ſubject. *Homer* in that paſſage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its ſublimeneſs, and which *Ovid* and *Virgil* have copied after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Oſſa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. He adds an epithet to *Pelion* (εἰνοσίφυλλα) which very much ſwells the Idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his ſingling out by name theſe three remarkable mountains, ſo well known to the *Greeks*. This laſt is ſuch a beauty as the ſcene of *Milton*'s war could not poſſibly furniſh him with.

with. *Claudian*, in his fragment upon the Giants war, has given full ſcope to that wildneſs of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Iſlands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He deſcribes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all *Vulcan*'s ſhop in the midſt of it. Another tears up mount *Ida*, with the river *Enipeus*, which ran down the ſides of it; but the Poet, not content to deſcribe him with this mountain upon his ſhoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back, as he held it up in that poſture. It is viſible to every judicious reader, that ſuch Ideas ſavour more of burleſque, than of the ſublime. They proceed from a wantonneſs of imagination, and rather divert the mind than aſtoniſh it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is ſublime in theſe ſeveral paſſages, and compoſes out of them the following great image.

From their foundations looſning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands———

We have the full majeſty of *Homer* in this ſhort deſcription, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the deſcription of the fallen Angels ſeeing the promontories hanging over their heads in ſuch a dreadful manner, with the other numberleſs beauties in this book, which are ſo conſpicuous, that they cannot eſcape the notice of the moſt ordinary reader.

There are indeed ſo many wonderful ſtrokes of Poetry in this book, and ſuch a variety of ſublime ideas, that it would have been impoſſible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Beſides that, I find it in a great meaſure done to my hand at the end of my Lord *Roſcommon*'s Eſſay on tranſlated Poetry. I ſhall refer my Reader thither for ſome of the maſter-ſtrokes in the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, though at the ſame time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithſtanding the ſublime genius he was maſter of, has in this book drawn to his aſſiſtance all the helps he could meet with among the antient Poets. The ſword of *Michael*, which makes ſo great a havoc among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

———*But the ſword*
Of Michael *from the armory of God* *Was*

Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan *with ſteep force to ſmite*
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer ———

This paſſage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the ſword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into pieces the ſword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, ſo by the way we may obſerve, that the beſtowing on a man who is favoured by heaven ſuch an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eaſtern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made uſe of it, but we find the *Jewiſh* Hero in the book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the battels of the choſen people with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, receiving in his dream a ſword from the hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following paſſage, wherein *Satan* is deſcribed as wounded by the ſword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him, but th' etherial ſubſtance clos'd
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd ———

Homer tells us in the ſame manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flowed from the wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquiſitely great, the wound ſoon cloſed up and healed in thoſe Beings who are veſted with immortality.

I queſtion not but *Milton* in his deſcription of his furious *Moloch* flying from the battel, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is repreſented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battel, were terrified on each ſide with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will eaſily obſerve how *Milton* has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

———*Where the might of* Gabriel *fought,*
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array

Of Moloc *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing———

Milton has likewiſe raiſed his deſcription in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of ſcripture. The Meſſiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a viſion of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* obſerves, has very much in him of *Homer*'s ſpirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious commiſſion which is given the Meſſiah to extirpate the hoſt of rebel Angels, is drawn from a ſublime paſſage in the pſalms.

Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Father's might
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms,
Gird on thy ſword on thy puiſſant thigh.

The Reader will eaſily diſcover many other ſtroaks of the ſame nature.

There is no queſtion but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entred upon this engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a ſcene of Men, Heroes, and Gods mixed together in battel. *Mars* animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in ſuch a manner, that it is heard diſtinctly amidſt all the ſhouts and confuſion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the ſame time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battel and all the tops of the mountains ſhake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very center of the earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leaped from his throne. *Homer* afterwards deſcribes *Vulcan* as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon the river *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered ſeven acres in his fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, *Milton* has filled his fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumſtances of horror. The ſhout of armies, and ratling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift

up

up the reader's Imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of ſo great an action. With what art has the Poet repreſented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created.

All Heaven reſounded, and had Earth been then,
All Earth had to its center ſhook ———

In how ſublime and juſt a manner does he afterwards deſcribe the whole Heaven ſhaking under the wheels of the Meſſiah's chariot, with that exception of the throne of God?

———*Under his burning wheels*
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean *ſhook throughout,*
All but the throne it ſelf of God ———

Notwithſtanding the Meſſiah appears cloathed with ſo much terror and majeſty, the Poet has ſtill found means to make his Readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himſelf was able to deſcribe.

Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but checkt
His thunder in mid volly, for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n.

In a word, *Milton*'s genius, which was ſo great in it ſelf, and ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his ſubject, which was the moſt ſublime that could enter into the thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was neceſſary to give it certain reſting-places and opportunities of recovering it ſelf from time to time: he has therefore with great addreſs interſperſed ſeveral ſpeeches, reflections, ſimilitudes, and the like reliefs, to diverſifie his narration, and eaſe the attention of the Reader, that he might come freſh to his great action; and by ſuch a contraſt of ideas, have a more lively taſte of the nobler parts of his deſcription.

N° 339. *Saturday, March* 29.

-------Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipſe tener Mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare ſolum et diſcludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paullatim ſumere formas. Virg.

LONGINUS has obſerved, that there may be a loftineſs in ſentiments, where there is no paſſion, and brings inſtances out of antient Authors to ſupport this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great Critic obſerves, may animate and inflame the ſublime, but is not eſſential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that thoſe who excel moſt in ſtirring up the paſſions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and ſublime manner; and ſo on the contrary. *Milton* has ſhewn himſelf a Maſter in both theſe ways of writing. The ſeventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an inſtance of that ſublime which is not mixt and worked up with paſſion. The Author appears in a kind of compoſed and ſedate majeſty; and though the ſentiments do not give ſo great an emotion as thoſe in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The ſixth book, like a troubled ocean, repreſents greatneſs in confuſion; the ſeventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The Critic above-mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for ſucceeding in the ſublime way of writing, propoſes to his Reader, that he ſhould imitate the moſt celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in works of the ſame nature; as in particular that if he writes on a poetical ſubject, he ſhould conſider how *Homer* would have ſpoken on ſuch an occaſion. By this means one great Genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his ſpirit without copying ſervilely after him. There are a thouſand ſhining paſſages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

Milton,

Milton, though his own natural ſtrength of Genius was capable of furniſhing out a perfect work, has doubtleſs very much raiſed and ennobled his conceptions, by ſuch an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the ſix days works, the Poet received but very few aſſiſtances from heathen writers, who were ſtrangers to the wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious ſtrokes of Poetry upon this ſubject in holy Writ, the Author has numberleſs alluſions to them through the whole courſe of this book. The great Critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the ſublime manner in which the Law-giver of the *Jews* has deſcribed the Creation in the firſt chapter of *Geneſis*; and there are many other paſſages in Scripture, which riſe up in the ſame majeſty, where this ſubject is touched upon. *Milton* has ſhewn his judgment very remarkably, in making uſe of ſuch of theſe as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying thoſe high ſtrains of eaſtern Poetry, which were ſuited to Readers whoſe imaginations were ſet to an higher pitch, than thoſe of colder climates.

Adam's Speech to the Angel, wherein he deſires an account of what had paſſed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and ſolemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far ſpent for him to enter upon ſuch a ſubject, are exquiſite in their kind.

And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, &c.———

The Angel's encouraging our firſt Parents in a modeſt purſuit after Knowledge, with the cauſes which he aſſigns for the Creation of the world, are very juſt and beautiful. The *Meſſiah*, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the worlds were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, ſurrounded with an Hoſt of Angels, and cloathed with ſuch a Majeſty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful deſcription has our Author raiſed upon that hint in one of the Prophets; *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Braſs.*

About

About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub *and* Seraph, *potentates and thrones,*
And virtues, winged ſpirits, and chariots wing'd,
From the armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſt at hand;
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving ———

I have before taken notice of theſe chariots of God, and of theſe gates of Heaven, and ſhall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the ſame idea of the latter as opening of themſelves, though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* firſt of all removed thoſe prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more ſublime than the deſcription which follows, where the Meſſiah is repreſented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confuſion, riding into the midſt of it, and drawing the firſt out-line of the Creation.

On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns height, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtaid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, *and the world unborn;*
For Chaos *heard his voice: him all his train*
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepared
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe

This

This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, o World.

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer*'s spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the description of *Minerva*'s *Ægis*, or Buckler, in the fifth book of the Iliad, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities: the golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the *Divine Geometrician*. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the Creation formed after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meeting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great work of Creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it. And in another place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble thought *Milton* has expressed in the following verse.

And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The Poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of Angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day.

——Thus was the first day Ev'n and Morn.
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light

Exhaling

Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd.

We have the ſame elevation of thought in the third day; when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters———

We have alſo the riſing of the whole vegetable world deſcribed in this day's work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have laviſhed on their deſcription of the Spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a Theatre equally ſurprizing and beautiful.

The ſeveral glories of the Heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

Firſt in his Eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' Heav'n's high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades *before him danced*
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the Moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd Weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill the diſtance keeps
'Till night; then in the Eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemiſphere———————

One would wonder how the Poet could be ſo conciſe in his deſcription of the Six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Epiſode, and at the ſame time ſo particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is ſtill more remarkable in his account of the fifth and ſixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation,

creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the nobleſt productions in the world of living creatures, the Reader will find a moſt exquiſite ſpirit of poetry in the account which our Author gives us of them. The ſixth day concludes with the Formation of man, upon which the Angel takes occaſion, as he did after the battel in heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal deſign of this his viſit.

The Poet afterwards repreſents the Meſſiah returning into Heaven, and taking a ſurvey of his great work. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly ſublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author deſcribes that great period of time, filled with ſo many glorious circumſtances; when the heavens and earth were finiſhed; when the Meſſiah aſcended up in triumph through the everlaſting gates; when he looked down with pleaſure upon this new creation; when every part of nature ſeemed to rejoice in its exiſtence; when the morning ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his Empire; how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounding, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The Heavens and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world.

I cannot conclude this book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and is executed with ſo great a ma-

ſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our *Engliſh* verſe. The Reader cannot but be pleaſed to find the depths of Philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of Poetry, and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon, amidſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The Author has ſhewn us that deſign in all the works of Nature, which neceſſarily leads us to the knowledge of its firſt cauſe. In ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs and inconteſtable inſtances, that divine wiſdom, which the ſon of *Sirach* has ſo nobly aſcribed to the ſupreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that *he created her, and ſaw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*

N° 345. *Saturday, April* 5.

Sanctius hic animal, mentiſque capacius altæ
Deërat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera poſſet.
Natus homo eſt-------- Ov. Met.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the battel of Angels, and the Creation of the world, have in them thoſe qualifications which the Critics judge requiſite to an Epiſode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a juſt connection with the Fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful deſcription of the impreſſion which this diſcourſe of the Arch-angel made on our firſt Parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural Curioſity, enquires concerning the motions of thoſe Celeſtial bodies which make the moſt glorious appearance among the ſix days works. The Poet here, with a great deal of art, repreſents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their converſation to amuſements more ſuitable to her ſex. He well knew, that the Epiſode in this book, which is filled with *Adam*'s account of his paſſion and eſteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore deviſed very juſt and beautiful reaſons for her retiring.

So

So ſpake our Sire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe: which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retired in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery: they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam *relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;*
Her husband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Choſe rather: he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleaſed her. O when meet now
Such pairs in love, and mutual honour joyn'd!

The Angel's returning a doubtful anſwer to *Adam*'s enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reaſon which the Poet aſſigns, but becauſe it would have been highly abſurd to have given the ſanction of an Archangel to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaic* and *Copernican* hypotheſis are deſcribed with great conciſeneſs and perſpicuity, and at the ſame time dreſſed in very pleaſing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own hiſtory, and relates to him the circumſtances in which he found himſelf upon his creation; as alſo his converſation with his Maker, and his firſt meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raiſe the attention of the reader, than this diſcourſe of our great anceſtor; as nothing can be more ſurprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the ſentiments that aroſe in the firſt man while he was yet new and freſh from the hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this ſubject in holy writ with ſo many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more juſt and natural than this whole Epiſode. As our Author knew this ſubject could not but be agree-

able to his Reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the ſix days works, but reſerved it for a diſtinct Epiſode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two ſhining paſſages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The firſt is that wherein our Anceſtor gives an account of the pleaſure he took in converſing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger, both from labour, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Tho' pleaſant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

The other I ſhall mention is that in which the Angel gives a reaſon why he ſhould be glad to hear the ſtory *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion towards the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he, incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.

There is no queſtion but our Poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil*'s ſixth book, where *Æneas* and the Sibyl ſtand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there deſcribed as ſhut upon the place of torments, and liſten to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noiſe of iron whips, that were heard in thoſe regions of ruine and ſorrow.

——*Faſt we found, faſt ſhut*
The diſmal Gates, and barricadoed ſtrong;
But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Adam

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and ſentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the delightful Landskip that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion.

——As new waked from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flowry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and the reaking moiſture fed.
Streight toward heav'n my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd:
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards deſcribed as ſurprized at his own Exiſtence, and taking a Survey of himſelf, and of all the works of Nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the light of Reaſon, that he and every thing about him muſt have been the effect of ſome Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the Sun, and to thoſe parts of the Creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination.

——Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlight'ned earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell if you ſaw, how came I thus, how here?

His next Sentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep, he fancies himſelf loſing his Exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his Exiſtence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imaged, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred ſtory. Theſe

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the same time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are Natural they are not Obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the mind of our first Parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

—— Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd——

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own work, and putting to the tryal that Reasoning faculty with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine Colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole Poem: the more the Reader examines the justness and delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the character of Majesty and Condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following lines,

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brightned, thus reply'd, &c.
—— I with leave of speech implor'd
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heavenly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely.

Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of Sentiments.

Though this part of the Poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the Reader compares the description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject, that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold, and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the Author joined together, in the reflection which *Adam* makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly Bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,

Trans-

Tranſported touch, here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange; in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
——When I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded: Wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Theſe Sentiments of love, in our firſt Parent, gave the Angel ſuch an inſight into humane nature, that he ſeems apprehenſive of the evils which might befal the ſpecies in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the exceſs of this paſſion. He therefore fortifies him againſt it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the Reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakneſs, of which *Adam* here gives ſuch diſtant diſcoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the ſubject of the Poem. His diſcourſe, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the Angel, ſhews that his love, however violent it might appear, was ſtill founded in Reaſon, and conſequently not improper for *Paradiſe*.

Neither her outſide form ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,

And

And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.

Adam's ſpeech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the ſame time a certain dignity and greatneſs ſuitable to the Father of mankind in his ſtate of Innocence.

N° 351. *Saturday, April* 12.

------*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.* Virg.

IF we look into the three great heroic Poems which have appeared in the world, we may obſerve that they are built upon very ſlight foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 years after the *Trojan* war, and, as the writing of hiſtory was not then in uſe among the *Greeks*, we may very well ſuppoſe, that the tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge, though there is no queſtion but he has wrought into his two Poems ſuch of their remarkable adventures as were ſtill talked of among his contemporaries.

The ſtory of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewiſe very bare of circumſtances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embelliſhing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the courſe of his Fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas* his voyage and ſettlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an abridgment of the whole ſtory as collected out of the antient Hiſtorians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*.

Since none of the Critics have conſidered *Virgil*'s Fable, with relation to this hiſtory of *Æneas*; it may not, perhaps, be amiſs to examine it in this light, ſo far as it regards my preſent purpoſe. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of *Æneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a ſuperſtitious obſervation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preſerved this character in the perſon of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to thoſe particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in hiſtory and tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumſtanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or ſurprizing. I believe very many readers have been ſhocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third book, namely, that before they had built their intended city, they ſhould be reduced by hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear this was one of the circumſtances that had been tranſmitted to the *Romans* in the hiſtory of *Æneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The hiſtorian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Propheteſs had foretold *Æneas*, that he ſhould take his voyage weſtward, till his companions ſhould eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their fleſh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themſelves; upon which one of the company ſaid merrily, *We are eating our Tables.* They immediately took the hint, ſays the Hiſtorian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit ſo material a particular in the hiſtory of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to conſider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a paſſage in an Heroic Poem. The Propheteſs who foretells it is an hungry *Harpy*, as the Perſon who diſcovers it is young *Aſcanius*.

Heus etiam menſas conſumimus, inquit Iulus.

Such an obſervation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other in the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the moſt violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to ſeveral Critics, may be accounted for the ſame way. *Virgil* himſelf, before he begins that relation, premiſes that what he was going to tell, appeared incredible, but that it was juſtified by tradition. What further confirms

me

me that this change of the Fleet was a celebrated circumſtance in the hiſtory of *Æneas* is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the ſame *Metamorphoſis* in his account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Critics I have met with having conſidered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes thoſe parts in it which appear the moſt exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my Readers.

The hiſtory, which was the baſis of *Milton*'s Poem, is ſtill ſhorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewiſe taken care to inſert every circumſtance of it in the body of his Fable. The ninth book, which we are here to conſider, is raiſed upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more ſubtle than any beaſt of the field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that ſhe was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From theſe few particulars *Milton* has formed one of the moſt entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has diſpoſed of theſe ſeveral circumſtances among ſo many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole ſtory looks only like a Comment upon ſacred writ, or rather ſeems to be a full and compleat relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have inſiſted the longer on this conſideration, as I look upon the diſpoſition and contrivance of the Fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan*'s traverſing the globe, and ſtill keeping within the ſhadow of the night, as fearing to be diſcovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of thoſe beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his ſecond ſeries of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the moſt proper for his purpoſe, he again returns to Paradiſe; and, to avoid diſcovery, ſinks by night with a river that ran under the Garden, and riſes up again through a fountain that iſſued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, ſpeaks as little as poſſible in his own perſon, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus reſtleſs in the deſtruction of man. He is then deſcribed as gliding through the Garden under the reſemblance of a miſt, in order to find out that creature in which he deſigned to tempt our firſt Parents. This deſcription has ſomething in it very poetical and ſurprizing.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.

The Author afterwards gives us a description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine Poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature: he represents the earth before it was curst as a great Altar breathing out its Incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal consort of praise and adoration.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden *on the humid flowers, that breathed*
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th'Earth's great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And join their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice———

The dispute which follows between our two first Parents is represented with great art: it proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat: it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had man continued happy and innocent. There is great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in *Adam*'s discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. The force of love which the Father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in the foregoing paper, shews it self here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bowre.

In his impatience and amusement during her absence.

——Adam

——————Adam *the while*
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
Her tresses and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest Queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

——————*Some cursed fraud*
Or enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, *and I*
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of Nature which are intermixt in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the Serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

—— *Hope*

——————Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.

That ſecret intoxication of pleaſure, with all thoſe tranſient fluſhings of guilt and joy which the Poet repreſents in our firſt parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to thoſe flaggings of ſpirit, damps of ſorrow, and mutual accuſations which ſucceed it, are conceived with a wonderful Imagination, and deſcribed in very natural Sentiments.

When *Dido* in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flaſhes of lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. *Milton*, in the ſame poetical Spirit, has deſcribed all Nature as diſturbed upon *Eve*'s eating the forbidden fruit.

So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluckt, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing thro' all her works gave ſigns of woe
That all was loſt——————

Upon *Adam*'s falling into the ſame guilt, the whole Creation appears a ſecond time in convulſions.

——————He ſcrupled not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Sky lowred, and, muttering thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal ſin.——

As all Nature ſuffered by the guilt of our firſt parents, theſe ſymptoms of trouble and conſternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as marks of her ſympathizing in the Fall of man.

Adam's

Adam's converſe with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the girdle which ſhe had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that ſhe appeared more charming and deſirable than ſhe had ever done before, even when their loves were at the higheſt. The Poet afterwards deſcribes them as repoſing on a ſummet of mount *Ida*, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotus*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*, and concludes his deſcription with their falling aſleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following paſſage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam*'s ſpeech to *Eve*.

For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, *whoſe eye darted contagious fire.*
Her hand he ſeiſed, and to a ſhady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embowr'd
He led her nothing loath: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and Violets, and Aſphodel,
And Hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them———

As no Poet ſeems ever to have ſtudied *Homer* more, or to have reſembled him in the greatneſs of genius than *Milton*, I think I ſhould have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not obſerved the moſt remarkable paſſages which look like parallels in theſe two great Authors. I might, in the courſe of theſe criticiſms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expreſſions which are tranſlated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purpoſely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only ſet off by being ſhewn in the ſame light with ſeveral of the ſame nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be alſo guarded againſt the cavils of the taſteleſs or ignorant.

Saturday,

N° 357. *Saturday, April* 19.

-------quis talia fando
Temperet à lacrymis?----- Virg.

THE tenth book of *Paradiſe Loſt* has a greater variety of perſons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his action introduces all thoſe who had any concern in it, and ſhews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the laſt Act of a well written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and repreſented under thoſe circumſtances in which the determination of the action places them.

I ſhall therefore conſider this book under four heads, in relation to the celeſtial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary perſons, who have their reſpective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celeſtial perſons: The guardian Angels of *Paradiſe* are deſcribed as returning to Heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the ſorrow which appeared in themſelves, and in thoſe ſpirits who are ſaid to rejoice at the converſion of a ſinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes

Th' Æ-

Th' Æthereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they tow'rds the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt high
Eternal Father from his ſecret cloud
Amidſt in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The ſame divine perſon, who in the foregoing parts of this Poem interceded for our firſt parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel Angels, and created the world, is now repreſented as deſcending to *Paradiſe*, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumſtance with which holy Writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our Author, who has alſo kept religiouſly to the form of words, in which the three ſeveral ſentences were paſſed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerouſneſs of his verſe, than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion of our firſt parents ſtanding naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his Angels that ſurrounded him.

See with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance
To waſte and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, &c.

The following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image of holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable hoſt of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: "Juſt are thy ways,
" Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
" Who can extenuate thee———

Though the Author in the whole courſe of his Poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite alluſions to places of ſcripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of ſuch as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of this

Fable. Of this kind is that paſſage in the preſent book, where deſcribing *Sin* and *Death* as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

> ——————*Behind her* Death
> *Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet*
> *On his pale horſe!*——————

Which alludes to that paſſage in ſcripture ſo wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. *And I looked, and behold a pale horſe, and his name that ſat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with ſword, and with hunger, and with ſickneſs, and with the beaſts of the earth.* Under this firſt head of celeſtial perſons we muſt likewiſe take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the ſeveral changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are repreſented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant influences, weakning the light of the Sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and ſtorms in ſeveral quarters of the ſky, ſtoring the clouds with thunder, and in ſhort, perverting the whole frame of the univerſe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the Poem, the following lines, in which we ſee the Angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different poſture to the Sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that ſublime imagination which was ſo peculiar to this great author.

> *Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcance*
> *The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more*
> *From the Sun's axle; they with labour puſh'd*
> *Oblique the centric globe.*——————

We are in the ſecond place to conſider the infernal agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this book. It is obſerved by thoſe who would ſet forth the greatneſs of *Virgil*'s plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were diſcovered in his time. *Aſia*, *Afric*, and *Europe* are the ſeveral ſcenes of his Fable. The plan of *Milton*'s Poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more aſtoniſhing circumſtances. *Satan* having ſurrounded the earth ſeven times, departs at length from *Paradiſe*. We then ſee him ſteering his courſe among the conſtellations, and after having traverſed the whole creation, purſuing his voyage through the *Chaos*, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen Angels, is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid*'s manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that Poet's works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected hiss which rises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton*'s art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve* that ruined *Adam* and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of writing which the *French* Critics call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and *Eve*, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several changes in nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and happiness: he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd——————

He immediately after recovers from his preſumption, owns his doom to be juſt, and begs that the death which is threatned may be inflicted on him.

——————*Why delays*
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there ſhould I reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my Off-ſpring, would torment me
With cruel expectation.——————

This whole ſpeech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all thoſe ſentiments which we may ſuppoſe natural to a mind ſo broken and diſturb'd. I muſt not omit that generous concern which our firſt father ſhews in it for his poſterity, and which is ſo proper to affect the reader.

——————*Hide me from the face*
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs: yet well if here would end
The miſery, I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, encreaſe *and* multiply,
Now death to hear!——————
——————*In me all*

Poſterity

Posterity stands curst: fair patrimony
That I must leave you, sons! O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited how would you bless
Me now your curse! ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemned,
If guiltless? but from me what can proceed
But all corrupt ——————

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

Thus Adam *to himself lamented loud*
Through the still night, not now, as e'er man fell
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution. ——————

The part of *Eve* in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic.

He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam; *witness Heav'n*
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,

Whereon

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress;
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying, to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of Genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the strength of the *English* tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a bridge over the *Chaos*; a work suitable to the Genius of *Milton*.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into Heroic Poems, I shall beg leave to explain my self in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the Critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any series of action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider that

though

though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial; the heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompence, he tells us that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which *Minerva*'s *Ægis* produced in battel, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by *Terrour*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the mother of funerals and mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing Terrour and Consternation like a Garment. I might give several other instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right hand of the *Messiah* when he marched forth against the rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the gates of *Light*; that *Discord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those expressions, where describing the singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the *Messiah*'s bidding peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion heard his voice*. I might add innumerable instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, who represented those two persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending

ſcending from heaven, and viſiting the ſins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumſtance, *Before him went the Peſtilence.* It is certain this imaginary perſon might have been deſcribed in all her purple ſpots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have ſtood on her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, and *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a Comet, or darted upon the earth in a flaſh of lightning: ſhe might have tainted the Atmoſphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have ſcattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in ſuch ſublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has ſomething in it more juſt, as well as great, than all that the moſt fanciful Poet could have beſtowed upon her in the richneſs of his imagination.

N° 363. *Saturday, April* 26.

--------Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago. Virg.

MILTON has ſhewn a wonderful art in deſcribing that variety of paſſions which aroſe in our firſt Parents upon the breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We ſee them gradually paſſing from the triumph of their Guilt through Remorſe, Shame, Deſpair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are repreſented as proſtrating themſelves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the Poet joins this beautiful circumſtance, that they offer'd up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their ſentence.

——They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground——

There

There is a beauty of the ſame kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes, inſtead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furniſhes ſo elegant an entertainment for our *Engliſh* Audience) deſires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was expoſed in his infancy, and where he ſhould then have died, had the Will of his parents been executed.

As the Author never fails to give a poetical turn to his ſentiments, he deſcribes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which theſe their prayers met with, in a ſhort Allegory formed upon that beautiful paſſage in holy Writ; *And another Angel came and ſtood at the Altar, having a golden cenſer; and there was given unto him much incenſe, that he ſhould offer it with the prayers of all Saints upon the golden Altar, which was before the Throne: and the ſmoak of the incenſe which came with the prayers of the Saints aſcended up before God.*

——To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incenſe, where the golden Altar fumed,
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne———

We have the ſame thought expreſſed a ſecond time in the interceſſion of the *Meſſiah*, which is conceived in very emphatic ſentiments and expreſſions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture which *Milton* has ſo finely wrought into this part of his narration, I muſt not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* ſpeaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a viſion, adds, that *every one had four faces*, and that *their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.*

——The Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, *all their ſhape*
Spangled with eyes———

The aſſembling of all the Angels of heaven to hear the ſolemn decree paſſed upon man, is repreſented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here deſcribed as remembring Mercy in the midſt of Judgment, and com-

manding *Michael* to deliver his meſſage in the mildeſt terms, leaſt the ſpirit of man, which was already broken with the ſenſe of his Guilt and Miſery, ſhould fail before him.

——Yet leaſt they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
(For I behold them ſoftned, and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs) all terror hide.

The conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving ſentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had paſſed together, they diſcover the Lion and the Eagle purſuing each of them their prey towards the eaſtern gates of *Paradiſe*. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it preſents great and juſt Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expreſſes that Enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The Poet, to ſhew the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble prodigy, repreſents the Sun in an eclipſe. This particular incident has likewiſe a fine effect upon the imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the ſame time that the Sun is under an eclipſe, a bright cloud deſcends in the weſtern quarter of the heavens, filled with an hoſt of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it ſelf. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its luſtre and magnificence.

——Why in the eaſt
Darkneſs e'er day's mid-courſe, and morning light
More orient in that weſtern cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And ſlow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition———

I need not obſerve how properly this Author, who always ſuits his parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulſion of our firſt Parents from *Paradiſe*. The Archangel on this occaſion neither appears in his proper ſhape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the ſociable ſpirit entertained the Father of mankind before

fore the Fall. His perſon, his port, and behaviour are ſuitable to a ſpirit of the higheſt rank, and exquiſitely deſcribed in the following paſſage.

——Th' Archangel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibæan, *or the grain*
Of Sarra, *worn by Kings and Heroes old*
In time of Truce; Iris *had dipt the wooff.*
His ſtarry helm, unbuckled, ſhew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; *by his ſide*
As in a gliſtring zodiac hung the ſword,
Satan's *dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.*
Adam *bow'd low: he kingly from his ſtate*
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Eve's complaint upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the Garden of *Paradiſe* is wonderfully beautiful: the ſentiments are not only proper to the ſubject, but have ſomething in them particularly ſoft and womaniſh.

Muſt I then leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flow'rs
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation and my laſt
At Even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave you names;
Who now ſhall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet: from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild, how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's ſpeech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, and of a more maſculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more ſublime and poetical than the following paſſage in it.

This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I ſhall be hid, deprived
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſafed
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums and fruits and flowers.
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promiſed race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt skirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.

The Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the higheſt mount of *Paradiſe*, and lays before him a whole Hemiſphere, as a proper ſtage for thoſe viſions which were to be repreſented on it. I have before obſerved how the plan of *Milton*'s Poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil*'s Hero, in the laſt of theſe Poems, is entertained with a ſight of all thoſe who are to deſcend from him; but though that Epiſode is juſtly admired as one of the nobleſt deſigns in the whole *Æneid*, every one muſt allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam*'s viſion is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole ſpecies.

In this great review which *Adam* takes of all his ſons and daughters, the firſt objects he is preſented with exhibit to him the ſtory of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much cloſeneſs and propriety of expreſſion. That curioſity and natural horror which ariſes in *Adam* at the ſight of the firſt dying man, is touched with great beauty.

But have I now ſeen Death? is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight

Of

Of terror foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The ſecond Viſion ſets before him the image of Death in a great variety of appearances. The Angel, to give him a general idea of thoſe effects which his guilt had brought upon his poſterity, places before him a large Hoſpital, or Lazar-houſe, fill'd with perſons lying under all kinds of mortal diſeaſes. How finely has the Poet told us that the ſick perſons languiſhed under lingring and incurable diſtempers, by an apt and judicious uſe of ſuch imaginary Beings as thoſe I mentioned in my laſt paper.

Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans, Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death *his dart*
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good and final hope.

The paſſion which likewiſe riſes in *Adam* on this occaſion is very natural.

Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam *could not, but wept,*
Tho' not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up in tears.

The diſcourſe between the Angel and *Adam* which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contraſt and oppoſition of incidents, the Author, after this melancholy proſpect of death and ſickneſs, raiſes up a ſcene of mirth, love, and jollity. The ſecret pleaſure that ſteals into *Adam*'s heart as he is intent upon this viſion, is imagined with great delicacy. I muſt not omit the deſcription of the looſe female troup, who ſeduced the ſons of God, as they are called in ſcripture.

For that fair female troupe thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtick honour and chief praiſe;
Bred only and compleated to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,

To

To dreſs and troule the tongue, and roul the eye.
To theſe that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
Religious titled them the ſons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of thoſe fair Atheiſts ———————

The next viſion is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. *Adam* at the ſight of it melts into tears, and breaks out in that paſſionate ſpeech,

———————*O what are theſe*
Death's miniſters, not men: who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his Viſions, after having raiſed in the mind of his Reader the ſeveral ideas of terror which are conformable to the deſcription of war: paſſes on to thoſe ſofter images of triumphs and feſtivals, in that viſion of lewdneſs and luxury which uſhers in the flood.

As it is viſible that the Poet had his eye upon *Ovid*'s account of the univerſal Deluge, the Reader may obſerve with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here ſee the wolf ſwimming among the ſheep, nor any of thoſe wanton imaginations which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great cataſtrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that verſe in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but ſea, and that this ſea had no ſhore to it, he has not ſet the thought in ſuch a light as to incur the cenſure which Critics have paſſed upon it. The latter part of that verſe in *Ovid* is idle and ſuperfluous, but juſt and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant,
Nil niſi pontus erat, deërant quoque littora ponto. Ovid.

———————*Sea cover'd ſea,*
Sea without ſhore——————— Milton.

In *Milton* the former part of the deſcription does not foreſtall the latter. How much more great and ſolemn on this occaſion is that which follows in our *Engliſh* Poet, ——*And*

——————And in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled——————

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-calves lay in thoſe places where the goats were uſed to browze? The Reader may find ſeveral other parallel paſſages in the *Latin* and *Engliſh* deſcription of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has viſibly the advantage. The sky's being over-charged with clouds, the deſcending of the rains, the riſing of the ſeas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are ſuch deſcriptions as every one muſt take notice of. The circumſtance relating to *Paradiſe* is ſo finely imagined and ſuitable to the opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

——————Then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-mews clang.

The tranſition which the Poet makes from the viſion of the Deluge, to the concern it occaſioned in *Adam*, is exquiſitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the firſt thought it introduces is rather in the ſpirit of *Ovid*.

How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, *to behold*
The end of all thy off-ſpring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation; thee another flood
Of tears and ſorrow, a flood thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy ſons; 'till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtoodſt at laſt
Though comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, becauſe it is not generally reckoned among the moſt ſhining books of this Poem; for which reaſon the Reader might be apt to overlook thoſe many paſſages in it which deſerve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that ſingle circumſtance

cumſtance of the removal of our firſt parents from *Paradiſe*; but though this is not in it ſelf ſo great a ſubject as that in moſt of the foregoing books, it is extended and diverſified with ſo many ſurprizing incidents and pleaſing Epiſodes, that theſe two laſt books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine Poem. I muſt further add, that had not *Milton* repreſented our firſt parents as driven out of *Paradiſe*, his Fall of man would not have been compleat, and conſequently his Action would have been imperfect.

N° 369. *Saturday, May* 3.

Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aures,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus---- Hor.

MILTON, after having repreſented in viſion the hiſtory of mankind to the firſt great period of nature, diſpatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has deviſed a very handſome reaſon for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtleſs the true reaſon was the difficulty which the Poet would have found to have ſhadowed out ſo mix'd and complicated a ſtory in viſible objects. I could wiſh, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have coſt him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the hiſtory of mankind in Viſion, and part in Narrative, is as if an Hiſtory-painter ſhould put in colours one half of his ſubject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton*'s Poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in ſome places the author has been ſo attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, riſes very happily on ſeveral occaſions, where the ſubject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confuſion which he deſcribes among the builders of *Babel*, and in his ſhort sketch of the plagues of *Ægypt*. The ſtorm of hail and fire, with the darkneſs that overſpread the land for three days, are deſcribed with great ſtrength. The beautiful paſſage which follows, is raiſed upon noble hints in ſcripture. ——*Thus*

——————Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tamed at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two cryſtal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes, *ſo to ſtand*
Divided——————

The *River-dragon* is an alluſion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Ægypt* derives her plenty. This alluſion is taken from that ſublime paſſage in *Ezekiel*; *Thus ſaith the Lord God, Behold I am againſt thee* Pharaoh *King of* Egypt, *the great Dragon that lieth in the midſt of his rivers, which hath ſaid, My river is mine own, and I have made it for my ſelf.* *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical image in the ſame deſcription, which is copied almoſt word for word out of the hiſtory of *Moſes*.

All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends betweeen till morning watch;
Then thro' the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels: *when by command*
Moſes *once more his potent rod extends*
Over the ſea; *the ſea his rod obeys*;
On their embattell'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war:——————

As the principal deſign of this *Epiſode* was to give *Adam* an idea of the holy perſon, who was to re-inſtate humane nature in that happineſs and perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himſelf to the line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Meſſiah* was to deſcend. The Angel is deſcribed as ſeeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promiſe*, which gives a particular livelineſs to this part of the narration.

I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native ſoil
Ur *of* Chaldæa, *paſſing now the ford*

To Haran, *after him a cumbrous train*
Of herds and flocks and numerous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan *he now attains, I ſee his Tents*
Pitcht about Sechem, *and the neighbouring plain*
Of Moreh, *there by promiſe he receives*
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath *northward to the deſert ſouth,*
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)

As *Virgil*'s Viſion in the ſixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the hint of this whole *Epiſode*, the laſt line is a tranſlation of that verſe, where *Anchiſes* mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc ſunt ſine nomine terræ.

The Poet has very finely repreſented the joy and gladneſs of heart which riſes in *Adam* upon his diſcovery of the *Meſſiah*. As he ſees his day at a diſtance through types and ſhadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man compleated, and *Paradiſe* again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and tranſport,

O Goodneſs infinite, Goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my ſixth paper on *Milton*, that an Heroic Poem, according to the opinion of the beſt Critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, ſorrows and diſquietudes, in a ſtate of tranquillity and ſatisfaction. *Milton*'s Fable, which had ſo many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has ſhewn a moſt exquiſite judgment, as well as the fineſt invention, by finding out a method to ſupply this natural defect in his ſubject. Accordingly he leaves the adverſary of mankind, in the laſt view which he gives us of him, under the loweſt ſtate of mortification and diſappointment. We ſee him chewing aſhes, grovelling in the duſt, and loaden with ſupernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two firſt Parents are comforted by Dreams and Viſions, cheared with promiſes of ſalvation, and, in a manner, raiſed to a greater happineſs than that which they had forfeited: In ſhort, *Satan* is repreſented miſerable in the height of his triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of miſery.

Milton's

Milton's Poem ends very nobly. The laſt ſpeeches of *Adam* and the Arch-Angel are full of moral and inſtructive ſentiments. The ſleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the effects it had in quieting the diſorders of her mind, produces the ſame kind of conſolation in the Reader, who cannot peruſe the laſt beautiful ſpeech which is aſcribed to the Mother of mankind, without a ſecret pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep; and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This farther conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.

The following lines, which conclude the Poem, riſe in a moſt glorious blaze of poetical images and expreſſions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopics* acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not ſtir their feet, nor proceed ſtep by ſtep, but ſlide over the ſurface of the earth by an uniform ſwimming of the whole body. The Reader may obſerve with how poetical a deſcription *Milton* has attributed the ſame kind of motion to the Angels who were to take poſſeſſion of *Paradiſe*.

So ſpake our Mother Eve, *and* Adam *heard*
Well-pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning miſt,
Ris'n from a river, o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd

The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet———

The Author helped his invention in the following paſſage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel, who, in holy Writ, has the conduct of *Lot* and his family. The circumſtances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made uſe of on this occaſion.

In either hand the haſtning Angel caught
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the eaſtern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, &c.

The ſcene which our firſt Parents are ſurprized with upon their looking back on *Paradiſe*, wonderfully ſtrikes the Reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they ſhed on that occaſion.

They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, *ſo late their happy ſeat,*
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them ſoon.
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

If I might preſume to offer at the ſmalleſt alteration in this divine work, I ſhould think the Poem would end better with the paſſage here quoted, than with the two verſes which follow:

They hand in hand with wandring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden *took their ſolitary way.*

Theſe two verſes, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing paſſage, and renew in the mind of the Reader that anguiſh which was pretty well laid by that conſideration,

The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in *Paradiſe Loſt* is equal to thoſe of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his firſt edition had divided his Poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the ſeventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of ſome ſmall additions. This ſecond diviſion

diviſion was made with great judgment, as any one may ſee who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the ſake of ſuch a chimerical beauty as that of reſembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more juſt and regular diſpoſition of this great work.

Thoſe who have read *Boſſu*, and many of the Critics who have written ſince his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradiſe Loſt*. Though I can by no means think, with the laſt-mentioned *French* Author, that an Epic Writer firſt of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a ſtory to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no juſt Heroic Poem ever was, or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the moſt univerſal and moſt uſeful that can be imagined; it is in ſhort this, *that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that diſobedience makes them miſerable.* This is viſibly the moral of the principal Fable which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradiſe* while they kept the Command that was given them, and were driven out of it as ſoon as they had tranſgreſſed. This is likewiſe the moral of the principal Epiſode, which ſhews us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their ſtate of bliſs, and were caſt into hell, upon their diſobedience. Beſides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the ſoul of the Fable, there are an infinity of under morals which are to be drawn from the ſeveral parts of the Poem, and which makes this work more uſeful and inſtructive than any other Poem in any language.

Thoſe who have criticiſed on the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months or days contained in the action of each of thoſe Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam*'s firſt appearance in the fourth book, to his expulſion from *Paradiſe* in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is deſcribed in the three firſt books, as it does not paſs within the regions of nature, I have before obſerved that it is not ſubject to any calculations of time.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on a work which does an honour to the *Engliſh* nation. I have taken a general view of it under thoſe four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the ſubject of a particular paper. I have in the next place ſpoken of the Cenſures which our Author may incur under each of

of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being sublime; others by being soft; others by being natural: which of them are recommended by the passion; which by the moral; which by the sentiment; and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy invention; a distant allusion; or a judicious imitation: how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages of *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such quotations, as might do more honour to the *Italian* than *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entred upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, gives me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

Tuesday,

N° 269. *Tuesday, January* 8.

------Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas------- Ov.

I Was this morning surprized with a great knocking at the door, when my Landlady's daughter came up to me and told me there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in *Grays-Inn* walks. As I was wondring in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince *Eugene*, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn* walks, but I heard my friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his Chaplain

was

was very well, and much at my service, and that the *Sunday* before, he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Doctor *Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busie all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every Gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holydays, for Sir ROGER, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at *Christmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and *Christmas* gambols to support them. I love to rejoyce their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend *Will. Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of

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the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of *England*, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid Diſſenter, who chanced to dine at his houſe on *Chriſtmas* day, had been obſerved to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having diſpatched all our country matters, Sir ROGER made ſeveral enquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagoniſt Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of ſmile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the advantage of his abſence, to vent among them ſome of his Republican doctrines; but ſoon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary ſerioufneſs, Tell me truly, ſays he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a hand in the Pope's proceſſion —— but without giving me time to anſwer him, Well, well, ſays he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of publick matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had ſeen Prince *Eugene*; and made me promiſe to get him a ſtand in ſome convenient place where he might have a full ſight of that extraordinary man, whoſe preſence does ſo much honour to the *Britiſh* nation. He dwelt very long on the praiſes of this great General, and I found that ſince I was with him in the country, he had drawn many obſervations together out of his reading in *Baker*'s Chronicle, and other Authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this Prince.

Having paſſed away the greateſt part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would ſmoke a pipe with him over a diſh of Coffee at *Squire*'s. As I love the old man, I take a delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-houſe, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of Tobacco, a diſh of Coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with ſuch an air of cheerfulneſs and good humour, that all the boys in the Coffee-room (who ſeemed to take pleaſure in ſerving him) were at once employed on his ſeveral errands, inſomuch that no body elſe could come at a diſh of Tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniencies about him.

N° 271. *Thurſday, January* 10.

Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores. Virg.

I Receive a double advantage from the letters of my correſpondents; firſt, as they ſhew me which of my papers are moſt acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furniſh me with materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make uſe of the letter it ſelf, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; ſometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of ſpeaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the ſenſe) omit the many compliments and applauſes which are uſually beſtowed upon me.

Beſides the two advantages above-mentioned, which I receive from the letters that are ſent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the ſubſcribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the eaſe, both of my ſelf and Reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to my ſelf, and am the only punctual correſpondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the publick ſtuffed with my own commendations, and if, inſtead of endeavouring to divert or inſtruct my Readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I ſhall leave theſe wiſe conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

SIR,

"I Was laſt *Thurſday* in an aſſembly of Ladies, where there were thir-
" teen different coloured hoods. Your *Spectator* of that day
" lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did
" with a very clear voice, till I came to the *Greek* verſe at the end of it.
" I muſt confeſs I was a little ſtartled at its popping upon me ſo unexpect-
" edly; however, I covered my confuſion as well as I could, and after
" having

" having muttered two or three hard words to my self, laught heartily, " and cryed, *A very good Jest, Faith.* The Ladies desired me to ex- " plain it to them, but I begg'd their pardon for that, and told them " that if it had been proper for them to hear, they may be sure the Au- " thor would not have wrapt it up in *Greek.* I then let drop several " expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken " before a company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron of the assembly, " who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion " of the Writer, for having thrown his filthy thoughts into *Greek*, which " was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same time she " declared her self very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive " opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; for to tell you truly, says she, " I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to shew our heads. Now, " Sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident happened to me in a " company of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I " have consulted one who is very well versed in the *Greek* language, and " he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more, " than that *manners and not dress are the ornaments of a woman.* If " this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very " hard put to it to bring my self off handsomely. In the mean while I " give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray " any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniencies. It is in the " number of these that I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Tom. Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" YOUR Readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir " ROGER DE COVERLY, that there appeared a sensible joy in " every Coffee-house, upon hearing the old Knight was come to town. " I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request " to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or bal- " cony where the Knight intends to make his appearance. He has al- " ready given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at *Squire's* " Coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short face at Sir ROGER'S " left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great " a favour.

I am, SIR,

Your most devoted humble Servant, C. D.

SIR,

"KNOWING you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curi-
" ous in nature, I will wait on you if you please in the dusk of the
" evening, with my *Show* upon my back, which I carry about with me in
" a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and an horse. The two first
" are married, in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted him-
" self, that his Lady is with child. The big-bellied woman, and her
" husband, with their whimsical palfry, are so very light, that when they
" are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the
" whole family. The little man is a bully in his nature; but when he
" grows choleric I confine him to his box 'till his wrath is over, by which
" means I have hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His Horse
" is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close
" to his manger with a pack-thread. The woman is a Coquet. She
" struts as much as it is possible for a Lady of two foot high, and would
" ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large pin-cushi-
" on sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the
" other day, that she heard the Ladies wore coloured hoods, and order-
" ed me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced to comply with
" her demands while she is in her present condition, being very wil-
" ling to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may
" produce me, but provided it be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied.
" Such novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the *British*
" *Spectator*; for which reason I hope you will excuse this presump-
" tion in,

Your most Dutiful, most Obedient,

and most humble Servant, S. T.

Tuesday,

N° 275. *Tuesday, January* 15.

------*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*----- Juv.

I Was yesterday engaged in an assembly of Virtuoso's, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a *Beau*'s *head* and of a *Coquette*'s *heart*, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a Beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our modern Philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horney substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We

We obſerved a large *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace and embroidery, wrought together in a moſt curious piece of Network, the parts of which were likewiſe imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of theſe *Antrums* or Cavities was ſtuffed with inviſible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the ſame nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which ſet the whole company a ſneezing, and by the ſcent diſcovered it ſelf to be right *Spaniſh*. The ſeveral other Cells were ſtored with commodities of the ſame kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each ſide of the head, which I muſt not omit. That on the right ſide was filled with fictions, flatteries and falſhoods, vows, promiſes and proteſtations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There iſſued out a *Duct* from each of theſe Cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joyned together, and paſſed forward in one common *Duct* to the tip of it. We diſcovered ſeveral little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their ſeveral paſſages. One of them extended it ſelf to a bundle of Sonnets and little muſical inſtruments. Others ended in ſeveral bladders which were filled with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of ſpongy ſubſtance, which the *French* Anatomiſts call *Galimatias*, and the *Engliſh*, Nonſenſe.

The skins of the forehead were extreamly tough and thick, and what very much ſurprized us, had not in them any ſingle blood-veſſel that we were able to diſcover, either with or without our glaſſes; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive muſt have been entirely deprived of the faculty of bluſhing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly ſtuffed, and in ſome places damaged with ſnuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that ſmall muſcle, which is not often diſcovered in diſſections, and draws the noſe upwards, when it expreſſes the contempt which the owner of it has, upon ſeeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not underſtand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that muſcle which performs the motion ſo often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his noſe, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, ſaving only, that the *Muſculi Amatorii*, or, as we may tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, the *Ogling Muſcles*,

Muſcles, were very much worn and decayed with uſe; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muſcle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been uſed at all.

I have only mentioned in this diſſection ſuch new diſcoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of thoſe parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward ſhape and figure of the head, we could not diſcover any difference from what we obſerve in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the perſon to whom this head belonged, had paſſed for a *Man* above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dreſſed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular occaſions had acquitted himſelf tolerably at a Ball or an Aſſembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-ſhovel, having been ſurprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendring ſome civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and it ſeveral kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, ſuch as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aſide under a broad piece of ſcarlet cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great repoſitory of diſſections; our Operator telling us that the preparation would not be ſo difficult as that of another brain, for that he had obſerved ſeveral of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial ſubſtance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-ſilver.

He applied himſelf in the next place to the *Coquette*'s heart, which he likewiſe laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this diſſection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's memory too much, I ſhall reſerve this ſubject for the Speculation of another day.

Tueſday,

N° 281. *Tuesday, January 22.*

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta. Virg.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a *Coquette's Heart*, and communicate to the publick such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the Coquette, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult, than to lay open the heart of a Coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entred and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in Anatomy knows, that this *Pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopt here, are condensed into this watry substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a Coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually enclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the Atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill shaped perriwig, a clumsie pair of shooes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house: nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the case and liquor abovementioned, we came to the heart it self. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at when upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the apartments of *Rosamond*'s bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our Microscope to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the Lady of this heart, when living, received the addreſſes of ſeveral who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one ſhe converſed with believe that ſhe regarded him with an eye of kindneſs; for which reaſon we expected to have ſeen the impreſſion of multitudes of faces among the ſeveral plaites and foldings of the heart, but to our great ſurprize not a ſingle print of this nature diſcovered it ſelf 'till we came into the very core and center of it. We there obſerved a little figure, which, upon applying our glaſſes to it, appeared dreſſed in a very fantaſtick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had ſeen the face before, but could not poſſibly recollect either the place or time; when at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the reſt, ſhewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the ſeveral turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceaſed Beau, whoſe head I gave ſome account of in my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper.

As ſoon as we had finiſhed our diſſection, we reſolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among our ſelves the nature of its ſubſtance, which differed in ſo many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we obſerved in it a certain Salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midſt of fire and flame, without being conſumed, or ſo much as ſinged.

As we were admiring this ſtrange *Phænomenon*, and ſtanding round the heart in the circle, it gave a moſt prodigious ſigh or rather crack, and diſperſed all at once in ſmoke and vapour. This imaginary noiſe, which methoughts was louder than the burſt of a cannon, produced ſuch a violent ſhake in my brain, that it diſſipated the fumes of ſleep, and left me in an inſtant broad awake.

Saturday,

N° 287. *Tuesday, January* 29.

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νῦν ἐχθοῖ κτῆμα; ——— Menand.

I Look upon it as a peculiar happineſs, that were I to chuſe of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I ſhould moſt certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is eſtabliſhed in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reaſon and conviction; but if I ſhall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am ſure it is an honeſt prejudice, it is a prejudice that ariſes from the love of my country, and therefore ſuch an one as I will always indulge. I have in ſeveral papers endeavoured to expreſs my duty and eſteem for the Church of *England*, and deſign this as an Eſſay upon the civil part of our Conſtitution, having often entertained my ſelf with reflections on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the moſt reaſonable, which is moſt conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be conſiſtent with publick peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one man from ſubjection to another, ſo far as the order and oeconomy of government will permit.

Liberty ſhould reach every individual of a people, as they all ſhare one common nature; if it only ſpreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, ſince ſuch a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of thoſe who are deprived of it, by ſetting before them a diſagreeable ſubject of compariſon.

This liberty is beſt preſerved, where the Legiſlative power is lodged in ſeveral perſons, eſpecially if thoſe perſons are of different ranks and intereſts; for where they are of the ſame rank, and conſequently have an intereſt to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a Deſpotical government in a ſingle perſon. But the greateſt ſecurity a people can have for their liberty, is when the Legiſlative power is in the hands

of perſons ſo happily diſtinguiſhed, that by providing for the particular intereſt of their ſeveral ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common intereſt with at leaſt one part of the Legiſlators.

If there be but one body of Legiſlators, it is no better than a Tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a caſting voice, and one of them muſt at length be ſwallowed up by diſputes and contentions that will neceſſarily ariſe between them. Four would have the ſame inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cauſe too much confuſion. I could never read a paſſage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this purpoſe, without a ſecret pleaſure in applying it to the *Engliſh* conſtitution, which it ſuits much better than the *Roman*. Both theſe great Authors give the Pre-eminence to a mixt government conſiſting of three branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the Popular. They had doubtleſs in their thoughts the conſtitution of the *Roman* Common-wealth, in which the Conſul repreſented the King; the Senate, the Nobles; and the Tribunes the people. This diviſion of the three powers in the *Roman* conſtitution was by no means ſo diſtinct and natural, as it is in the *Engliſh* form of government. Among ſeveral objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are thoſe that affect the Conſular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a caſting voice in it; for which reaſon, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other ſat at home, the publick buſineſs was ſometimes at a ſtand, while the Conſuls pulled two different ways in it. Beſides, I do not find that the Conſuls had ever a negative voice in the paſſing of a law, or decree of Senate, ſo that indeed they were rather the chief body of the Nobility, or the firſt Miniſters of State, than a diſtinct branch of the Sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the Legiſlature. Had the Conſuls been inveſted with the regal authority to as great a degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any occaſions for a Dictatorſhip, which had in it the power of the three orders, and ended in the ſubverſion of the whole conſtitution.

Such an hiſtory as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a ſucceſſion of abſolute Princes, is to me an unanſwerable argument againſt Deſpotick power. Where the Prince is a man of wiſdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is abſolute; but ſince in the common run of mankind, for one that is wiſe and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to ſtand to its chance, or to have its publick happineſs or miſery to depend on the virtues or vices of a ſingle

perſon

Perſon. Look into the hiſtorian I have mentioned, or into any ſeries of abſolute Princes, how many Tyrants muſt you read through, before you come at an Emperor that is ſupportable? But this is not all; an honeſt private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an abſolute Prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleaſes with impunity, you extinguiſh his fear, and conſequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to great Empires, when in the poſſeſſion of them, have become ſuch monſters of luſt and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature?

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, ſay they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodneſs and juſtice, I ſhould be for following this great model; but where goodneſs and juſtice are not eſſential to the ruler, I would by no means put my ſelf into his hands to be diſpoſed of according to his particular will and pleaſure.

It is odd to conſider the connection between Deſpotic government and Barbarity, and how the making of one perſon more than man, makes the reſt leſs. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the loweſt ſtate of ſlavery, and conſequently ſunk into the moſt groſs and brutal ignorance. *European* ſlavery is indeed a ſtate of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three diviſions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that thoſe who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly deſtitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where theſe abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flouriſh. As a man muſt have no ſlaviſh fears and apprehenſions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or ſpeculation, and puſh his reſearches into all the abſtruſe corners of truth; ſo it is neceſſary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniencies of life.

The firſt thing every one looks after, is to provide himſelf with neceſſaries. This point will engroſs our thoughts 'till it be ſatisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleaſures and amuſements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whoſe pleaſures will lie in reading and contemplation. Theſe are the two great ſources of knowledge, and as men grow wiſe they naturally love to communicate their diſcoveries; and others ſeeing the happineſs of ſuch a learned life, and improving by their converſation, emulate, imitate, and ſurpaſs one another, 'till a nation is filled with races of wiſe and under-

underſtanding perſons. Eaſe and plenty are therefore the great cheriſhers of knowledge; and as moſt of the deſpotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithſtanding ſeveral of its Princes are abſolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning, but the reaſon is becauſe the ſubjects are many of them rich and wealthy; the Prince not thinking fit to exert himſelf in his full tyranny like the Princes of the Eaſtern nations, leaſt his ſubjects ſhould be invited to new-mould their conſtitution, having ſo many proſpects of liberty within their view. But in all deſpotic governments, though a particular Prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may obſerve from *Auguſtus*'s reign, how the *Romans* loſt themſelves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the moſt barbarous nations that ſurrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from thoſe at preſent; ſo different are the Genius's which are formed under *Turkiſh* ſlavery, and *Grecian* liberty.

Beſides poverty and want, there are other reaſons that debaſe the minds of men, who live under ſlavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of deſpotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not inſiſted upon by others, is, I think, an unanſwerable argument againſt that form of government, as it ſhews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil inſtitutions.

N° 289. *Thurſday, January* 31.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam. Hor.

UPON taking my ſeat in a Coffee-houſe I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hotteſt ſeaſons of News, and at a time that perhaps the *Dutch* mail is juſt come in, they hear me aſk the Coffee-man for his laſt week's bill of mortality: I find that I have been ſometimes taken on this occaſion for a Pariſh Sexton, ſome-

ſometimes for an Undertaker, and ſometimes for a Doctor of phyſic. In this, however, I am guided by the ſpirit of a Philoſopher, as I take occaſion from hence to reflect upon the regular encreaſe and diminution of mankind, and conſider the ſeveral various ways through which we paſs from life to eternity. I am very well pleaſed with theſe weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind ſuch thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reaſonable creature; and can conſider, with pleaſure to my ſelf, by which of thoſe deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, diſtempers, I may poſſibly make my eſcape out of this world of ſorrows, into that condition of exiſtence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is poſſible for me at preſent to conceive.

But this is not all the uſe I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A Bill of Mortality is in my opinion an unanſwerable argument for a Providence; how can we, without ſuppoſing our ſelves under the conſtant care of a Supreme Being, give any poſſible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males, and that of females, who are brought into the world? what elſe could adjuſt in ſo exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its loſſes, and divide theſe new ſupplies of people into ſuch equal bodies of both ſexes? Chance could never hold the ballance with ſo ſteady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent ſupervifor, we ſhould ſometimes be over-charged with multitudes, and at others waſte away into a deſart: we ſhould be ſometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expreſſes it, *a generation of males*, and at others a ſpecies of women. We may extend this conſideration to every ſpecies of living creatures, and conſider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of an innumerable *Corps*, if I may uſe that term, whoſe quota's have been kept entire near five thouſand years, in ſo wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a ſingle ſpecies loſt during this long tract of time. Could we have general Bills of Mortality of every kind of animal, or particular ones of every ſpecies in each continent and iſland, I could almoſt ſay in every wood, marſh or mountain, what aſtoniſhing inſtances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man in the *Romiſh* Church, who upon reading thoſe words in the fifth chapter of *Geneſis*, *And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuſalah were nine hundred and ſixty nine years, and he died*; immediately

immediately ſhut himſelf up in a Convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth purſuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in hiſtory which is ſo improving to the Reader, as thoſe accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent perſons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful ſeaſon. I may alſo add, that there are no parts in hiſtory which affect and pleaſe the Reader in ſo ſenſible a manner. The reaſon I take to be this, becauſe there is no other ſingle circumſtance in the ſtory of any perſon, which can poſſibly be the caſe of every one who reads it. A Battle or a Triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we ſee a perſon at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he ſays or does, becauſe we are ſure, that ſome time or other we ſhall our ſelves be in the ſame melancholy circumſtances. The General, the Stateſman, or the Philoſopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, ſooner or later, we ſhall certainly reſemble.

It is perhaps, for the ſame kind of reaſon that few books, written in *Engliſh*, have been ſo much peruſed as Doctor *Sherlock*'s Diſcourſe upon Death; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that he who has not peruſed this excellent Piece, has not perhaps read one of the ſtrongeſt perſuaſives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The conſideration, with which I ſhall cloſe this Eſſay upon Death, is one of the moſt ancient and moſt beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being ſo very common, and ſo univerſally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it ſhews that it falls in with the general ſenſe of mankind. In ſhort, I would have every one conſider, that he is in this life nothing more than a Paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his reſt here, but keep an attentive eye upon that ſtate of Being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This ſingle conſideration would be ſufficent to extinguiſh the bitterneſs of Hatred, the thirſt of Avarice, and the cruelty of Ambition.

I am very much pleaſed with the paſſage of *Antiphanes*, a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred years before *Socrates*, which repreſents the life of man under this view, as I have here tranſlated it word for word. *Be not grieved*, ſays he, *above meaſure for thy deceaſed friends. They are not dead, but have only finiſhed that journey which it is neceſſary for every one of us to take: We our ſelves muſt go to that great place*

place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of Being.

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where life is termed a Pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the Travels of Sir *John Chardin*; that Gentleman, after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia*, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the King's palace by a mistake, as thinking it to be a public Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some time he entred into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that Caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in, was not a Caravansary, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? the King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last person that lodged here? the King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? the King told him *that it was he himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? the King answered, *The young Prince his son*. "Ah Sir, said "the *Dervise*, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives "such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a Palace but a *Caravansary*

N° 293. *Tuesday, February 5.*

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη. Frag. Vet. Po.

THE famous *Gratian*, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal *Richlieu* used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the Cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good-fortune, his famous antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the Court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent Author, was *indirectly* accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good-fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason above-mentioned, namely, that a series of good-fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their Medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or Fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good-fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the supream eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason *Homer*'s and

Virgil's

Virgil's Heroes do not form a reſolution, or ſtrike a blow, without the conduct and direction of ſome Deity? doubtleſs becauſe the Poets eſteemed it the greateſt honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the beſt way of praiſing a man was, to recount thoſe favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the perſon on whom they deſcended.

Thoſe who believe a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, act very abſurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his ſucceſſes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our Being was concluded between our births and deaths, I ſhould think a man's good-fortune the meaſure and ſtandard of his real merit, ſince Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the preſent life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the preſſure of misfortunes, has reaſon to cry out, as they ſay *Brutus* did a little before his death, *O Virtue, I have worſhipped thee as a ſubſtantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.*

But to return to our firſt point. Though prudence does undoubtedly in a great meaſure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeſeen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the fineſt ſchemes that can be laid by human wiſdom. The race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong. Nothing leſs than infinite wiſdom can have an abſolute command over fortune; the higheſt degree of it which man can poſſeſs, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to ſuch contingencies as may riſe in the proſecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being ſo fortunate as he might poſſibly have been without it. A perſon who only aims at what is likely to ſucceed, and follows cloſely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with thoſe great and unforeſeen ſucceſſes, which are often the effect of a ſanguine temper, or a more happy raſhneſs; and this perhaps may be the reaſon, that according to the common obſervation, Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, ſince man is ſo ſhort-ſighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him ſo various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotſon*'s opinion in another caſe, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very deſireable there ſhould be ſuch a Being of infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, on whoſe direction we might rely in the conduct of humane life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem our selves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth* a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others who were enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly in the reverse of the Medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Afflavit Deus & dissipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered.*

It is remarked of a famous *Grecian* General, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of Fortune, that upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, *And in this Fortune had no share.* After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* Fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding it self lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! what an inconsiderable creature "am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! my existence is of no concern "to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than "the least of the works of God." It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this his humble soliloquy. The drop, says the Fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the *Persian* Diadem.

Thursday,

N° 295. *Thurſday, February* 7.

Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fæmina cenſum:
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat quanti ſibi gaudia conſtent. Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a "meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my "ſins, to a young woman of a good family, and of an high ſpirit; "but could not bring her to cloſe with me, before I had entered into a "treaty with her longer than that of the grand Alliance. Among other "articles, it was therein ſtipulated, that ſhe ſhould have 400 *l.* a year for "*Pin-money*, which I obliged my ſelf to pay quarterly into the hands of "one who acted as her Plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever ſince "religiouſly obſerved my part in this ſolemn agreement. Now, Sir, ſo "it is, that the Lady has had ſeveral children ſince I married her; to "which, if I ſhould credit our malicious neighbours, her *Pin-money* has "not a little contributed. The education of theſe my children, who, "contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, ſtreightens me "ſo much that I have begged their mother to free me from the obliga- "tion of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go towards making "a proviſion for her family. This propoſal makes her noble blood ſwell "in her veins, inſomuch that finding me a little tardy in her laſt quar- "ter's payment, ſhe threatens me every day to arreſt me; and proceeds "ſo far as to tell me, that if I do not do her juſtice, I ſhall dye in a jayl. "To this ſhe adds, when her paſſion will let her argue calmly, that ſhe "has ſeveral play-debts on her hand, which muſt be diſcharged very ſud- "denly, and that ſhe cannot loſe her money as becomes a woman of her "faſhion,

" fashion, if she makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, " you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a sub- " ject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any " precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find " any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of the " Civilians.

I am ever the humblest of your Admirers, Josiah Fribble, *Esq*;

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern Ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own dishonour. We may, indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this island? *A Pin a day*, says our frugal proverb, *is a groat a year*; so that according to this calculation, my friend *Fribble*'s wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British* Ladies alledge they comprehend under this general term several other conveniencies of life; I could therefore

fore wiſh, for the honour of my country-women, that they had rather called it *Needle-money*, which might have implied ſomething of good-houſewifry, and not have given the malicious world occaſion to think, that dreſs and trifle have always the uppermoſt place in a woman's thoughts.

I know ſeveral of my fair Readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a neceſſary proviſion to make for themſelves, in caſe their husband proves a churl or a miſer; ſo that they conſider this allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually ſeparating from their husbands. But with ſubmiſſion, I think a woman who will give up her ſelf to a man in marriage, where there is the leaſt room for ſuch an apprehenſion, and truſt her perſon to one whom ſhe will not rely on for the common neceſſaries of life, may very properly be accuſed (in the phraſe of an homely proverb) of being *penny wiſe and pound fooliſh*.

It is obſerved of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a battel without ſecuring a retreat, in caſe the event ſhould not anſwer their expectations; on the other hand, the greateſt Conquerors have burnt their ſhips, and broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to ſucceed or die in the engagement. In the ſame manner I ſhould very much ſuſpect a woman who takes ſuch precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how ſhe may live happily, without the affection of one to whom ſhe joins her ſelf for life. Separate purſes, between man and wife, are, in my opinion, as unnatural as ſeparate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, where the pleaſures, inclinations, and intereſts of both parties are not the ſame. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the ſenſe of a perſon's depending upon him for her eaſe and happineſs; as a woman uſes all her endeavours to pleaſe the perſon whom ſhe looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her ſupport.

For this reaſon I am not very much ſurprized at the behaviour of a rough country Squire, who, being not a little ſhocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of *Pin-money*, was ſo enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as ſhe thought him her ſlave, he would ſhew "all the world he did not care a pin for her. Upon which he flew out of the room, and never ſaw her more.

Socrates,

Socrates, in *Plato*'s *Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a tract of lands, and enquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the *Queen's girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's veil*, and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her Majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my friend, Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a Diamond-ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Colepit to keep her in clean linnen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a Windmill for her fans, and have presented her, once in three years, with the sheering of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine cloaths himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady *Coverly*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.

Tuesday,

N° 299. *Tuesday, February* 12.

Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum totâ Carthagine migra. Juv.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures, and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject-matter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"HAVING carefully perused a letter sent you by *Josiah Fribble*, "Esq; with your subsequent discourse upon *Pin-money*, I do "presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look "upon to be no less deplorable than that of Squire *Fribble*. I am a per- "son of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of "rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of "*Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting money, "insomuch that by the age of five and twenty I had scraped together "four thousand two hundred pounds, five shillings, and a few odd pence. "I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold tra- "der both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very con- "siderable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the

" thirty fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my " City-neighbours by the name of Sir *John Anvil*. Being in my tem- " per very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and ac- " cordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good " blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the Lady *Mary* " *Oddly*, an indigent young woman of Quality. To cut short the mar- " riage treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as our news-papers call it, " desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in " her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune, and the " regulation of my family, should be entirely in her hands. Her father " and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not " see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled, that they " dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums " of me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me with, when she " would shew me how kind her relations are to me. She had no Por- " tion, as I told you before, but what she wanted in fortune, she makes " up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir *John Envil*, and at " present writes her self *Mary Enville*. I have had some children by " her, whom she has christned with the Sirnames of her family, in order, " as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the " father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable *Oddly Enville*, Esq; " and our eldest daughter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her first coming into " my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had " been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of Black- " a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, be- " sides her *French*-woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the " house in a language which no body understands, except my Lady " *Mary*. She next set her self to reform every room of my house, ha- " ving glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glass, and planted " every corner with such heaps of *China*, that I am obliged to move " about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, " for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumi- " nation once a week with wax-candles in one of the largest rooms, in " order, as she phrases it, to see company. At which time she always " desires me to be abroad, or to confine my self to the cock-loft, that I " may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as " I told you before, are such beaus, that I do not much care for asking " them questions; when I do, they answer me with a sawcy frown, and " say that every thing, which I find fault with, was done by my Lady

" *Mary*'s

" *Mary*'s order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear swords " with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or " three persons of Quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their " sides. As soon as the first honey-moon was over, I represented to " her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in " my family; but she told me I was no longer to consider my self as Sir " *John Anvil*, but as her husband; and added, with a frown, that I did " not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after " such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given " me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me " in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to " her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their " infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know " the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their " mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a sea engage- " ment, that their great Grandfather had a horse shot under him at " *Edgehill*, that their Uncle was at the siege of *Buda*, and that her mo- " ther danced in a ball at court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with abun- " dance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was, the other day, a " little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter *Harriot*, " who asked me, with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them " of the generals and admirals that had been in *my* family. As for my " eldest son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he " does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew " his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he " expected to be used like a gentleman; upon my offering to correct " him for his insolence, my Lady *Mary* stept in between us, and told " me, that I ought to consider there was some difference between his " mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her " own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I " have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; " but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them " upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with " the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my " awkard tricks.

" You must farther know, since I am opening my heart to you, that " she thinks her self my superior in sense, as much as she is in quality, " and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not " know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right

" in point of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at " sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that " her great grandfather was a Flag officer.

" To compleat my sufferings, she has teised me for this quarter of a " year last past, to remove into one of the Squares at the other end of " the town, promising, for my encouragement, that I shall have as good " a Cock-loft as any Gentleman in the Square; to which the honourable " *Oddly Enville*, Esq; always adds, like a Jack-a-napes as he is, that he " hopes it will be as near the Court as possible.

" In short, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am so much out of my natural ele- " ment, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin " the world again, and be plain *Jack Anvill*; but alas! I am in for life, " and am bound to subscribe my self, with great sorrow of heart,

Your humble Servant, John Enville, *Knt.*

N° 305. *Tuesday, February* 19.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget---------- Virg.

OUR late News-papers being full of the project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for establishing a Political Academy, and I my self having received Letters from several Virtuoso's among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's Speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last *Friday* in the following words, translated from the Gazette of *Amsterdam*.

Paris, February 12. " It is confirmed, that the King has resolved to " establish a new Academy for Politics, of which the Marquess *de Tor-* " *cy*, Minister and Secretary of State, is to be protector. Six Academi- " cians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to " form this Academy, into which no person is to be admitted under " twenty

" twenty five years of age: they must likewise have each an estate of two " thousand livres a year, either in possession, or to come to them by in- " heritance. The King will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. " They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary " Sciences, and to instruct them in all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, " and others which have been made in several Ages past. These mem- " bers are to meet twice a week at the *Louvre*. From this Seminary " are to be chosen Secretaries to Ambassies, who by degrees may advance " to higher employments.

Cardinal *Richelieu*'s Politicks made *France* the terror of *Europe*. The Statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years, have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of Genius from meddling with Politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else to interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* seems resolved to make several young men in *France* as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private Letters add, that there will also be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam *de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into foreign Courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my Readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military Gentlemen.

The regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our attention. The Students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand *French* livres *per Annum*, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty six pounds *English*. This with the Royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in Coffee and Snuff; not to mention News-papers, Pen and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like necessaries for Politicians.

A man muſt be at leaſt five and twenty before he can be initiated into the myſteries of this Academy, though there is no queſtion but many grave perſons of a much more advanced age, who have been conſtant Readers of the *Paris* Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themſelves upon this Liſt of Politicians.

The Society of theſe hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the direction of ſix profeſſors, who, it ſeems, are to be ſpeculative Stateſmen, and drawn out of the body of the Royal Academy. Theſe ſix wiſe maſters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The firſt is to inſtruct the Students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the impreſſion of a Seal, to ſplit a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the Students have accompliſhed themſelves in this part of their profeſſion, they are to be delivered into the hands of their ſecond Inſtructor, who is a kind of *Poſture-maſter*.

This Artiſt is to teach them how to nod judiciouſly, to ſhrug up their ſhoulders in a dubious caſe, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of *Political Grimace*.

The third is a ſort of *Language-maſter*, who is to inſtruct them in the Stile proper for a Foreign Miniſter in his ordinary diſcourſe. And to the end that this College of Stateſmen may be thoroughly practiſed in the political ſtile, they are to make uſe of it in their common converſations, before they are employed either in foreign or domeſtic affairs. If one of them asks another, what a clock it is, the other is to anſwer him indirectly, and, if poſſible, to turn off the queſtion. If he is deſired to change a *Louis d'or*, he muſt beg time to conſider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Verſailles* or *Marly*, he muſt anſwer in a whiſper. If he be asked the news of the laſt *Gazette*, or the ſubject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it: or if he does not care for explaining himſelf ſo far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left ſhoulder.

The fourth profeſſor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect alſo in this practice, they are not to ſend a Note to one another (though it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavil)* which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth profeſſor, it is thought, will be choſen out of the ſociety of Jeſuits, and is to be well read in the controverſies of probable doctrines, mental reſervations, and the rights of Princes. This learned man

is

is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of *Treaty-Latin*; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great *Rabinical Secret*, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article, may both of them be true and valid.

When our Statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several Instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them lectures upon those important points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Stair-head*, to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures and proportions. In short, this Professor is to give the society their *stiffening*, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualifie them for Levées, Conferences, Visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be observed in this Society of unfledged Statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five and twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a Politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a block-head. Besides, I should be apprehensive least the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young *Machiavils* will, in a little time, turn their College upside-down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a sallad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring Prince or State.

We are told that the *Spartans*, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the Historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their Founder.

In

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of ſtateſmen; and as *Sylla* ſaw many *Marius's* in *Cæſar*, ſo I think we may diſcover many *Torcy*'s in this college of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of our ſelves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or St. *James*'s will be a match for it. Our Coffee-houſes are, indeed, very good inſtitutions, but whether or no theſe our *Britiſh* ſchools of politics may furniſh out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is ſet apart for that purpoſe, will deſerve our ſerious conſideration: eſpecially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than Stateſmen; and that on the contrary, *French* truth and *Britiſh* policy makes a conſpicuous figure *in* NOTHING, as the Earl of *Rocheſter* has very well obſerved in his admirable Poem upon that barren ſubject.

N° 311. *Tueſday, February* 26.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer eſt; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote ſagittæ. Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Am amazed that among all the variety of characters, with which "you have enriched your Speculations, you have never given us a "picture of thoſe audacious young fellows among us, who com- "monly go by the name of *Fortune-ſtealers*. You muſt know, Sir, I am "one who live in a continual apprehenſion of this ſort of people, that "lye in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be conſidered as "a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heireſs, "whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon "her ſelf as ſuch for above theſe ſix years. She is now in the eigh- "teenth year of her age. The Fortune-hunters have already caſt their "eyes upon her, and take care to plant themſelves in her view whene- "ver ſhe appears in any public aſſembly. I have my ſelf caught a young "jack-a-napes, with a pair of ſilver fringed gloves, in the very fact. You "muſt know, Sir, I have kept her as a priſoner of ſtate ever ſince ſhe "was in her teens. Her chamber windows are croſs-barred, ſhe is not "permitted

" permitted to go out of the houſe but with her keeper, who is a ſtayed " relation of my own; I have likewiſe forbid her the uſe of pen and ink " for this twelve months laſt paſt, and do not ſuffer a ban-box to be car- " ried into her room before it has been ſearched. Notwithſtanding theſe " precautions, I am at my wits end for fear of any ſudden ſurprize. " There were, two or three nights ago, ſome fiddles heard in the ſtreet, " which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall *Iriſh* " man, that has been walking before my houſe more than once this win- " ter. My kinſwoman likewiſe informs me, that the girl has talked to " her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that ſhe loves to " go to church more than ever ſhe did in her life. She gave me the ſlip " about a week ago, upon which my whole houſe was in alarm. I im- " mediately diſpatched a hue and cry after her to the Change, to her " mantua-maker, and to the young Ladies that viſit her; but after above " an hours ſearch ſhe returned of herſelf, having been taking a walk, as " ſhe told me, by *Roſamond*'s pond. I have hereupon turned off her " woman, doubled her guards, and given new inſtructions to my relati- " on, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her moti- " ons. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very " often watch when my daughter ſleeps, as I am afraid ſhe is even with " me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would deſire of you is, to repre- " ſent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their " fortunes by theſe indirect means, that ſtealing a man's daughter for the " ſake of her portion, is but a kind of tolerated robbery; and that they " make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this " manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be ſpeedy in your " thoughts on this ſubject, that, if poſſible, they may appear before the " diſbanding of the army.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant, Tim. Watchwell.

Themiſtocles, the great *Athenian* General, being asked whether he would chuſe to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthleſs man of an eſtate, replied, that he would prefer a man without an eſtate, to an eſtate without a man. The worſt of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are thoſe who turn their heads that way, becauſe they are good for nothing elſe. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of *Cook* and *Littleton*, he provides himſelf with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premiſes.

The ſame art of ſcaling has likewiſe been practiſed with good ſucceſs by many military ingineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and induſtry ſuperfluous, and cut ſhort the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a leſs motive than idleneſs to this kind of mercenary purſuit. A Fop who admires his perſon in a glaſs, ſoon enters into a reſolution of making his fortune by it, not queſtioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much juſtice as he does himſelf. When an heireſs ſees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, ſhe ought to look to her ſelf; but if withal ſhe obſerves a pair of red-heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dreſs, ſhe cannot take too much care of her perſon. Theſe are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with theſe qualifications is ſo well known, that I am credibly informed there are ſeveral female undertakers about the Change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furniſh him with proper dreſs from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We muſt however diſtinguiſh between fortune-hunters and fortune-ſtealers. The firſt are thoſe aſſiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chace, without ever coming at the quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at the Ladies for thirty years together, and taken his ſtand in a ſide box, 'till he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the ſame ſnares for the preſent generation of beauties, which he practiſed on their mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley*'s ballad of miſtreſſes, was at laſt ſmitten with a city Lady of 20000 *l.* ſterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor muſt I here omit my worthy friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years ſucceſſively, upon the death of a childleſs rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horſe, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill ſucceſs, WILL with his uſual gaiety tells us, that he always found her præ-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is ſcarce a young fellow in the town of ſix foot high, that has not paſſed in review before one or other of theſe wealthy relicts. *Hudibras*'s *Cupid*, who

——— took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land,

is

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to no body but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

N° 317. *Tuesday, March* 4.

-----fruges consumere nati. Hor.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, *Let me then*, says he, *go off the stage with your applause*; using the expression with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a Dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satyrist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friend into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and

Elogiums on deceaſed perſons who have acted among mankind with ſome figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our ſpecies, they are ſuch as are not likely to be remembred a moment after their diſappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their exiſtence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither miſſed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private perſons. Their actions are of no ſignificancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much leſs dignity, than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the faculty of reaſon. An eminent *French* Author ſpeaks ſomewhere to the following purpoſe: I have often ſeen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reaſon. Theſe two intellectual Beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two ſmooth ſtones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phraſe it, in poliſhing marble.

My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were ſitting in the club laſt night, gave us an account of a ſober citizen, who died a few days ſince. This honeſt man being of greater conſequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for ſome years paſt kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW ſhewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a road of action as that I have been ſpeaking of, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a faithful copy of it; after having firſt informed him, that the deceaſed perſon had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for buſineſs, he had for ſeveral years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *eight a clock.* I put on my cloaths and walked into the parlour.

Nine a clock ditto. Tied my knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven and twelve. Smoaked three pipes of *Virginia.* Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the north. Mr. *Niſby*'s opinion thereupon.

One a clock in the afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for miſlaying my tobacco-box.

Two a clock. Sate down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs, and no ſewet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to ſix. Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. *Nisby*'s opinion about the peace.
Ten a clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *eight a clock.* Rose as usual.
Nine a clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double soaled shoes.
Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to *Islington.*
One. Took a pot of mother *Cob*'s mild.
Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.
Three. Nap as usual
From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.
From six to ten. At the club. Mr. *Nisby*'s account of the great Turk.
Ten. Dream of the grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *eight a clock.* Tongue of my shooe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.
Nine. Paid off the Butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.
Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black whig asked me how stocks went.
From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.
From one to two. Smoaked a pipe and a half.
Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.
Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.
From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.
Six a clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that the grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.
Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *nine a clock.* Staid within till two a clock for Sir *Timothy.* Who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.
Two in the afternoon. Sate down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sowr. Beef overcorned.

Three.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a meſſage to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to night. Went to bed at nine a clock.

FRIDAY. Paſſed the morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve a clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glaſs of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and ſlept well.

From four to ſix. Went to the coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked ſeveral pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the head.

Six a clock. At the club as Steward. Sat late.

Twelve a clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank ſmall-beer with the grand Vizer.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a ſhower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dryed my ſelf.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. Firſt courſe marrow-bones, ſecond Ox cheek, with a bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three a clock. Overſlept my ſelf.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fall'n into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead. *&c.*

I queſtion not, but the Reader will be ſurprized to find the above-mentioned journaliſt taking ſo much care of a life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable actions, and received ſo very ſmall improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of their hours are taken up in thoſe three important articles of eating, drinking, and ſleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a man loſes his time, who is not engaged in publick affairs, or in an illuſtrious courſe of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch tranſactions as make no figure in the world, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral methods of employing ones ſelf in ſecrecy and ſilence, and do what is laudable without noiſe, or oſtentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and ſetting

ting down punctually their whole series of employments, during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectifie the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

N° 323. *Tuesday, March* 11.

-----*Modo vir, modo fœmina*----- Virg.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the *Rake*'s *Journal*, the *Sot*'s *Journal*, the *Whore-master*'s *Journal*, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these instances I find that the intention of my last *Tuesday*'s paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: she seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and lazineſs, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent. *Dear*

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's "papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and "herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, "that I am a maiden Lady of a good fortune, who have had several "matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present "warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at "my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time "in it after the manner you will find in the following Journal, which I "began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

TUESDAY *Night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, try'd a new head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dreamed that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurenzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle*'s *Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady *Blithe*'s wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her monky's leaping out at window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. *Froth*'s opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mohocks*. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve a clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth*'s letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten a clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut my self up in my chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely*'s skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes aked and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurenzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brillant*'s necklace false stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom. Townley* has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight a clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chappel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a gentleman in a black

wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front box. Mr. *Froth* and his friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth*. led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a clock*. Walked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a *G*. *Mem*. The Conjurer was within a letter of Mr. *Froth*'s name, *&c*.

" Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to " know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of " considering how I did it, before I perused your Speculation upon that " subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can tho- " roughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I " am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth* " and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my time and " thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will " turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring matters " to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a " dream.

Your Humble Servant, Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney*'s sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's *sister*, Pembroke's *mother*;
Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Tuesday,

N° 329. *Tuesday, March* 18.

Ire tamen restat Numa qua devenit & Ancus. Hor.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon *Westminster-Abby*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker*'s Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his dispute with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the *Abby*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow *Trueby*'s water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at *Dantzick*: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby*'s water, telling me that the widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the county: that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her, that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coach-man if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his head, call'd the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the *Abby*.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, A brave man I warrant him! passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cryed Sir *Cloudsly Shovel!* a very gallant man! As we stood before *Busby*'s tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great man! he whipp'd my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him my self, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted into the little chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco*'s head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that Martyr to good housewifry, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We

We were then conveyed to the two Coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the ſtone underneath the moſt ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillow*, ſat himſelf down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old *Gothic* King, asked our Interpreter, What authority they had to ſay, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland?* The fellow, inſtead of returning him an anſwer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his forfeit. I could obſerve Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trapanned; but our guide not inſiſting upon his demand, the Knight ſoon recovered his good-humour, and whiſpered in my ear, that if WILL. WIMBLE were with us, and ſaw thoſe two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-ſtopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next place, laid his hand upon *Edward* the third's ſword, and leaning upon the pummel of it, gave us the whole hiſtory of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker*'s opinion, *Edward* the third was one of the greateſt Princes that ever ſate upon the *Engliſh* Throne.

We were then ſhewn *Edward* the Confeſſor's tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the firſt that touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the fourth's, upon which he ſhook his head, and told us, there was fine reading of the caſualties of that reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our *Engliſh* Kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten ſilver, had been ſtolen away ſeveral years ſince: ſome Whig, I'll warrant you, ſays Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.

The glorious names of *Henry* the fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great opportunities of ſhining, and of doing juſtice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight obſerved with ſome ſurprize, had a great many Kings in him, whoſe monuments he had not ſeen in the Abby.

For my own part, I could not but be pleaſed to ſee the Knight ſhew ſuch an honeſt paſſion for the glory of his country, and ſuch a reſpectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I muſt not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converſes with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reaſon he ſhook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he ſhould be very glad to ſee him at his lodgings in *Norfolk-buildings*, and talk over theſe matters with him more at leiſure.

Tueſday,

N° 335. *Tuesday, March* 25.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces. Hor.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, when we last met together at the club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-*England* Comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector*'s widow, he told me, that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up *Fleetstreet*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me: for I remember an honest Gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of *Norfolkstreet*, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night,

and

and if you will both of you call upon me about four a-clock, that we may be at the houſe before it is full, I will have my own coach in readineſs to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the ſame ſword which he made uſe of at the battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER's ſervants, and among the reſt my old friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themſelves with good oaken plants, to attend their maſter upon this occaſion. When we had placed him in his coach, with my ſelf at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the head of his Footmen in the rear, we convoy'd him in ſafety to the play-houſe; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and ſeated him betwixt us in the pit. As ſoon as the houſe was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend ſtood up and looked about him with that pleaſure, which a mind ſeaſoned with humanity naturally feels in it ſelf, at the ſight of a multitude of people who ſeem pleaſed with one another, and partake of the ſame common entertainment. I could not but fancy to my ſelf, as the old man ſtood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragick audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himſelf had a better ſtrut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, becauſe I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticiſm, and was well pleaſed to hear him at the concluſion of almoſt every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione:* and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER ſaw *Andromache*'s obſtinate refuſal to her lover's importunities, he whiſpered me in the ear, that he was ſure ſhe would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatning afterwards to leave her, the Knight ſhook his head, and muttered to himſelf, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt ſo much upon my friend's imagination, that at the cloſe of the third Act, as I was thinking of ſomething elſe, he whiſpered in my ear, Theſe widows, Sir, are the moſt perverſe creatures in the world. But pray, ſays he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick rules, as you call them? Should your people in Tragedy always talk to be

under-

underſtood? Why, there is not a ſingle ſentence in this Play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an anſwer; Well, ſays the Knight, ſitting down with great ſatisfaction, I ſuppoſe we are now to ſee *Hector*'s Ghoſt. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praiſing the widow. He made, indeed, a little miſtake as to one of her pages, whom at his firſt entring, he took for *Aſtyanax*; but he quickly ſet himſelf right in that particular, though, at the ſame time, he owned he ſhould have been very glad to have ſeen the little boy, who, ſays he, muſt needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione*'s going off with a menace to *Pyrrhus*, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir ROGER added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable ſilence and ſtilneſs in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the Acts, to expreſs their opinion of the Players, and of their reſpective parts. Sir ROGER hearing a cluſter of them praiſe *Oreſtes*, ſtruck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend *Pylades* was a very ſenſible man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a ſecond time, And let me tell you, ſays he, though he ſpeaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY, ſeeing two or three waggs who ſat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing leſt they ſhould ſmoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear, that laſted till the opening of the fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which *Oreſtes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his death, and at the concluſion of it, told me it was ſuch a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the ſtage. Seeing afterwards *Oreſtes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary ſerious, and took occaſion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conſcience, adding, that *Oreſtes*, *in his madneſs*, *looked as if he ſaw ſomething*.

As we were the firſt that came into the houſe, ſo we were the laſt that went out of it; being reſolved to have a clear paſſage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the juſtling of the crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully ſatisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the ſame manner that we brought him to the Playhouſe; being highly pleaſed, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been preſented, but with the ſatisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Thurſday,

N° 343. *Thurſday, April* 3.

-------Errat et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoſlibet occupat artus
Spiritus: éque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras noſter------- Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to ſhew upon occaſion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yeſterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal ſaid for the tranſmigration of Souls, and that the caſtern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*, ſays he, gives us an account of ſeveral well-diſpoſed Mahometans that purchaſe the freedom of any little bird they ſee confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we ſhould do here by ranſoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You may know, ſays WILL, the reaſon is, becauſe they conſider every animal as a brother or a ſiſter in diſguiſe, and therefore think themſelves obliged to extend their charity to them, tho' under ſuch mean circumſtances. They will tell you, ſays WILL, that the Soul of a man, when he dies, immediately paſſes into the body of another man, or of ſome brute, which he reſembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondring what this profuſion of learning would end in, WILL told us that *Jack Freelove*, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of thoſe Ladies who throw away all their fondneſs on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a viſit one morning, he writ a very pretty epiſtle upon this hint. *Jack*, ſays he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himſelf for ſome time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length obſerving a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his Miſtreſs, in the perſon of the monkey; and upon her not coming down ſo ſoon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his buſineſs.

The Lady ſoon after coming into the parlour, and ſeeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earneſtneſs, took it up, and to this day is in ſome doubt, ſays WILL, whether it was written by *Jack* or the monkey.

Madam,

"NOT having the gift of ſpeech, I have a long time waited in vain "for an opportunity of making my ſelf known to you; and ha- "ving at preſent the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly "take the occaſion of giving you my hiſtory in writing, which I could "not do by word of mouth. You muſt know, Madam, that about a thou- "ſand years ago I was an *Indian* Brachman, and verſed in all thoſe my- "ſterious ſecrets which your *European* Philoſopher, called *Pythagoras*, "is ſaid to have learned from our fraternity. I had ſo ingratiated my ſelf "by my great skill in the occult ſciences with a Dæmon whom I uſed "to converſe with, that he promiſed to grant me whatever I ſhould ask "of him. I deſired that my ſoul might never paſs into the body of a "brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. "I then begged that into whatever creature I ſhould chance to tranſmi- "grate, I might ſtill retain my memory, and be conſcious that I was the "ſame perſon who lived in different animals. This he told me was with- "in his power, and accordingly promiſed on the word of a Dæmon that "he would grant me what I deſired. From that time forth I lived ſo "very unblameably, that I was made Preſident of a college of Brach- "mans, an office which I diſcharged with great integrity till the day of "my death.

"I was then ſhuffled into another human body, and acted my part ſo "very well in it, that I became firſt Miniſter to a Prince who reigned "upon the banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great honour for ſeve- "ral years, but by degrees loſt all the innocence of the Brachman, be- "ing obliged to rifle and oppreſs the people to enrich my Soveraign; "till at length I became ſo odious, that my Maſter, to recover his credit "with his ſubjects, ſhot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one "day addreſſing my ſelf to him at the head of his army.

"Upon my next remove I found my ſelf in the woods under the ſhape "of a Jack-call, and ſoon liſted my ſelf in the ſervice of a Lion. I uſed "to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rouzing "and ſeeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when "I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feaſted

"very

" very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone " that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being " unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he gave me such a confounded " gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

" In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became " an *Indian* tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, " and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in " debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of " my house, but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait " for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, " I was taken up and hurry'd into a dungeon, where I died a few months " after.

" My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most " melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pur- " sued me when I was in the water, and if I betook my self to my wings, " it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was " one day flying amidst a fleet of *English* ships, I observed a huge sea- " gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head: Upon my dip- " ping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a mon- " strous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

" I was some years afterwards, to my great surprize, an eminent ban- " ker in *Lombard-Street*; and remembring how I had formerly suffered " for want of mony, became so very sordid and avaritious, that the " whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to " look upon, for I had in a manner starved my self, and was nothing " but skin and bone when I died.

" I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find my self " dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insig- " nificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be " reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied " my self with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and " was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. " I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an un- " lucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before " made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

" I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in " the shape of a Bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious " life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other " extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder

" an hive, we were received ſo warmly by the ſwarm which defended " it, that we were moſt of us left dead upon the ſpot.

" I might tell you of many other tranſmigrations which I went through: " how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding " for ten years; as alſo how I was a taylor, a ſhrimp, and a tom-tit. In " the laſt of theſe my ſhapes I was ſhot in the *Chriſtmas* holidays by a " young Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

" But I ſhall paſs over theſe and ſeveral other ſtages of life, to remind " you of the young beau who made love to you about ſix years ſince. " You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and ſung, " and played a thouſand tricks to gain you; and how he was at laſt car- " ried off by a cold that he had got under your window one night in a " ſerenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then " ſo cruel to. Not long after my ſhifting that unlucky body, I found my " ſelf upon a hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my preſent groteſque " ſhape, till I was caught by a ſervant of the *Engliſh* factory, and ſent " over into *Great Britain:* I need not inform you how I came into " your hand. You ſee, Madam, this is not the firſt time that you have " had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as " you often beſtow on me thoſe kiſſes and careſſes which I would have " given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this diſcovery of my " perſon will not tend to my diſadvantage, but that you will ſtill conti- " nue your accuſtomed favours to

Your moſt devoted humble Servant, Pugg.

P. S. " I would adviſe your little ſhock-dog to keep out of my way; " for as I look upon him to be the moſt formidable of my rivals, I may " chance one time or other to give him ſuch a ſnap as he won't like.

Thurſday,

N° 349. *Thurſday, April* 10.

-------- Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis------ Lucan.

I Am very much pleaſed with a conſolatory letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had loſt a ſon that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the beſt of my memory, as follows; that he ſhould conſider death had ſet a kind of ſeal upon his ſon's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that while he lived he was ſtill within the poſſibility of falling away from virtue, and loſing the fame of which he was poſſeſſed. Death only cloſes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reaſon why we are naturally averſe to the launching out into a man's praiſe till his head is laid in the duſt. Whilſt he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the eſteem we have conceived of him, and ſome time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at preſent. In ſhort, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, ſo neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the concluſion of it.

It was upon this conſideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himſelf deſerved moſt to be eſteemed? You muſt firſt ſee us die, ſaid he, before that queſtion can be anſwered.

As there is not a more melancholy conſideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to ſuch a change, ſo there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preſerve the beauty of his character to the laſt.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal perſons ſtill act in character, whatever the

the fate is which they undergo. There is ſcarce a great perſon in the *Grecian* or *Roman* hiſtory, whoſe death has not been remarked upon by ſome writer or other, and cenſured or applauded according to the Genius or principles of the perſon who has deſcanted on it. Monſieur *de St. Evremont* is very particular in ſetting forth the conſtancy and courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his laſt moments, and thinks he diſcovers in them a greater firmneſs of mind and reſolution than in the death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no queſtion but this polite Author's affectation of appearing ſingular in his remarks, and making diſcoveries which had eſcaped the obſervation of others, threw him into this courſe of reflection. It was *Petronius*'s merit, that he died in the ſame gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether looſe and diſſolute, the indifference which he ſhewed at the cloſe of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural careleſſneſs and levity, rather than fortitude. The reſolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different motives, the conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent life, and the proſpect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious Author above-mentioned was ſo pleaſed with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler inſtance of it in our countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary diſcourſes with wit and pleaſantry; and, as *Eraſmus* tells him in an epiſtle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a ſecond *Democritus*.

He died upon a point of religion, and is reſpected as a Martyr by that ſide for which he ſuffered. That innocent mirth which had been ſo conſpicuous in his life, did not forſake him to the laſt: he maintained the ſame chearfulneſs of heart upon the ſcaffold, which he uſed to ſhew at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave inſtances of that good-humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the moſt ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the ſevering of his head from his body as a circumſtance that ought to produce any change in the diſpoſition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and ſettled hope of immortality, he thought any unuſual degree of ſorrow and concern improper on ſuch an occaſion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a ſufficient guard againſt it. I ſhall only obſerve, that what was philoſophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not reſemble him as well in the chearfulneſs of his temper, as in the ſanctity of his life and manners.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the inſtance of a perſon who ſeems to me to have ſhewn more intrepidity and greatneſs of ſoul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the moſt celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I meet with this inſtance in the hiſtory of the revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his Crown upon the head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battel was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to the war, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the Litter in which his corps was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before battel begun he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open Litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battel to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat victory on the ſide of the *Moors*. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoyn ſecrecy to his Officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture.

Thurſday,

N° 355. *Thurſday, April* 17.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmine quenquam. Ovid.

I Have been very often tempted to write invectives upon thoſe who have detracted from my works, or ſpoken in derogation of my perſon; but I look upon it as a particular happineſs, that I have always hindred my reſentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a ſatire, but found ſo many motions of humanity riſing in me towards the perſons whom I had ſeverely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finiſhing it. I have been angry enough to make ſeveral little epigrams and lampoons; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewiſe committed them to the flames. Theſe I look upon as ſo many ſacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater ſatisfaction from the ſuppreſſing ſuch performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in caſe I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it ſhews a good mind to forbear anſwering calumnies and reproaches in the ſame ſpirit of bitterneſs with which they are offered: But when a man has been at ſome pains in making ſuitable returns to an enemy, and has the inſtruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and ſtifle his reſentments, ſeems to have ſomething in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in ſuch a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater ſtill is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a conſideration that is more finely ſpun, and what has better pleaſed me, than one in *Epictetus*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are uſed to regard him. The ſenſe of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? conſider with thy ſelf whether his reproaches are true; if they are not, conſider that thou art not the perſon whom he reproaches,

proaches, but that he reviles an imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appeareſt to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thy ſelf another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally ceaſe: his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the perſon whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to my ſelf; and when I hear of a ſatirical ſpeech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deſerve it or not. If I bring in a verdict againſt my ſelf, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in thoſe particulars which have drawn the cenſure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falſhood, I trouble my ſelf no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to ſignify no more than one of thoſe fictitious names made uſe of by an Author to introduce an imaginary character. Why ſhould a man be ſenſible of the ſting of a reproach, who is a ſtranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or ſubject himſelf to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impoſſible for a man of any merit or figure, to live at peace with himſelf in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monſieur *Balzac*, in a Letter to the Chancellor of *France*, who had prevented the publication of a book againſt him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatneſs of mind ſo viſible in the works of that Author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I ſhould not be diſpleaſed with the ſuppreſſion of the firſt libel that ſhould abuſe me; but ſince there are enough of them to make a ſmall Library, I am ſecretly pleaſed to ſee the number increaſed, and take delight in raiſing a heap of ſtones that Envy has caſt at me without doing me any harm.*

The Author here alludes to thoſe monuments of the eaſtern nations, which were mountains of ſtones raiſed upon the dead body by travellers, that uſed to caſt every one his ſtone upon it as they paſſed by. It is certain that no monument is ſo glorious as one which is thus raiſed by the hands of Envy. For my part, I admire an Author for ſuch a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeſerved reproach without reſentment, more than for all the wit of any the fineſt ſatirical reply.

Thus far I thought neceſſary to explain my ſelf in relation to thoſe who have animadverted on this paper, and to ſhew the reaſons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal anſwer. I muſt further add, that the work would have been of very little uſe to the public, had it

been filled with perſonal reflections and debates; for which reaſon I have never once turned out of my way to obſerve thoſe little cavils which have been made againſt it by Envy or Ignorance. The common fry of ſcribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gain'd ſome reputation in the world, would have furniſhed me with buſineſs enough, had they found me diſpoſed to enter the Liſts with them.

I ſhall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini*'s traveller, who was ſo peſtered with the noiſe of graſhoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horſe in great wrath to kill them all. This, ſays the Author, was troubling himſelf to no manner of purpoſe: had he purſued his journey without taking notice of them, the troubleſome inſects would have died of themſelves in a very few weeks, and he would have ſuffered nothing from them.

N° 361. *Thurſday, April* 24.

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis
Contremuit domus------. Virg.

I Have lately received the following Letter from a country Gentleman.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THE night before I left *London* I went to ſee a Play, called, *The* "*Humorous Lieutenant*. Upon the riſing of the curtain I was "very much ſurprized with the great Conſort of Cat-calls which was "exhibited that evening, and began to think with my ſelf that I had "made a miſtake, and gone to a Muſick-meeting, inſtead of the Play-"houſe. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to ſee ſo many perſons "of quality of both ſexes aſſembled together at a kind of Catterwawling; "for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing bet-"ter, whatever the Muſicians themſelves might think of it. As I had "no acquaintance in the houſe to ask queſtions of, and was forced to go

"out

" out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of " this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give some " account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called " a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of " music lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, " I would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I durst not shew my " dislike whilst I was in the Play-house, it being my chance to sit the " very next man to one of the Performers.

I am, SIR, Your most affectionate Friend and Servant,

John Shallow, *Esq*;

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow*'s request, I design this paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make my self a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of it sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a Cat that lived under the same roof with them? he added, that the Cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another Virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatic entertainments: nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*, who holds an instrument in his right-hand very much resembling our modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous Musician

made uſe of to draw the beaſts about him. It is certain, that the roaſting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that ſpecies, than this inſtrument, if dexterouſly played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithſtanding theſe various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a piece of *Engliſh* muſick. Its reſemblance to the voice of ſome of our *Britiſh* ſongſters, as well as the uſe of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at leaſt received great improvements among us, whether we conſider the inſtrument it ſelf, or thoſe ſeveral quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be ſenſible of this, who heard that remarkable over-grown Cat-call which was placed in the center of the pit, and preſided over all the reſt at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in *Drury-lane*.

Having ſaid thus much concerning the original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to conſider the uſe of it. The Cat-call exerts it ſelf to moſt advantage in the *Britiſh* theatre: It very much improves the ſound of Non-ſenſe, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpſicord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often ſupplied the place of the antient *Chorus*, in the words of Mr. *** In ſhort, a bad Poet has as great an antipathy to a Cat-call, as many people have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Eſſay upon Muſick, has the following paſſage:

I believe it is poſſible to invent an inſtrument *that ſhall have a quite contrary effect to thoſe martial ones now in uſe: an* Inſtrument *that ſhall ſink the ſpirits, and ſhake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inſpire deſpair, and cowardice and conſternation, at a ſurprizing rate. It is probable the roaring of a Lion, the warbling of Cats and Scritch-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of Dogs, judiciouſly imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether ſuch Anti-muſick as this might not be of ſervice in a camp, I ſhall leave to the military men to conſider.*

What this learned Gentleman ſuppoſes in ſpeculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The Cat-call has ſtruck a damp into Generals, and frighted Heroes off the ſtage. At the firſt ſound of it I have ſeen a crowned head tremble, and a Princeſs fall into fits. The *humorous Lieutenant* himſelf could not ſtand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a mouſe, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying inſtrument.

As

As it is of a Dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the ſtage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unſucceſsful purſuit of ſome years, took leave of his Miſtreſs in a ſerenade of Cat-calls.

I muſt conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artiſt, who has long ſtudied this inſtrument, and is very well verſed in all the rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to expreſs by it the whole art of criticiſm. He has his baſe and his treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-comedies they may both play together in conſort. He has a particular ſqueak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different ſounds to ſhew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In ſhort, he teaches the Smut-note, the Fuſtian-note, the Stupid-note, and has compoſed a kind of air that may ſerve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compaſs of the Cat-call.

N° 367. *Thurſday, May* 1.

-------Perituræ parcite chartæ. Juv.

I Have often pleaſed my ſelf with conſidering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the publick from theſe my Speculations, and which, were I to ſpeak after the manner of Logicians, I would diſtinguiſh into the *Material* and the *Formal*. By the latter I underſtand thoſe advantages which my Readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by theſe my daily labours; but having already ſeveral times deſcanted on my endeavours in this light, I ſhall at preſent wholly confine my ſelf to the conſideration of the former. By the word *Material* I mean thoſe benefits which ariſe to the publick from theſe my Speculations, as they conſume a conſiderable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our Artiſans in printing, and find buſineſs for great numbers of indigent perſons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it ſeveral mean materials which could be put to no other uſe, and affords work for ſeveral hands in the collecting of

of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Thoſe poor retailers, whom we ſee ſo buſy in every ſtreet, deliver in their reſpective gleanings to the Merchant. The Merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they paſs through a freſh ſet of hands, and give life to another trade. Thoſe who have mills on their eſtates, by this means conſiderably raiſe their rents, and the whole nation is in a great meaſure ſupplied with a manufacture, for which formerly ſhe was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no ſooner wrought into paper, but they are diſtributed among the preſſes, where they again ſet innumerable artiſts at work, and furniſh buſineſs to another myſtery. From hence, accordingly as they are ſtained with news or politicks, they fly through the town in *Poſt-men*, *Poſt-boys*, *Daily-courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, women, and children contend who ſhall be the firſt bearers of them, and get their daily ſuſtenance by ſpreading them. In ſhort, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of *Spectators*, I find ſo many hands employed in every ſtep they take through their whole progreſs, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy my ſelf providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate ſome of my witty Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and publiſhed, is ſtill beneficial to the publick on ſeveral occaſions. I muſt confeſs I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelve-month paſt: my Landlady often ſends up her little daughter to deſire ſome of my old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the beſt in the world to wrap ſpice in. They likewiſe make a good foundation for a Mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much ſought for laſt *Chriſtmas* by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleaſant enough to conſider the changes that a linnen fragment undergoes, by paſſing through the ſeveral hands above-mentioned. The fineſt pieces of Holland, when torn to tatters, aſſume a new whiteneſs more beautiful than their firſt, and often return in the ſhape of letters to their native country. A Ladies ſhift may be metamorphoſed into Billet-doux, and come into her poſſeſſion a ſecond time. A Beau may peruſe his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleaſure and advantage than ever he did in a glaſs. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for ſome years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raiſed from a dunghill, and become the moſt valuable piece of furniture in a Prince's cabinet.

The

The politeſt nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the fineſt printing: abſolute Governments, as well as Republicks, have encouraged an art which ſeems to be the nobleſt and moſt beneficial that was ever invented among the ſons of men. The preſent King of *France*, in his purſuits after Glory, has particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the promoting of this uſeful art, inſomuch that ſeveral books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own expence, upon which he ſets ſo great a value, that he conſiders them as the nobleſt preſents he can make to foreign Princes and Ambaſſadors. If we look into the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we ſhall find that in this particular they have made themſelves the envy of the greateſt Monarchies. *Elzevir* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any Penſioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The ſeveral preſſes which are now in *England*, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for ſome years laſt paſt, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conqueſts. The new Edition which is given us of *Cæſar*'s Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a work that does honour to the *Engliſh* Preſs. It is no wonder that an Edition ſhould be very correct, which has paſſed through the hands of one of the moſt accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The Beauty of the paper, of the Character, and of the ſeveral Cuts with which this noble work is illuſtrated, makes it the fineſt book that I have ever ſeen; and is a true inſtance of the *Engliſh* Genius, which, though it does not come the firſt into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *Britiſh* printing-houſe in ſo great a magnificence, as he is the firſt who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any ſuch there are, will be ſurprized to hear me talk of Learning as the glory of a nation, and of Printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flouriſhes. When mens thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or intereſt to the perſon who is concerned in it. But as I ſhall never ſink this paper ſo far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I ſhall only regard ſuch kind of reaſoners with that pity which is due to ſo deplorable a degree of ſtupidity and ignorance.

Tueſday,

N° 371. *Tuesday, May* 6.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat?---------- Juv.

I Shall communicate to my Reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

SIR,

"YOU know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort "of men who are called *Whims* and *Humorists*, than any other "country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our *English* "Comedy excells that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of "its characters.

"Among those innumerable sets of *Whims* which our country pro- "duces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than "those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the en- "tertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out "those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of "burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make my self under- "stood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was "a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than "in a jest. As he was one year at the *Bath*, observing that in the great "confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long "chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distin- "guished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons "who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no "sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon "one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them toge- "ther. Our *English* proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

"It

" It proved ſo in an aſſembly I am now ſpeaking of, who ſeeing ſo many " peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and diſcourſe, and ob- " ſerving all the chins that were preſent meeting together very often " over the center of the table, every one grew ſenſible of the jeſt, and " came into it with ſo much good-humour, that they lived in ſtrict friend- " ſhip and alliance from that day forward.

" The ſame Gentleman ſome time after packed together a ſet of " Oglers, as he called them, conſiſting of ſuch as had an unlucky caſt in " their eyes. His diverſion on this occaſion was to ſee the croſs bows, " miſtaken ſigns, and wrong connivances that paſſed amidſt ſo many " broken and refracted rays of ſight.

" The third feaſt which this merry Gentleman exhibited was to the " Stammerers, whom he got together in a ſufficient body to fill his table. " He had ordered one of his ſervants, who was placed behind a skreen, " to write down their table-talk, which was very eaſy to be done with- " out the help of ſhort-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, " that though their converſation never fell, there were not above twenty " words ſpoken during the firſt courſe; that upon ſerving up the ſecond, " one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them, that the " ducklins and ſparrow-graſs was very good; and that another took up " the ſame time in declaring himſelf of the ſame opinion. This jeſt did " not, however, go off ſo well as the former; for one of the gueſts be- " ing a brave man, and fuller of reſentment than he knew how to ex- " preſs, went out of the room, and ſent the facetious inviter a challenge " in writing, which though it was afterwards dropped by the interpoſi- " tion of friends, put a ſtop to theſe ludicrous entertainments.

" Now, Sir, I dare ſay you will agree with me, that as there is no " moral in theſe jeſts, they ought to be diſcouraged, and looked upon " rather as pieces of unluckineſs than wit. However, as it is natural for " one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impoſſible for " any ſingle perſon, how great ſoever his parts may be, to invent an art, " and bring it to its utmoſt perfection; I ſhall here give you an account " of an honeſt Gentleman of my acquaintance, who upon hearing the " character of the Wit above-mentioned, has himſelf aſſumed it, and " endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited " half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them " famous for inſerting ſeveral redundant phraſes in their diſcourſe, as " *d'y' hear me, d'y' ſee, that is, and ſo Sir.* Each of the gueſts making " frequent uſe of his particular elegance, appeared ſo ridiculous to his

" neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing e-
" qually ridiculous to the rest of the company: by this means, before
" they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest cir-
" cumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conver-
" sation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of
" sense, though less of sound in it.

" The same well-meaning Gentleman took occasion, at another time,
" to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish ha-
" bitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the
" practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having
" placed an *Amanuensis* in a private part of the room. After the second
" bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend
" began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that
" had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much
" good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous
" phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor,
" had we put the laws in execution upon one another? Every one of them
" took this gentle reproof in good part: upon which he told them, that
" knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had order-
" ed it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour-sake would
" read it to them if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which
" might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable
" interpolations I have before-mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold
" blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In
" short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had
" pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

" I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the
" same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of
" all polite conversation, and murder Time as much as either of the two
" former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull genera-
" tion of Story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of
" his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The
" first day one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of *Namur*,
" which lasted till four a clock, their time of parting. The second day
" a *North-Briton* took possession of the discourse, which it was impossi-
" ble to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The
" third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same
" length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treat-
" ing one another, and by this means awaken'd out of that lethargy with
" which each of them had been seized for several years. " As

" As you have ſomewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncom-
" mon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and
" as I look upon you to be the greateſt ſportſman, or, if you pleaſe,
" the *Nimrod* among this ſpecies of writers, I thought this diſcovery
" would not be unacceptable to you.

I am, SIR, &c.

N° 377. *Tueſday, May* 13.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in horas------ Hor.

LOVE was the mother of Poetry, and ſtill produces, among the moſt ignorant and barbarous, a thouſand imaginary diſtreſſes and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal ruſtick into a gentle ſwain. The moſt ordinary Plebeian or Mechanic in love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderneſs of ſentiments which this paſſion naturally inſpires.

Theſe inward languiſhings of a mind infected with this ſoftneſs, have given birth to a phraſe which is made uſe of by all the melting tribe, from the higheſt to the loweſt, I mean that of *dying for Love.*

Romances, which owe their very Being to this paſſion, are full of theſe metaphorical deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damſels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the ſame kind of mortality in our modern Tragedies, where every one gaſps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to deſcribe the execution which is done by this paſſion, repreſent the fair ſex as *Baſiliſks* that deſtroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. *Cowley* has with greater juſtneſs of thought compared a beautiful woman to a *Porcupine*, that ſends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way ſo effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the paſſion proceeds from the ſenſe of any virtue or perfection

in the persons beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquettry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of Letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of *September*.

Thyrsis, shot from a casement in *Pickadilly*.

T. S. wounded by *Zelinda*'s scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the Opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove lost his life at a Ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir *Simon Softly*, murdered at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Esq; hit by a random shot at the Ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, *April* the 31st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in *Drury-lane*.

Sir *Christopher Crazy*, Bar. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. *James*'s church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Meanwell*, *Edward Callow*, Esqs; standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the Widow *Trapland*.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a Lady's tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel

Samuel Felt, Haberdaſher, wounded in his walk to *Iſlington* by Mrs. *Suſannah Croſsſtitch*, as ſhe was clambering over a ſtile.

R, F. T, W. S, I. M, P. &c. put to death in the laſt birth-day maſſacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty firſt year of his age by a white-waſh.

Muſidorus, ſlain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in *Belinda*'s left cheek.

Ned Courtly preſenting *Flavia* with her glove (which ſhe had dropped on purpoſe) ſhe received it, and took away his life with a curtſy.

John Goſſelin having received a ſlight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his eſcape was diſpatched by a ſmile.

Strephon, killed by *Clarinda* as ſhe looked down into the pit.

Charles Careleſs, ſhot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Joſiah Wither, aged threeſcore and three, ſent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jett-well*, ſpinſter.

Jack Freelove, murdered by *Meliſſa* in her hair.

William Wiſeaker, Gent. drowned in a flood of tears by *Moll Common*.

John Pleadwell, Eſq; of the *Middle Temple*, barriſter at law, aſſaſſinated in his chambers the ſixth inſtant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

N° 381. *Saturday, May* 17.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non ſecùs ac bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli. Hor.

I Have always preferr'd Chearfulneſs to Mirth. The latter, I conſider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, Chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed

raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteddy and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart, that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon who was the great pattern of perfection was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt Philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as Saints and holy men among chriſtians.

If we conſider Chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to our ſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it ſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the Soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a disbelief of a ſupreme Being, and conſequently of a future State, under whatſoever titles it ſhelters it ſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of Non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to out-live the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the Being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death it ſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A

good

good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs; in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into Eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a Being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the Soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our ſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from an evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to our ſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe.

Tueſday,

N° 383. *Tuesday, May* 20.

Criminibus debent hortos------ Hor.

AS I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my Landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir ROGER's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to *Spring-garden*, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the *Temple* stairs, but we were surrounded with a croud of water-men, offering their respective services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden-leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden-leg.*

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for Ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for *Fox-hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many particulars which

paſſed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart made ſeveral reflections on the greatneſs of the *Britiſh* nation; as, that one *Engliſhman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we could never be in danger of popery ſo long as we took care of our fleet; that the *Thames* was the nobleſt river in *Europe*; that *London-bridge* was a greater piece of work than any of the ſeven wonders of the world; with many other honeſt prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true *Engliſhman*.

After ſome ſhort pauſe, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a ſurvey of this great Metropolis, bid me obſerve how thick the city was ſet with churches, and that there was ſcarce a ſingle ſteeple on this ſide *Temple-bar*. *A moſt heatheniſh ſight!* ſays Sir ROGER: *There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the proſpect; but church-work is ſlow, church-work is ſlow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir ROGER's character, his cuſtom of ſaluting every body that paſſes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of humanity, though at the ſame time it renders him ſo popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the ſhire. He cannot forbear this exerciſe of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to ſeveral boats that paſſed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great ſurprize, as he gave the good night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, inſtead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old Putt we had in the boat, and whether he was not aſhamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like *Thames*-ribaldry. Sir ROGER ſeemed a little ſhocked at firſt, but at length aſſuming a face of magiſtracy, told us, *That if he were a* Middleſex *Juſtice, he would make ſuch vagrants know that her Majeſty's ſubjects were no more to be abuſed by water than by land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-garden*, which is exquiſitely pleaſant at this time of year. When I conſidered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that ſung upon the trees, and the looſe tribe of people that walked under their ſhades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan* paradiſe. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his houſe in the country, which his Chaplain uſed to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You muſt underſtand*, ſays the Knight, *there is nothing in the world that pleaſes a man in love*

ſo

ſo much as your Nightingale. Ah, Mr. SPECTATOR! *the many moonlight nights that I have walked by my ſelf, and thought on the widow by the muſick of the Nightingale!* He here fetched a deep ſigh, and was falling into a fit of muſing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the ſhoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight being ſtartled at ſo unexpected a familiarity, and diſpleaſed to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, *She was a wanton baggage*, and bid her go about her buſineſs.

We concluded our walk with a glaſs of *Burton*-ale, and a ſlice of Hung-beef. When we had done eating our ſelves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to a Waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow ſtared upon him at the oddneſs of the meſſage, and was going to be ſaucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himſelf obliged, as a member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the Miſtreſs of the houſe, who ſat at the bar, That he ſhould be a better cuſtomer to her garden, if there were more Nightingales and fewer Strumpets.

N° 387. *Saturday, May* 24.

Quid purè tranquillet------- Hor.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I ſpoke of Chearfulneſs as it is a *Moral* habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned ſuch moral motives as are apt to cheriſh and keep alive this happy temper in the Soul of man: I ſhall now conſider Chearfulneſs in its natural ſtate, and reflect on thoſe motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Chearfulneſs is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings, and ſecret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions which they raiſe in

the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with any old men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our *Engliſh* phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſooths and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The Sun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Thoſe ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice or ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers are as refreſhing to the imagination, as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

There are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakning or grieving it. For this reaſon ſeveral painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern Philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, over-power and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight; on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion, that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and by keeping up the ſtruggle in a juſt ballance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain, for which

which reaſon the Poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of *Chearful.*

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the ſame time both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The husbandman after the ſame manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and encreaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them; as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſarts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in Philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher, by obſerving that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which is actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, and taſtes, and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable ſenſations? In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of Theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

The Reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys her ſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated *French* Noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who begin their romances with the flowry ſeaſon of the year, enters on his ſtory thus; *In the gloomy month of* November, *when the people of* England *hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate lover walked out into the fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my Reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr. *Locke*, in his Eſſay on human underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

Beyond all this, we may find another reaſon why *God hath ſcattered up and down* ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almoſt all that our thoughts and ſenſes have to do with; that we finding imperfection, diſſatisfaction, and want of compleat happineſs in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of him*, with whom there is fulneſs of joy, and at whoſe right hand are pleaſures for evermore.

Thurſday,

N° 391. *Thurſday, May* 29.

-------Non tu prece poſcis emaci,
Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere Divis ;
At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra.
Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humileſque ſuſurros
Tollere de Templis ; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clare, et ut audiat hoſpes.
Illa ſibi introrſum et ſub lingua immurmurat : O ſi
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus ! Et O ſi
Sub raſtro crepet argenti mihi ſeria dextro
Hercule ! pupillumve utinam quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam ! ------- Perſ.

WHERE *Homer* repreſents *Phœnix*, the tutor of *Achilles*, as perſuading his pupil to lay aſide his reſentments, and give himſelf up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him ſpeak in character, aſcribes to him a ſpeech full of thoſe Fables and Allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for inſtruction. *The Gods*, ſays he, *ſuffer themſelves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their tranſgreſſions, they appeaſe them by vows and ſacrifices. You muſt know*, Achilles, *that PRAYERS are the daughters of* Jupiter. *They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always caſt towards heaven. They are conſtant attendants on the Goddeſs* ATE, *and march behind her. This Goddeſs walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the ſons of men. She gets the ſtart of PRAYERS, who always follow her, in order to heal thoſe perſons whom ſhe wounds. He who honours theſe daughters of* Jupiter,

piter, *when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his orders to the Goddess* ATE *to punish him for his hardness of heart.* This noble Allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the Goddess *ATE* signifies Injury, as some have explained it; or Guilt in general, as others; or divine Justice, as I am the more apt to think; the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen Fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it, that it was composed by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as Dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my Reader the Fable, without any further enquiries after the Author.

Menippus *the Philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by* Jupiter, *when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his foot-stool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant,* Jupiter *told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth.* Menippus, *amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the ear of* Jove *could distinguish them, heard the words,* Riches, Honour, *and* Long life *repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one, it came from* Athens, *and desired* Jupiter *to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant.* Menippus *knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend* Lycander *the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised* Jupiter, *if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver-cup.* Jupiter *thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an* Ephesian *widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart: This, says* Jupiter, *is a very honest fellow, I have received a great deal of incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole volly of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical Prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence.* Menippus *was surprized, after having listned to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with* Jove *for suffering such a tyrant to live,*

live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter *was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, enquired of* Jupiter *what it meant. This, says* Jupiter, *is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him: what does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth? But hark, says* Jupiter, *there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the* Ionian *sea: I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking——But yonder, says he, is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft voice of a pious Lady, desiring* Jupiter *that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of* Zephyrs, *but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: They smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair and death.* Menippus *fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but* Jupiter *told him that they came up to him from the isle of* Paphos, *and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The last petition I heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old fellow! says* Jupiter. *He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards*

that he might ſee the education of a grandſon: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finiſh a houſe he was building. In ſhort, he is an unreaſonable old cur, and never wants an excuſe; I will hear no more of him. Upon which, he flung down the trap-door in a paſſion, and was reſolved to give no more audiences that day.

Notwithſtanding the levity of this Fable, the moral of it very well deſerves our attention, and is the ſame with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, who have each of them made the fineſt ſatire in their whole works upon this ſubject. The vanity of mens wiſhes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of thoſe ſecret devotions which they offer to the ſupreme Being, are ſufficiently expoſed by it. Among other reaſons for ſet forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of mens deſires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in abſurd and ridiculous petitions on ſo great and ſolemn an occaſion.

N° 393. *Saturday, May* 31.

Neſcio quâ præter ſolitum dulcedine læti. Virg.

LOOKING over the Letters that have been ſent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend, who was then in *Denmark*.

Dear Sir, *Copenhagen, May* 1. 1710.

"THE Spring with you has already taken poſſeſſion of the fields and "woods: now is the ſeaſon of ſolitude, and of moving complaints "upon trivial ſufferings: now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and "their wounds to bleed afreſh. I too, at this diſtance from the ſofter "climates, am not without my diſcontents at preſent. You perhaps may "laugh at me for a moſt romantic wretch, when I have diſcloſed to you "the occaſion of my uneaſineſs; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhap-"pineſs real, in being confined to a region, which is the very reverſe of *Paradiſe.*

" *Paradiſe.* The ſeaſons here are all of them unpleaſant, and the coun-
" try quite deſtitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird ſing, nor
" a brook murmur, nor a breeze whiſper, neither have I been bleſt with
" the ſight of a flowry meadow theſe two years. Every wind here is a
" tempeſt, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect
" a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the leaſt tri-
" volous and unbecoming a man of ſerious thought; ſince the love of
" woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, ſeems to be a paſ-
" ſion implanted in our natures the moſt early of any, even before the
" fair ſex had a being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I tranſport my ſelf with a wiſh from one country to another, I ſhould chuſe to paſs my winter in *Spain*, my ſpring in *Italy*, my ſummer in *England*, and my autumn in *France*. Of all theſe ſeaſons there is none that can vie with the ſpring for beauty and delightfulneſs. It bears the ſame figure among the ſeaſons of the year, that the morning does among the diviſions of the day, or youth among the ſtages of life. The *Engliſh* ſummer is pleaſanter than that of any other country in *Europe*, on no other account but becauſe it has a greater mixture of ſpring in it. The mildneſs of our climate, with thoſe frequent refreſhments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual chearfulneſs in our fields, and fill the hotteſt months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the ſpring, when all nature begins to recover her ſelf, the ſame animal pleaſure which makes the birds ſing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, riſes very ſenſibly in the heart of man. I know none of the Poets who have obſerved ſo well as *Milton* thoſe ſecret overflowings of gladneſs which diffuſe themſelves through the mind of the beholder, upon ſurveying the gay ſcenes of nature; he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and deſcribes it very beautifully under the name of Vernal delight, in that paſſage where he repreſents the Devil himſelf as almoſt ſenſible of it.

Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt;
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhower'd the earth, ſo lovely ſeem'd
That Landskip: And of pure now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair, &c.

Many Authors have written on the Vanity of the Creature, and repreſented the barrenneſs of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any ſolid or ſubſtantial happineſs. As diſcourſes of this nature are very uſeful to the ſenſual and voluptuous; thoſe ſpeculations which ſhew the bright ſide of things, and lay forth thoſe innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the ſeveral objects that encompaſs us, are no leſs beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reaſon that I endeavoured to recommend a Chearfulneſs of mind in my two laſt *Saturday*'s papers, and which I would ſtill inculcate, not only from the conſideration of our ſelves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general ſurvey of that univerſe in which we are placed at preſent, but from reflections on the particular ſeaſon in which this paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual feaſt to the mind of a good man, every thing he ſees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted ſo many ſmiles on Nature, that it is impoſſible for a mind, which is not ſunk in more groſs and ſenſual delights, to take a ſurvey of them without ſeveral ſecret ſenſations of pleaſure. The Pſalmiſt has in ſeveral of his divine Poems celebrated thoſe beautiful and agreeable ſcenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural Philoſophy quickens this taſte of the Creation, and renders it not only pleaſing to the imagination, but to the underſtanding. It does not reſt in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the ſhade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but conſiders the ſeveral ends of Providence which are ſerved by them, and the wonders of divine Wiſdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleaſures of the eye, and raiſes ſuch a rational admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worſhip to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge theſe more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtleſs highly acceptable in his ſight; I ſhall therefore conclude this ſhort Eſſay on that pleaſure which the mind naturally conceives from the preſent ſeaſon of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has ſufficient abilities.

I would have my Readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleaſure of the Soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a chriſtian virtue. When we find our ſelves inſpired with this pleaſing inſtinct, this ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency ariſing from the beauties of the Creation, let us conſider to whom we ſtand indebted for all theſe entertainments of ſenſe, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The Apoſtle inſtructs us to take advantage of our preſent temper of mind, to graft upon it ſuch a religious exerciſe as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which adviſes thoſe who are ſad to pray, and thoſe who are merry to ſing pſalms. The chearfulneſs of heart which ſprings up in us from the ſurvey of Nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards Praiſe and Thankſgiving, that is filled with ſuch a ſecret gladneſs: a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cauſe who produces it, ſanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual diſpoſition of mind conſecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening ſacrifice, and will improve thoſe tranſient gleams of joy, which naturally brighten up and refreſh the Soul on ſuch occaſions, into an inviolable and perpetual ſtate of bliſs and happineſs.

N° 397. *Thurſday, June* 5.

--------*Dolor ipſe diſertum.*
Fecerat-------- Ovid.

AS the *Stoick* Philoſophers diſcard all paſſions in general, they will not allow a wiſe man ſo much as to pity the afflictions of another: If thou ſeeſt thy friend in trouble, ſays *Epictetus*, thou may'ſt put on a look of ſorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy ſorrow be not real. The more rigid of this ſect would not comply ſo far as to ſhew even ſuch an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the neareſt of their acquaintance,

tance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the circumſtances of the affliction, and ſhewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the anſwer was ſtill, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion, Compaſſion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has ſomething in it more pleaſing and agreeable than what can be met with in ſuch an indolent happineſs, ſuch an indifference to mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their wiſdom. As Love is the moſt delightful paſſion, pity is nothing elſe but love ſoftned by a degree of ſorrow: in ſhort, it is a kind of pleaſing anguiſh, as well as generous ſympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the ſame common lot.

Thoſe who have laid down rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, adviſe the writer to work himſelf up, if poſſible, to the pitch of ſorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who ſtir up pity ſo much as thoſe who indite their own ſufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving ſentiments than can be ſupplied by the fineſt imagination. Nature on this occaſion dictates a thouſand paſſionate things which cannot be ſupplied by art.

It is for this reaſon that the ſhort ſpeeches or ſentences which we often meet with in hiſtories, make a deeper impreſſion on the mind of the Reader, than the moſt laboured ſtrokes in a well written Tragedy. Truth and matter of fact ſets the perſon actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater diſtance from us in the other. I do not remember to have ſeen any ancient or modern ſtory more affecting than a letter of *Ann* of *Bologne*, wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is ſtill extant in the *Cotton* Library, as written by her own hand.

Shakeſpear himſelf could not have made her talk in a ſtrain ſo ſuitable to her condition and character. One ſees in it the expoſtulations of a ſlighted Lover, the reſentments of an injured Woman, and the ſorrows of an impriſoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princeſs was then under proſecution for diſloyalty to the King's bed, and that ſhe was afterwards publickly beheaded upon the ſame account, though this proſecution was believed by many to proceed, as ſhe her ſelf intimates, rather from the King's love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual crime in *Ann* of *Bologne*.

Queen

Queen Ann Boleyn's *laſt Letter to King* Henry.

SIR,

"YOUR Grace's diſpleaſure, and my impriſonment, are things ſo "ſtrange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am al- "together ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs "a truth, and ſo obtain your favour) by ſuch an one, whom you know "to be mine ancient profeſſed enemy, I no ſooner received this meſſage "by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you ſay, "confeſſing a truth indeed may procure my ſafety, I ſhall with all wil- "lingneſs and duty perform your command. *Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10.*

"But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever "be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not ſo much as a thought "thereof preceded. And to ſpeak a truth, never Prince had wife more "loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in "*Ann Boleyn:* with which name and place I could willingly have content- "ed my ſelf, if God and your Grace's pleaſure had been ſo pleaſed. Nei- "ther did I at any time ſo far forget my ſelf in my exaltation, or receiv- "ed Queenſhip, but that I always looked for ſuch an alteration as now I "find; for the ground of my preferment being on no ſurer foundation "than your Grace's fancy, the leaſt alteration I knew was fit and ſuffi- "cient to draw that fancy to ſome other ſubject. You have choſen me, "from a low eſtate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my "deſert and deſire. If then you found me worthy of ſuch honour, good "your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counſel of mine enemies, "withdraw your Princely favour from me; neither let that ſtain, that "unworthy ſtain, of a diſloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever "caſt ſo foul a blot on your moſt dutiful wife, and the Infant-princeſs "your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful tryal, "and let not my ſworn enemies ſit as my accuſers and judges; yea let "me receive an open tryal, for my truth ſhall fear no open ſhame; then "ſhall you ſee either mine innocency cleared, your ſuſpicion and con- "ſcience ſatisfied, the ignominy and ſlander of the world ſtopped, or "my guilt openly declared. So that whatſoever God or you may deter- "mine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open cenſure, and mine "offence being ſo lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before "God and man, not only to execute worthy puniſhment on me as an "unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already ſetled on that party, "for whoſe ſake I am now as I am, whoſe name I could ſome good

"while

" while ſince have pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my " ſuſpicion therein.

" But if you have alredy determined of me, and that not only my " death, but an infamous ſlander muſt bring you the enjoying of your " deſired happineſs; then I deſire of God, that he will pardon your great " ſin therein, and likewiſe mine enemies, the inſtruments thereof; and " that he will not call you to a ſtrict account for your unprincely and " cruel uſage of me, at his general judgment ſeat, where both you and " my ſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe judgment I doubt not (what- " ſoever the world may think of me) mine innocence ſhall be openly " known, and ſufficiently cleared.

" My laſt and only requeſt ſhall be, that my ſelf may only bear the " burthen of your Grace's diſpleaſure, and that it may not touch the " innocent Souls of thoſe poor Gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are " likewiſe in ſtrait impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have found fa- " vour in your ſight, if ever the name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleaſing " in your ears, then let me obtain this requeſt, and I will ſo leave to trou- " ble your Grace any further, with mine earneſt prayers to the Trinity " to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your " actions. From my doleful priſon in the *Tower*, this ſixth of *May*;

Your moſt loyal and ever faithful wife, Ann Boleyn.

N° 399. *Saturday, July 7.*

Ut nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere! ------- Perſ.

HYpocriſie, at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from hypocriſie in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment.

But

But there is another kind of Hypocriſie, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this paper: I mean that Hypocriſie, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often impoſes on himſelf; that Hypocriſie, which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocriſie and ſelf-deceit, which is taken notice of in thoſe words, *Who can underſtand his errors? cleanſe thou me from ſecret faults.*

If the open Profeſſors of impiety deſerve the utmoſt application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may thoſe lay a claim to their care and compaſſion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a courſe of virtue! I ſhall endeavour, therefore, to lay down ſome rules for the diſcovery of thoſe vices that lurk in the ſecret corners of the ſoul, and to ſhew my Reader thoſe methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himſelf. The uſual means preſcribed for this purpoſe, are to examine our ſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that perſon who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide and inſtructor, of thoſe who receive his doctrines. Though theſe two heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his ene-

mies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it caſts upon us we ſee the worſt ſide of our ſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved, without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors.

In order likewiſe to come at a true knowledge of our ſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtows upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives, and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe amongſt thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn our ſelves by the opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive our ſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as our ſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, biggotry and perſecution for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons eminent for piety ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe and the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong biaſs hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides Reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with obſerving, that the two kinds of Hypocriſie I have here ſpoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on our ſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of Hypocriſie is there ſet forth by reflections on God's Omniſcience and Omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or prophane. The other kind of Hypocriſie, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes, where the Pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.*

N° 403. *Thurſday, June* 12.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit------- Hor.

WHEN I conſider this great city in its ſeveral quarters and diviſions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations diſtinguiſhed from each other by their reſpective cuſtoms, manners and intereſts. The courts of two countries do not ſo much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and converſation. In ſhort, the inhabitants of St. *James*'s, notwithſtanding they live under the ſame laws, and ſpeak the ſame language, are a diſtinct people from thoſe of *Cheapſide*, who are likewiſe removed from thoſe of the *Temple* on the one ſide, and thoſe of *Smithfield* on the other, by ſeveral climates and degrees in their way of thinking and converſing together.

For this reaſon, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that ariſe upon it in the ſeveral diſtricts and pariſhes of

London and *Weſtminſter*, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make my ſelf acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal Politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every Coffee-houſe has ſome particular Stateſman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the ſtreet where he lives, I always take care to place my ſelf near him, in order to know his judgment on the preſent poſture of affairs. The laſt progreſs that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of *France*'s death. As I foreſaw this would produce a new face of things in *Europe*, and many curious ſpeculations in our *Britiſh* Coffee-houſes, I was very deſirous to learn the thoughts of our moſt eminent Politicians on that occaſion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as poſſible, I firſt of all called in at St. *James*'s, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The ſpeculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were ſo very much improved by a knot of Theoriſts, who ſat in the inner room, within the ſteams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole *Spaniſh* Monarchy diſpoſed of, and all the line of *Bourbon* provided for, in leſs than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles*'s, where I ſaw a board of *French* Gentlemen ſitting upon the life and death of their *Grand Monarque*. Thoſe among them who had eſpouſed the Whigg intereſt, very poſitively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week ſince, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the releaſe of their friends on the Gallies, and to their own re-eſtabliſhment; but finding they could not agree among themſelves, I proceeded on my intended progreſs.

Upon my arrival at *Jenny Man*'s, I ſaw an *alerte* young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered juſt at the ſame time with my ſelf, and accoſted him after the following manner. Well *Jack*, the old prig is dead at laſt. Sharp's the word. Now or never boy. Up to the walls of *Paris* directly. With ſeveral other deep reflections of the ſame nature.

I met with very little variation in the Politics between *Charing-croſs* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will*'s I found their diſcourſe was gone off from the death of the *French* King to that of Monſieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, and ſeveral other Poets, whom they regretted on this occaſion, as perſons who would have obliged the world with very noble Elegies on the death of ſo great a Prince, and ſo eminent a Patron of learning.

At

At a Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very ſmartly in a diſpute on the ſucceſſion to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy. One of them ſeemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majeſty. They were both for regulating the title to that Kingdom by the ſtatute laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my depth I paſſed forward to *Paul's* Church-yard, where I liſtned with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an account of the deplorable ſtate of *France* during the minority of the *deceaſed* King.

I then turned on my right hand into *Fiſh-ſtreet*, where the chief Politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for ſome time) If, ſays he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we ſhall have plenty of Mackerell this ſeaſon; our Fiſhery will not be diſturbed by privateers, as it has been for theſe ten years paſt. He afterwards conſidered how the death of this great man would affect our Pilchards, and by ſeveral other remarks infuſed a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a By-coffee-houſe that ſtood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great ſupport of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the *late French* King was moſt like *Auguſtus Cæſar*, or *Nero*. The controverſie was carried on with great heat on both ſides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the courſe of their debate, I was under ſome apprehenſion that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the barr, and made the beſt of my way to *Cheapſide*.

I here gazed upon the ſigns for ſome time before I found one to my purpoſe. The firſt object I met in the coffee-room was a perſon who expreſſed a great grief for the death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himſelf, I found his ſorrow did not ariſe from the loſs of the Monarch, but for his having ſold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it: upon which a Haberdaſher, who was the Oracle of the coffee-houſe, and had his circle of admirers about him, called ſeveral to witneſs that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that conſidering the late advices we had received from *France*, it was impoſſible that it could be otherwiſe. As he was laying theſe together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were ſeveral Letters from *France* juſt:

juſt come in, with advice that the King was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the Poſt came away: upon which the haberdaſher ſtole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his ſhop with great confuſion. This intelligence put a ſtop to my travels, which I had proſecuted with much ſatisfaction; not being a little pleaſed to hear ſo many different opinions upon ſo great an event, and to obſerve how naturally upon ſuch a piece of news every one is apt to conſider it with a regard to his own particular intereſt and advantage.

N° 405. *Saturday, June* 14.

Οἱ ᾧ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον. ὁ ᾧ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων. Hom.

I Am very ſorry to find, by the Opera-bills for this day, that we are likely to loſe the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a ſtage. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I am ſpeaking of *Signior Nicolini*. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt, for having ſhewn us the *Italian* muſic in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own country, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example, which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign maſters in that art.

I could heartily wiſh there was the ſame application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-muſic, as have been lately beſtowed on that of the ſtage. Our Compoſers have one very great incitement to it: they are ſure to meet with excellent words, and, at the ſame time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no paſſion that is not finely expreſſed in thoſe parts of the inſpired writings, which are proper for divine Songs and Anthems.

There is a certain coldneſs and indifference in the phraſes of our *European* languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of ſpeech;

ſpeech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *Engliſh* tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infuſion of *Hebraiſms*, which are derived to it out of the poetical paſſages in holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expreſſions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intenſe phraſes, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is ſomething ſo pathetick in this kind of diction, that it often ſets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is compoſed in the moſt elegant and polite forms of ſpeech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightned by that ſolemnity of phraſe, which may be drawn from the ſacred writings. It has been ſaid by ſome of the ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with men, they would certainly ſpeak in *Plato*'s ſtile; but I think we may ſay, with juſtice, that when mortals converſe with their Creator, they cannot do it in ſo proper a ſtile as in that of the holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* manners of ſpeech mix and incorporate with the *Engliſh* language; after having peruſed the book of Pſalms, let him read a literal tranſlation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in theſe two laſt ſuch an abſurdity and confuſion of ſtile with ſuch a comparative poverty of Imagination, as will make him very ſenſible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore ſuch a treaſury of words, ſo beautiful in themſelves, and ſo proper for the airs of Muſick, I cannot but wonder that perſons of diſtinction ſhould give ſo little attention and encouragement to that kind of Muſick, which would have its foundation in Reaſon, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raiſed our delight. The paſſions that are excited by ordinary compoſitions, generally flow from ſuch ſilly and abſurd occaſions, that a man is aſhamed to reflect upon them ſeriouſly: but the fear, the love, the ſorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from ſuch cauſes as are altogether reaſonable and praiſe-worthy. Pleaſure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our ſatisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Muſick among thoſe who were ſtiled the choſen people, was a religious art. The ſongs of *Sion*, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the Courts of the eaſtern Monarchs, were nothing elſe but Pſalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the ſupreme

Being.

Being. The greateſt Conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks, did not only compoſe the words of his divine Odes, but generally ſet them to muſick himſelf: after which, his works, though they were conſecrated to the Tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The firſt original of the Drama was a religious worſhip conſiſting only of a Chorus, which was nothing elſe but an hymn to a Deity. As luxury and voluptuouſneſs prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worſhip degenerated into Tragedies; in which however the Chorus ſo far remembered its firſt office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and *Heſiod* intimate to us how this art ſhould be applied, when they repreſent the Muſes as ſurrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his throne. I might ſhew, from innumerable paſſages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and inſtrumental Muſick were made uſe of in their religious worſhip, but that their moſt favourite diverſions were filled with ſongs and hymns to their reſpective Deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purifie and exalt our paſſions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cheriſh thoſe divine impulſes in the ſoul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate pleaſures.

Muſic, when thus applied, raiſes noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It ſtrengthens devotion, and advances praiſe into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worſhip, and produces more laſting and permanent impreſſions in the mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worſhip.

N° 407. *Tuesday, June* 17.

---------*abest facundis gratia dictis.* Ov.

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the *English* nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our Preachers stand stock-still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best Sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all publick places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Englishman* cannot relish all the beauties of *Italian* pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in *Raphael*'s picture of St. *Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an audience of pagan Philosophers.

It is certain that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recom-

mends to others. Violent geſture and vociferation naturally ſhake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to ſee women weep and tremble at the ſight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in *England* we very frequently ſee people lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate diſcourſes of piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the bellowings and diſtortions of Enthuſiaſm.

If nonſenſe, when accompanied with ſuch an emotion of voice and body, has ſuch an influence on mens minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable diſcourſes which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the moſt agreeable graces of voice and geſture?

We are told, that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The *Greek Orator* was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in Rhetorick, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from *Athens*, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in compariſon of theſe two great men, does an Orator often make at the *Britiſh* bar, holding up his head with the moſt inſipid ſerenity, and ſtroaking the ſides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the geſtures of an *Engliſh* ſpeaker; you ſee ſome of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thruſt them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may ſee many a ſmart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into ſeveral different cocks, examining ſometimes the lining of it, and ſometimes the button, during the whole courſe of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapning a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the *Britiſh* nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and uſed to frequent *Weſtminſter-hall*, there was a Counſellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a thumb, or a finger, all the while he was ſpeaking: the wags of thoſe days uſed to call it the thread of his diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one day

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in the midſt of his pleading, but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his cauſe by his jeſt.

I have all along acknowledged my ſelf to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper perſon to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aſide all kinds of geſture, (which ſeems to be very ſuitable to the genius of our nation) or at leaſt to make uſe of ſuch only as are graceful and expreſſive.

N° 409. *Thurſday, June* 19.

-------Muſæo contingere cuncta lepore. Lucr.

GRATIAN very often recommends *the fine taſte*, as the utmoſt perfection of an accompliſhed man. As this word ariſes very often in converſation, I ſhall endeavour to give ſome account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are poſſeſſed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taſte of writing, which is ſo much talked of among the polite world.

Moſt Languages make uſe of this metaphor, to expreſs that faculty of the mind, which diſtinguiſhes all the moſt concealed faults and niceſt perfections in writing. We may be ſure this metaphor would not have been ſo general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taſte, which is the ſubject of this paper, and that ſenſitive taſte which gives us a reliſh of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the ſenſe, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a perſon who poſſeſſed the one in ſo great a perfection, that after having taſted ten different kinds of tea, he would diſtinguiſh, without ſeeing the colour of it, the particular ſort which was offered him; and not only ſo, but any two ſorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment ſo far, as upon taſting the compoſition of three different ſorts, to name the parcels from

whence the three ſeveral ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taſte in writing will diſcern, after the ſame manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an Author, but diſcover the ſeveral ways of thinking and expreſſing himſelf, which diverſify him from all other Authors, with the ſeveral foreign infuſions of thought and language, and the particular Authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taſte in writing, and ſhewn the propriety of the metaphor which is uſed on this occaſion, I think I may define it to be *that faculty of the ſoul, which diſcerns the beauties of an Author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike.* If a man would know whether he is poſſeſſed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have ſtood the teſt of ſo many different ages and countries; or thoſe works among the moderns, which have the ſanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If upon the peruſal of ſuch writings he does not find himſelf delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired paſſages in ſuch Authors, he finds a coldneſs and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs Readers) that the Author wants thoſe perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the faculty of diſcovering them.

He ſhould, in the ſecond place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the ſpecific qualities of the Author whom he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with *Livy* for his manner of telling a ſtory, with *Salluſt* for his entering into thoſe internal principles of Action which ariſe from the characters and manners of the perſons he deſcribes, or with *Tacitus* for his diſplaying thoſe outward motives of ſafety and intereſt, which give birth to the whole ſeries of tranſactions which he relates.

He may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame thought, which preſents it ſelf in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a perſon of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought cloathed in *Cicero*'s language, and that of a common Author, as in ſeeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the Sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of ſuch a taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The faculty muſt in ſome degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other qualities in perfection, are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent Mathema-

Mathematicians of the Age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Æneas* his voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history, would be delighted with little more in that divine Author, than in the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is,to be conversant among the writings of the most polite Authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly stroaks of a great Author every time he peruses him: Besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method of improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an Author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other mens parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at *Rome* in the reign of *Augustus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, *la Fontaine*, *Bruyere*, *Bossu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best *Critics* both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were Authors of this kind, who, beside the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and shew us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the

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art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the fancy, and gives a greatneſs of mind to the Reader, which few of the Critics beſides *Longinus* have conſidered.

Our general taſte in *England* is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in ſeveral of my Speculations to baniſh this *Gothic* taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion among us. I entertained the town, for a week together, with an Eſſay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the world; and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the nature of true wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an inſtance of the great force which lyes in a natural ſimplicity of thought to affect the mind of the Reader, from ſuch vulgar pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the works of the greateſt Poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I ſhall next *Saturday* enter upon an Eſſay *on the pleaſures of the Imagination*, which, though it ſhall conſider that ſubject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the Reader what it is that gives a beauty to many paſſages of the fineſt writers both in proſe and verſe. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with candour.

N° 411. *Saturday, June* 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita ſolo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: ------ Lucr.

OUR Sight is the moſt perfect and moſt delightful of all our ſenſes. It fills the mind with the largeſt variety of ideas, converſes with its objects at the greateſt diſtance, and continues the longeſt in action

action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of Feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straightned and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads it self over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the Imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the *English* language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding: The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some

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new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confest, that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage, above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easie to be acquired. Is is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without enquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: So that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have

a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only ſerve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to diſperſe grief and melancholy, and to ſet the animal ſpirits in pleaſing and agreeable motions. For this reaſon Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Eſſay upon Health, has not thought it improper to preſcribe to his Reader a poem or a proſpect, where he particularly diſſuades him from knotty and ſubtile diſquiſitions, and adviſes him to purſue ſtudies, that fill the mind with ſplendid and illuſtrious objects, as hiſtories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, ſettled the notion of thoſe pleaſures of the imagination which are the ſubject of my preſent undertaking, and endeavoured, by ſeveral conſiderations, to recommend to my Reader the purſuit of thoſe pleaſures. I ſhall, in my next paper, examine the ſeveral ſources from whence theſe pleaſures are derived.

N° 412. *Monday, June* 23.

--------*Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus.* Mart.

I Shall firſt conſider thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which ariſe from the actual view and ſurvey of outward objects: and theſe, I think, all proceed from the ſight of what is *Great*, *Uncommon* or *Beautiful*. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the horrour or loathſomneſs of an object may over-bear the pleaſure which reſults from its *Greatneſs*, *Novelty*, or *Beauty*; but ſtill there will be ſuch a mixture of delight in the very diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

By *Greatneſs*, I do not only mean the bulk of any ſingle object, but the largeneſs of a whole view, conſidered as one entire piece. Such are the proſpects of an open champian country, a vaſt uncultivated deſart, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanſe of waters, where we are not ſtruck with the novelty or beauty of the ſight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of theſe ſtupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its capacity.

We are flung into a pleaſing aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded views, and feel a delightful ſtillneſs and amazement in the Soul at the apprehenſion of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy it ſelf under a ſort of confinement, when the ſight is pent up in a narrow compaſs, and ſhortned on every ſide by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious Horizon is an image of Liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immenſity of its views, and to loſe it ſelf amidſt the variety of objects that offer themſelves to its obſervation. Such wide and undetermined proſpects are as pleaſing to the fancy, as the ſpeculations of Eternity or Infinitude are to the underſtanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonneſs joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with ſtars and meteors, or a ſpacious landskip cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raiſes a pleaſure in the Imagination, becauſe it fills the Soul with an agreeable ſurprize, gratifies its curioſity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before poſſeſt. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one ſet of objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated ſhows of the ſame things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the ſtrangeneſs of its appearance: it ſerves us for a kind of refreſhment, and takes off from that ſatiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that beſtows charms on a monſter, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every inſtant called off to ſomething new, and the attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte it ſelf on any particular object. It is this, likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any ſeaſon of the year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the ſpring, when they are all new and freſh, with their firſt gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the eye. For this reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a proſpect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the ſcene is perpetually ſhifting, and entertaining the ſight every moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and vallies, where every thing continues fixt and ſettled in the ſame place and poſture, but find our thoughts a little agitated

ted and relieved at the ſight of ſuch objects as are ever in motion, and ſliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency through the Imagination, and gives a finiſhing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very firſt diſcovery of it ſtrikes the mind with an inward joy, and ſpreads a chearfulneſs and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, becauſe we might have been ſo made, that whatſoever now appears loathſom to us, might have ſhewn it ſelf agreeable; but we find by experience, that there are ſeveral modifications of matter, which the mind, without any previous conſideration, pronounces at firſt ſight beautiful or deformed. Thus we ſee that every different ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is moſt affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the ſame ſhape and proportion, where we often ſee the male determined in his courtſhip by the ſingle grain or tincture of a feather, and never diſcovering any charms but in the colour of its ſpecies.

Scit thalamo ſervare fidem, ſanctaſque veretur
Connubii leges, non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida lanugo, vel honeſta in vertice criſta,
Purpureuſve nitor pennarum; aſt agmina latè
Fæminea explorat cautus, maculaſque requirit
Cognatas, paribuſque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis ſylvam circum undique monſtris
Confuſam aſpiceres vulgò, partuſque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et Veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro ſe oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc ſocium laſciva petit Philomela canorum,
Agnoſcitque pares ſonitus, hinc noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe ſibi ſemper conſtat, creſcitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, caſtos confeſſa parentes;
Dum virides inter ſaltus lucoſque ſonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumaſque decora Juventus
Explicat ad ſolem, patriiſque coloribus ardet.

There is a ſecond kind of *Beauty* that we find in the ſeveral products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper ſpecies, but is apt however to raiſe in us a ſecret delight, and a kind of fondneſs for the places or objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the ſymmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and diſpoſition of bodies, or in a juſt mixture and concurrence of all together. Among theſe kinds of beauty the eye takes moſt delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature, than what appears in the Heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different ſtains of light that ſhew themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation. For this reaſon we find the Poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, ſtrange, or beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe perfections in the ſame object, ſo is it capable of receiving new ſatisfaction by the aſſiſtance of another ſenſe. Thus any continued ſound, as the muſick of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral beauties of the place that lye before him. Thus if there ariſes a fragrancy of ſmells or perfumes, they heighten the pleaſures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the Landskip appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both ſenſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together than when they enter the mind ſeparately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their ſituation.

Tueſday,

N° 413. *Tuesday, June 24.*

------Causa latet, vis est notissima------ Ovid.

THOUGH in yesterday's paper we considered how every thing that is *Great*, *New*, or *Beautiful*, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an Idea, nor the substance of an human Soul, which might help us to discover the conformity or disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on those operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises.

Final Causes lye more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the same effect; and these, though they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight, in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The supreme Author of our Being has so formed the Soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our Souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed

by

by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt capacity of a created Being.

He has annexed a ſecret pleaſure to the idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the purſuit after knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings ſuch a pleaſure along with it, as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquiſition, and conſequently ſerves as a motive to put us upon freſh diſcoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own ſpecies* pleaſant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable that where-ever nature is croſt in the production of a monſter (the reſult of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeneſs, and of founding a new order of creatures; ſo that unleſs all animals were allured by the beauty of their own ſpecies, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the laſt place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the power of raiſing an agreeable idea in the imagination: ſo that it is impoſſible for us to behold his works with coldneſs or indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many beauties without a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the objects themſelves, (for ſuch are light and colours) were not it to add ſupernumerary ornaments to the univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing ſhows and apparitions, we diſcover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and ſee ſome of this viſionary beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough unſightly sketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our Souls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing deluſion, and we walk about like the enchanted Hero of a Romance, who ſees beautiful caſtles, woods and meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of ſtreams; but upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret ſpell, the fantaſtick ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate Knight finds himſelf on a barren heath,

heath, or in a ſolitary deſart. It is not improbable that ſomething like this may be the ſtate of the Soul after its firſt ſeparation, in reſpect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is poſſible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other occaſional cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different impreſſions of the ſubtle matter on the organ of ſight.

I have here ſuppoſed that my Reader is acquainted with that great modern diſcovery, which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural Philoſophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any exiſtence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved inconteſtably by many modern Philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt ſpeculations in that ſcience, if the *Engliſh* reader would ſee the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the ſecond book of Mr. *Lock*'s Eſſay on human Underſtanding.

N° 414. *Wedneſday, June* 25.

------- Alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res et conjurat amicè. Hor.

IF we conſider the works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew her ſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of Nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of Art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratifie her; but, in the wide fields of Nature, the ſight wanders up and down without

out confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the Poet in love with a country-life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes. Hor.

Hìc ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hìc latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hìc frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni. Virg.

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows; woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landskips of trees, clouds and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks, and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effect of deſign, in what we call the works of Chance.

If the products of nature riſe in value, according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landskip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of Deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the Novelty of ſuch a Sight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination, but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature,

ture, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our *English* gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in *France* and *Italy*, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plow, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the Owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helpt and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers, that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landskip of his own possessions.

Writers, who have given us an account of *China*, tell us, the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our *Europeans*, which are lain out by the rule and line; because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They chuse rather to shew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the sciſſars upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when

it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the moſt finiſhed Parterre. But as our great Modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to diſpoſe of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit trees, and contrive a plan that may moſt turn to their own profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their ſhops are plentifully ſtocked.

N° 415. *Thurſday, June* 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem: Virg.

HAVING already ſhewn how the Fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards conſidered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually aſſiſt and compleat each other, in forming ſuch ſcenes and proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I ſhall in this paper throw together ſome reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe primary pleaſures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the ſubject of this diſcourſe. The art I mean is that of Architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entring into thoſe rules and maxims which the great maſters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberleſs treatiſes upon that ſubject.

Greatneſs, in the works of Architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the bulk and body of the ſtructure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the antients, eſpecially among the eaſtern nations of the world, infinitely ſuperior to the moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author ſays, there were the foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of *Babylon*, its hanging gardens, and its temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that roſe a mile high by eight ſeveral ſtories, each ſtory a furlong in height, and on the

the top of which was the *Babylonian* obſervatory? I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of *Semiramis*, with the ſmaller rocks that lay by it in the ſhape of tributary Kings; the prodigious baſin, or artificial lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, until ſuch time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the ſeveral trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are perſons who look upon ſome of theſe wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any grounds for ſuch a ſuſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in thoſe times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever ſince. The earth was extreamly fruitful, men lived generally on paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of hands than Agriculture: there were few trades to employ the buſie part of mankind, and fewer arts and ſciences to give work to men of ſpeculative tempers; and what is more than all the reſt, the Prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to war, he put himſelf at the head of a whole people: as we find *Semiramis* leading her three millions to the field, and yet over-powered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſo great works, with ſuch a prodigious multitude of labourers: beſides that, in her climate, there was ſmall interruption of froſts and winters, which make the northern workmen lye half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what Hiſtorians ſay of the earth, that it ſweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtleſs the ſame with that mentioned in holy writ, as contributing to the ſtructure of *Babel*. *Slime they uſed inſtead of mortar.*

In *Egypt* we ſtill ſee their Pyramids, which anſwer to the deſcriptions that have been made of them; and I queſtion not but a Traveller might find out ſome remains of the Labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples diſpoſed among its ſeveral quarters and diviſions.

The wall of *China* is one of theſe eaſtern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall it ſelf ſtill extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the nobleſt buildings that have adorned the ſeveral countries of the world. It is this which has ſet men at work on temples and publick places of worſhip, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reſide

within it, but that ſuch ſtupendous works might, at the ſame time, open the mind to vaſt conceptions, and fit it to converſe with the Divinity of the place. For every thing that is majeſtic, imprints an awfulneſs and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and ſtrikes in with the natural greatneſs of the ſoul.

In the ſecond place we are to conſider *Greatneſs of Manner* in Architecture, which has ſuch force upon the imagination, that a ſmall building, where *it* appears, ſhall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the majeſtic air that appeared in one of *Lyſippus*'s Statues of *Alexander*, though no bigger than the Life, than he might have been with mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the figure of the Heroe, according to the propoſal of *Phidias*, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the diſpoſition of mind he finds in himſelf, at his firſt entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how his imagination is filled with ſomething great and amazing; and, at the ſame time, conſider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inſide of a *Gothic* Cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can ariſe from nothing elſe, but the greatneſs of the Manner in the one, and the meanneſs in the other.

I have ſeen an obſervation upon this ſubject in a *French* Author, which very much pleaſed me. It is in Monſieur *Freart*'s Parallel of the ancient and modern Architecture. I ſhall give it the Reader with the ſame terms of art which he has made uſe of. *I am obſerving* (ſays he) *a thing which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the ſame quantity of ſuperficies, the one* Manner *ſeems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reaſon is fine and uncommon. I ſay then, that to introduce into Architecture this grandeur of Manner, we ought ſo to proceed, that the diviſion of the principal members of the Order may conſiſt but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample Relievo, and Swelling; and that the eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorouſly touched and affected with the work that ſtands before it. For example; in a Cornice, if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modillions or Dentelli, make a noble ſhow by their graceful projections, if we ſee none of that ordinary confuſion which is the reſult of thoſe little Cavities, quarter rounds of the Aſtragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and maſſy works,*

and

and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is moſt certain that this Manner will appear ſolemn and great; as on the contrary, that will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of thoſe ſmaller ornaments, which divide and ſcatter the angles of the ſight into ſuch a multitude of rays, ſo preſſed together that the whole will appear but a confuſion.

Among all the figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the Concave and the Convex; and we find in all the ancient and modern Architecture, as well in the remote parts of *China*, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of thoſe buildings which are deſigned for pomp and magnificence. The reaſon I take to be, becauſe in theſe figures we generally ſee more of the body, than in thoſe of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the ſurface; but as in ſuch bodies the ſight muſt ſplit upon ſeveral angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the outſide of a Dome, your eye half ſurrounds it; look up into the inſide, and at one glance you have all the proſpect of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the ſight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a ſquare pillar, the ſight often takes in but a fourth part of the ſurface, and in a ſquare concave, muſt move up and down to the different ſides, before it is maſter of all the inward ſurface. For this reaſon, the Fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the view of the open air, and skie, that paſſes through an arch, than what comes through a ſquare, or any other figure. The figure of the Rainbow does not contribute leſs to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the ſon of *Sirach: Look upon the Rainbow, and praiſe him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightneſs; it encompaſſes the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the moſt High have bended it.*

Having thus ſpoken of that Greatneſs which affects the mind in Architecture, I might next ſhew the pleaſure that riſes in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taſte of theſe two perfections in every building which offers it ſelf to his view, than of that which I have hitherto conſidered, I ſhall not trouble my Reader with any reflections upon it. It is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe, to obſerve, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleaſes the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

Friday,

N° 416. *Friday, June 27.*

Quatenus hoc ſimile eſt oculis, quod mente videmus. Lucr.

I At firſt divided the pleaſures of the imagination, into ſuch as ariſe from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occaſion of ſomething without us, as ſtatues or deſcriptions. We have already conſidered the firſt diviſion, and ſhall therefore enter on the other, which, for diſtinction ſake, I have called the ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. When I ſay the ideas we receive from ſtatues, deſcriptions, or ſuch like occaſions, are the ſame that were once actually in our view, it muſt not be underſtood that we had once ſeen the very place, action, or perſon which are carved or deſcribed. It is ſufficient, that we have ſeen places, perſons, or actions, in general, which bear a reſemblance, or at leaſt ſome remote analogy with what we find repreſented. Since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once ſtocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleaſure.

Among the different kinds of repreſentation, *Statuary* is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething *likeſt* the object that is repreſented. To make uſe of a common inſtance, let one who is born blind take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different furrows and impreſſions of the chiſſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the ſhape of a man, or beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his hand over a *Picture*, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral prominencies and depreſſions of a human body could be ſhewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenneſs or irregularity. *Deſcription* runs yet further from the things it repreſents than Painting; for a picture bears a real reſemblance to its original, which letters and ſyllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all languages, but words are underſtood only by ſuch a people or nation. For this reaſon, though mens neceſſities quickly put them on finding out ſpeech,

ſpeech, Writing is probably of a later invention than Painting; particularly we are told, that in *America* when the *Spaniards* firſt arrived there, expreſſes were ſent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the news of his country delineated by the ſtrokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little connexions of ſpeech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible objects by ſounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like deſcription in *Muſick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect notions of this nature raiſed in the imagination by an artificial compoſition of notes; and we find that great Maſters in the art are able, ſometimes, to ſet their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battel, to overcaſt their minds with melancholy ſcenes and apprehenſions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleaſing dreams of groves and elyſiums.

In all theſe inſtances, this ſecondary pleaſure of the Imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas ariſing from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the ſtatue, picture, deſcription, or ſound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary reaſon, why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame occaſion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this ſingle principle: for it is this that not only gives us a reliſh of ſtatuary, painting and deſcription, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimickry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of wit pleaſant, which conſiſts, as I have formerly ſhewn, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little ſatisfaction we ſometimes find in the different ſorts of falſe wit; whether it conſiſts in the affinity of letters, as in Anagram, Acroſtick; or of ſyllables, as in Doggerel rhimes, Echos; or of words, as in Puns, Quibbles; or of a whole ſentence or Poem, to Wings, and Altars. The *final Cauſe*, probably, of annexing pleaſure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our ſearches after truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the congruity or diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral works of Nature.

But I ſhall here confine my ſelf to thoſe pleaſures of the Imagination, which proceed from ideas raiſed by *words*, becauſe moſt of the obſervations that agree with deſcriptions, are equally applicable to Painting and Statuary.

Words,

Words, when well choſen, have ſo great a force in them, that a deſcription often gives us more lively ideas than the ſight of things themſelves. The Reader finds a ſcene drawn in ſtronger colours, and painted more to the life in his Imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual ſurvey of the ſcene which they deſcribe. In this caſe, the Poet ſeems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the Landskip after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and ſo enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themſelves appear weak and faint, in compariſon of thoſe that come from the expreſſions. The reaſon, probably, may be, becauſe in the ſurvey of any object we have only ſo much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the eye; but in its deſcription, the Poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our ſight when we firſt beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three ſimple ideas; but when the Poet repreſents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raiſe in us ſuch ideas as are moſt apt to affect the Imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to paſs that ſeveral readers, who are all acquainted with the ſame language, and know the meaning of the words they read, ſhould nevertheleſs have a different reliſh of the ſame deſcriptions. We find one tranſported with a paſſage, which another runs over with coldneſs and indifference, or finding the repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeneſs and conformity. This different taſte muſt proceed, either from the *perfection of Imagination* in one more than another, or from the *different ideas* that ſeveral Readers affix to the ſame words. For, to have a true reliſh, and form a right judgment of a deſcription, a man ſhould be born with a good imagination, and muſt have well weighed the force and energy that lyes in the ſeveral words of a language, ſo as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant and expreſſive of their proper ideas, and what additional ſtrength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy muſt be warm, to retain the print of thoſe images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment diſcerning, to know what expreſſions are moſt proper to cloath and adorn them to the beſt advantage. A man who is deficient in either of theſe reſpects, though he may receive the general notion of a deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular beauties: as a perſon, with a weak ſight, may have the confuſed proſpect of a place that lyes

lyes before him, without entering into its ſeveral parts, or diſcerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

N° 417. *Saturday, June* 28.

Quem tu Melpomene ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. Hor.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen, often raiſes up a whole ſcene of imagery, and awakens numberleſs Ideas that before ſlept in the Imagination; ſuch a particular ſmell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a ſudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further obſerve, when the fancy thus reflects on the ſcenes that have paſt in it formerly, thoſe, which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulneſs of the original. A *Carteſian* would account for both theſe inſtances in the following manner.

The ſet of ideas, which we received from ſuch a proſpect or garden, having entered the mind at the ſame time, have a ſett of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when therefore any one of theſe ideas ariſes in the Imagination, and conſequently diſpatches a flow of animal ſpirits to its proper trace, theſe ſpirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into ſeveral of thoſe that lye about it: by this means they awaken other ideas of the ſame ſett, which immediately

determine a new diſpatch of ſpirits, that in the ſame manner open other neighbouring traces, till at laſt the whole ſett of them is blown up, and the whole proſpect or garden flouriſhes in the Imagination. But becauſe the pleaſure we received from theſe places far ſurmounted, and overcame the diſagreeableneſs we found in them, for this reaſon there was at firſt a wider paſſage worn in the pleaſure traces, and, on the contrary, ſo narrow a one in thoſe which belonged to the diſagreeable ideas, that they were quickly ſtopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal ſpirits, and conſequently of exciting any unpleaſant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the power of imagining things ſtrongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the Soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer ſhould be born with this faculty in its full ſtrength and vigour, ſo as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occaſion, in ſuch figures and repreſentations as are moſt likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A Poet ſhould take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a Philoſopher in cultivating his underſtanding. He muſt gain a due reliſh of the works of nature, and be throughly converſant in the various ſcenary of a country life.

When he is ſtored with country images, if he would go beyond paſtoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the pomp and magnificence of Courts. He ſhould be very well verſed in every thing that is noble and ſtately in the productions of art, whether it appear in Painting or Statuary, in the great works of Architecture which are in their preſent glory, or in the ruines of thoſe which flouriſhed in former ages.

Such advantages as theſe help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his Imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the Author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds, are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The firſt ſtrikes the Imagination wonderfully with what is Great, the ſecond with what is Beautiful, and the laſt with what is Strange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thouſand ſavage proſpects of vaſt deſarts, wide uncultivated marſhes, huge foreſts, miſ-ſhapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered garden, where it is impoſſible to find out any part unadorned, or to caſt our eyes upon a ſingle

ſpot,

ſpot, that does not produce ſome beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoſis*, we are walking on enchanted ground, and ſee nothing but ſcenes of Magick lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is deſcribing a battel or a multitude, a Heroe or a God. *Virgil* is never better pleaſed, than when he is in *Elyſium*, or copying out an entertaining picture. *Homer*'s epithets generally mark out what is Great, *Virgil*'s what is Agreeable. Nothing can be more Magnificent than the figure *Jupiter* makes in the firſt *Iliad*, nor more Charming than that of *Venus* in the firſt *Æneid*.

Η, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος,
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Dixit, et avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit:
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea———

Homer's perſons are moſt of them god-like and terrible; *Virgil* has ſcarce admitted any into his Poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his Hero ſo.

———*lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

In a word, *Homer* fills his Readers with ſublime ideas, and, I believe, has raiſed the imagination of all the good Poets that have come after him. I ſhall only inſtance *Horace*, who immediately takes fire at the firſt hint of any paſſage in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſee*, and always riſes above himſelf, when he has *Homer* in his view. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Æneid*, all the pleaſing ſcenes his ſubject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a collection of the moſt delightful Landskips that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and ſwarms of bees.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoſis*, has ſhewn us how the Imagination may be affected by what is Strange. He deſcribes a miracle in every ſtory, and always gives us the ſight of ſome new creature at the end of it. His art conſiſts chiefly in well-timing his deſcription, before the firſt ſhape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finiſhed; ſo that he every where entertains us with ſomething we never ſaw before, and ſhews Monſter after Monſter, to the end of the *Metamorphoſis*.

If I were to name a Poet that is a perfect Master in all these arts of working on the Imagination, I think *Milton* may pass for one: and if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the Author. So divine a Poem in *English*, is like a stately Palace built of brick, where one may see Architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present subject: what can be conceived greater than the battel of Angels, the Majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than *Pandæmonium*, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, *Adam* and *Eve?* What more strange, than the Creation of the world, the several Metamorphoses of the fallen Angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after Paradise? No other subject could have furnished a Poet with scenes so proper to strike the Imagination, as no other Poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours.

N° 418. *Monday, June* 30.

---------*ferat et rubus asper amomum.* Virg.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us, in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which *compares* the Ideas that arise from words, with the Ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason therefore, the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the Imagination, if the image be presented to our minds by suitable expressions; though perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image. But

But if the deſcription of what is little, common or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the deſcription of what is great, ſurpriſing or beautiful, is much more ſo; becauſe here we are not only delighted with *comparing* the repreſentation with the original, but are highly pleaſed with the original it ſelf. Moſt Readers, I believe, are more charmed with *Milton*'s deſcription of Paradiſe, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the brimſtone and ſulphur are not ſo refreſhing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderneſs of ſweets in the other.

There is yet another circumſtance which recommends a deſcription more than all the reſt, and that is if it repreſents to us ſuch objects as are apt to raiſe a ſecret ferment in the mind of the Reader, and to work, with violence, upon his paſſions. For, in this caſe, we are at once warmed and enlightned, ſo that the Pleaſure becomes more univerſal, and is ſeveral ways qualified to entertain us. Thus, in Painting, it is pleaſant to look on the picture of any face, where the reſemblance is hit, but the pleaſure encreaſes, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is ſtill greater, if the beauty be ſoftned with an air of melancholy or ſorrow. The two leading paſſions which the more ſerious parts of Poetry endeavour to ſtir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to paſs, that ſuch paſſions as are very unpleaſant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper deſcriptions. It is not ſtrange, that we ſhould take delight in ſuch paſſages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the mind without an inward pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a deſcription, when we find ſo much uneaſineſs in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occaſion?

If we conſider, therefore, the nature of this pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly from the deſcription of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on our ſelves at the time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them at the ſame time, as dreadful and harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleaſure we receive from the ſenſe of our own ſafety. In ſhort, we look upon the terrors of a deſcription, with the ſame curioſity and ſatisfaction that we ſurvey a dead monſter.

——*Informe cadaver*
Protrahitur, nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis
Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes. Virg.

It is for the ſame reaſon that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with a different kind of horrour, if we ſaw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and like diſmal accidents, our pleaſure does not flow ſo properly from the grief which ſuch melancholy deſcriptions give us, as from the ſecret compariſon which we make between our ſelves and the perſon who ſuffers. Such repreſentations teach us to ſet a juſt value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we are not capable of receiving, when we ſee a perſon actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a deſcription; becauſe, in this caſe, the object preſſes too cloſe upon our ſenſes, and bears ſo hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leiſure to reflect on our ſelves. Our thoughts are ſo intent upon the miſeries of the ſufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happineſs. Whereas, on the contrary, we conſider the misfortunes we read in hiſtory or poetry, either as paſt, or as fictitious, ſo that the reflection upon our ſelves riſes in us inſenſibly, and over-bears the ſorrow we conceive for the ſufferings of the afflicted.

But becauſe the mind of man requires ſomething more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any ſight in nature which ſufficiently anſwers its higheſt ideas of pleaſantneſs; or, in other words, becauſe the imagination can fancy to it ſelf things more great, ſtrange, or beautiful, than the eye ever ſaw, and is ſtill ſenſible of ſome defect in what it has ſeen; on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the imagination in its own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he deſcribes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he deſcribes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the ſlow advances which ſhe makes from one ſeaſon to another, or to obſerve her conduct, in the ſucceſſive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his deſcription all the beauties of the ſpring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His roſe-trees, woodbines,

bines, and jeſſamines, may flower together, and his beds be covered at the ſame time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His ſoil is not reſtrained to any particular ſett of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts it ſelf to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of ſpices, he can quickly command Sun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable ſcene, he can make ſeveral new ſpecies of flowers, with richer ſcents and higher colours, than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His conſorts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleaſes. He is at no more expence in a long viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his caſcades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the courſe of his rivers in all the variety of *Meanders*, that are moſt delightful to the Reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel.

N° 419. *Tueſday, July* 1.

-------mentis gratiſſimus Error. Hor.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the Poet quite loſes ſight of nature, and entertains his Reader's imagination with the characters and actions of ſuch perſons as have many of them no exiſtence, but what he beſtows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed ſpirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls *the Fairy way of writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the Poet's fancy, becauſe he has no pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this ſort of writing, and it is impoſſible for a Poet to ſucceed in it, who has not a particular caſt of fancy, an imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this,

this, he ought to be very well verſed in Legends and Fables, antiquated Romances, and the traditions of nurſes and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour thoſe notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For, otherwiſe, he will be apt to make his Fairies talk like people of his own ſpecies, and not like other ſetts of Beings, who converſe with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind;

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni
Ne velut innati triviis ac pæne forenſes
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus——— Hor.

I do not ſay with Mr. *Bays* in the *Rehearſal*, that Spirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe, but it is certain their ſenſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the perſon and the condition of the ſpeaker.

Theſe deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of horrour in the mind of the Reader, and amuſe his imagination with the ſtrangeneſs and novelty of the perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our memory the ſtories we have heard in our childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret terrors and apprehenſions to which the mind of man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries, how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurprized when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and ſee the perſons and manners of another ſpecies? Men of cold fancies, and philoſophical diſpoſitions, object to this kind of poetry, that is has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual Beings in the world beſides our ſelves, and ſeveral ſpecies of ſpirits, who are ſubject to different laws and oeconomies from thoſe of mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the repreſentation as altogether impoſſible; nay, many are prepoſſeſt with ſuch falſe opinions, as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular deluſions; at leaſt, we have all heard ſo many pleaſing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the falſhood, and willingly give our ſelves up to ſo agreeable an impoſture.

The Ancients have not much of this poetry among them, for, indeed, almoſt the whole ſubſtance of it owes its original to the darkneſs and ſuperſtition of later Ages, when pious frauds were made uſe of to amuſe mankind, and frighten them into a ſenſe of their duty. Our forefathers looked

looked upon nature with more reverence and horrour, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms and enchantments. There was not a village in *England* that had not a ghoſt in it, the Church-yards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

Among all the Poets of this kind, our *Engliſh* are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen, whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry. For the *Engliſh* are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloomineſs and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

Among the *Engliſh*, *Shakeſpear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, throughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his Reader's imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch Beings in the world, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

There is another ſort of imaginary Beings, that we ſometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author repreſents any paſſion, appetite, virtue or vice, under a viſible ſhape, and makes it a perſon or an actor in his Poem. Of this nature are the deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Ovid*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole creation of the like ſhadowy perſons in *Spencer*, who had an admirable talent in repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe emblematical perſons in former papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we ſee how many ways poetry addreſſes it ſelf to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, ſhews us perſons who are not to be found in Being, and repreſents even the faculties of the ſoul, with her ſeveral virtues and vices, in a ſenſible ſhape and character.

I ſhall, in my two following papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to pleaſe the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Eſſay.

N° 420. *Wedneſday, July 2.*

-----Quocunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto. Hor.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their ſeveral materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleaſure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more cloſely, and to take entire ſcenes out of her. Such are Hiſtorians, natural Philoſophers, Travellers, Geographers, and in a word, all who deſcribe viſible objects of a real exiſtence.

It is the moſt agreeable talent of an Hiſtorian, to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battels in proper expreſſions, to ſet before our eyes the diviſions, cabals, and jealouſies of great men, and to lead us ſtep by ſtep into the ſeveral actions and events of his hiſtory. We love to ſee the ſubject unfolding it ſelf by juſt degrees, and breaking upon us inſenſibly, that ſo we may be kept in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and have time given us to raiſe our expectations, and to ſide with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confeſs this ſhews more the art than the veracity of the Hiſtorian, but I am only to ſpeak of him as he is qualified to pleaſe the imagination. And in this reſpect *Livy* has, perhaps, excelled all who ever went before him, or have written ſince his time. He deſcribes every thing in ſo lively a manner, that his whole hiſtory is an admirable picture, and touches on ſuch proper circumſtances in every ſtory, that his Reader becomes a kind of ſpectator, and feels in himſelf all the variety of paſſions, which are correſpondent to the ſeveral parts of the relation.

But among this ſett of writers, there are none who more gratifie and enlarge the imagination, than the Authors of the new philoſophy, whether we conſider their Theories of the earth or heavens, the diſcoveries they have made by glaſſes, or any other of their contemplations on nature.

We

We are not a little pleaſed to find every green leaf ſwarm with millions of animals, that at their largeſt growth are not viuble to the naked eye. There is ſomething very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reaſon, in the treatiſes of metals, minerals, plants and meteors. But when we ſurvey the whole earth at once, and the ſeveral planets that lye within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many worlds hanging one above another, and ſliding round their axles in ſuch an amazing pomp and ſolemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wide fields of *Æther*, that reach in height as far as from *Saturn* to the fixt ſtars, and run abroad almoſt to an infinitude, our Imagination finds its capacity filled with ſo immenſe a proſpect, as puts it upon the ſtretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fixt ſtars as ſo many vaſt oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different ſett of planets, and ſtill diſcover new firmaments and new lights, that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable depths of *Æther*, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our Teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a labyrinth of ſuns and worlds, and confounded with the immenſity and magnificence of Nature.

Nothing is more pleaſant to the fancy, than to enlarge it ſelf, by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its ſeveral objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it deſcribes round the Sun, that circle to the Sphere of the fixt Stars, the Sphere of the fixt Stars to the circuit of the whole Creation, the whole Creation it ſelf to the infinite ſpace that is every where diffuſed about it; or when the Imagination works downward, and conſiders the bulk of a human body, in reſpect of an animal, a hundred times leſs than a mite, the particular limbs of ſuch an animal, the different ſprings which actuate the limbs, the ſpirits which ſet theſe ſprings a going, and the proportionable minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the leaſt particle of theſe animal ſpirits, and conſider its capacity of being wrought into a world, that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow dimenſions a heaven and earth, ſtars and planets, and every different ſpecies of living creatures, in the ſame analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own univerſe; ſuch a ſpeculation, by reaſon of its nicéty, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their thoughts that way, though, at the ſame time, it is founded on no leſs than the evidence of a demonſtration. Nay, we might yet carry it farther, and diſcover in the ſmalleſt particle of this little world, a new inexhauſted fund of matter, capable of being ſpun out into another univerſe.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveneſs, of our Imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall quantity of ſpace, and immediately ſtopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times leſs than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thouſand Diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different meaſures in his mind, adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteneſs. The underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite ſpace on every ſide of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds her ſelf ſwallowed up in the immenſity of the void that ſurrounds it: our reaſon can purſue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of diviſions, but the fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in it ſelf a kind of Chaſm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more ſenſible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimenſions of either extreme: the object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atome.

It is poſſible this defect of Imagination may not be in the Soul it ſelf, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for ſuch a variety of impreſſions, or the animal ſpirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that Beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is probable the Soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the underſtanding, and to form in it ſelf diſtinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of ſpace.

Thurſday,

N° 421. *Thurſday, July* 3.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem. Ovid.

THE pleaſures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular Authors as are converſant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite Maſters of morality, criticiſm, and other ſpeculations abſtracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the viſible parts of nature, often draw from their ſimilitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By theſe alluſions a truth in the underſtanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like colour and ſhape in a notion, and to diſcover a ſcheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of ſatisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the fancy is buſie in copying after the underſtanding, and tranſcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a Writer ſhews it ſelf in the choice of pleaſing alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief deſign of an alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the paſſages of an Author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the paſſages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well choſen, are like ſo many tracks of light in a diſcourſe, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, caſts a kind of glory round it, and darts a luſtre through a whole ſentence: theſe different kinds of alluſion are but ſo many different manners of ſimilitude, and, that they may pleaſe the Imagination, the likeneſs ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to ſee a picture where the reſemblance is juſt, or the poſture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this reſpect; great ſcholars are apt to fetch their compariſons

and

and alluſions from the ſciences in which they are moſt converſant, ſo that a man may ſee the compaſs of their learning in a treatiſe on the moſt indifferent ſubject. I have read a diſcourſe upon Love, which none but a profound Chymiſt could underſtand, and have heard many a Sermon that ſhould only have been preached before a congregation of *Carteſians*. On the contrary, your men of buſineſs uſually have recourſe to ſuch inſtances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of Cheſs or Tennis, or for leading him from ſhop to ſhop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable alluſions in both theſe kinds, but, for the generality, the moſt entertaining ones lie in the works of Nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and ſciences.

It is this talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an embelliſhment to good ſenſe, and makes one man's compoſitions more agreeable than another's. It ſets off all writings in general, but is the very life and higheſt perfection of Poetry. Where it ſhines in an eminent degree, it has preſerved ſeveral poems for many ages, that have nothing elſe to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are preſent, the work appears dry and inſipid, if this ſingle one be wanting. It has ſomething in it like Creation; it beſtows a kind of exiſtence, and draws up to the reader's view ſeveral objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes additions to nature, and gives a greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautifie and adorn the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes in the univerſe, or to fill the mind with more glorious ſhows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now diſcovered the ſeveral originals of thoſe pleaſures that gratifie the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper heads thoſe contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with diſtaſte and terrour; for the Imagination is as liable to pain as pleaſure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind diſordered by dreams or ſickneſs, the fancy is over-run with wild diſmal ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous monſters of its own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas.
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatam facibus matrem et ſerpentibus atris
Cum videt, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Diræ. Virg.

There

There is not a ſight in nature ſo mortifying as that of a diſtracted perſon, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul diſordered and confuſed. *Babylon* in ruines is not ſo melancholy a ſpectacle. But to quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, I ſhall only conſider, by way of concluſion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty Being over the Soul of man, and how great a meaſure of happineſs or miſery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already ſeen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what eaſe he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination, who can infuſe what ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe ideas with terrour or delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind, without the help of words, and make ſcenes riſe up before us and ſeem preſent to the eye, without the aſſiſtance of bodies or exterior objects. He can tranſport the Imagination with ſuch beautiful and glorious viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think exiſtence no better than a curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the Soul through this ſingle faculty, as might ſuffice to make up the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

N° 433. *Thurſday, July* 17.

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugis ſolvere diſce meis. Mart.

THE moral world, as conſiſting of males and females, is of a mixt nature, and filled with ſeveral cuſtoms, faſhions and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but *one* ſex. Had our ſpecies no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at preſent; their endeavours to pleaſe the oppoſite ſex, poliſhes and refines them out of thoſe manners which are moſt natural to them, and often ſets them upon modelling themſelves, not according to

to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to thoſe plans which they think are moſt agreeable to the Female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfiniſhed creature, were he converſant with none but thoſe of his own make.

Women, on the other ſide, are apt to form themſelves in every thing with regard to that other half of reaſonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confuſed; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other ſex; they talk, and move, and ſmile, with a deſign upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dreſs is filled with ſnares and allurements. There would be no ſuch animals as Prudes or Coquettes in the world, were there not ſuch an animal as man. In ſhort, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a ſoftneſs in their voices, and a delicacy in their complections.

As this mutual regard between the two ſexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may obſerve that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no ſuch things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women, who have an indifference or averſion for their counter-parts in human nature, are generally ſower and unamiable, fluttiſh and cenſorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuſcript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I ſhall communicate to the Reader, as I have done ſome other curious pieces of the ſame nature, without troubling him with any enquiries about the Author of it. It contains a ſummary account of two different ſtates which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of *Amazons*, or women without men; the other was a Republick of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As theſe two ſtates bordered upon one another, it was their way, it ſeems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain ſeaſon of the year, where thoſe among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, aſſociated themſelves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of theſe yearly rencounters. The children that ſprung from this alliance, if males, were ſent to their reſpective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniverſary carnival, which laſted about a week, the Commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and ſupplied with their reſpective ſubjects.

Theſe two States were engaged together in a perpetual league, offenſive and defenſive, ſo that if any foreign Potentate offered to attack either

ther of them, both the ſexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reaſon. It was remarkable that for many Ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two States, notwithſtanding, as was ſaid before, they were husbands and wives: but this will not appear ſo wonderful, if we conſider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my Author gives of the male republick, there were ſeveral cuſtoms very remarkable. The men never ſhaved their beards, or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a Miniſter of State in one part of their hiſtory, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linnen; and of a certain great General who was turned out of his poſt for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by ſeveral credible witneſſes that he waſhed his face every morning. If any member of the Commonwealth had a ſoft voice, a ſmooth face, or a ſupple behaviour, he was baniſhed into the Commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a ſlave, dreſſed in petticoats, and ſet a ſpinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but ſuch as denoted ſome bodily ſtrength or perfection, as ſuch an one *the Tall*, ſuch an one *the Stocky*, ſuch an one *the Gruff*. Their publick debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, inſomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken ſhins, black eyes and bloody noſes. When they would reproach a man in the moſt bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin, and a ſoft hand. The greateſt man I meet with in their hiſtory, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore ſuch a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been ſeen in the Commonwealth before his time. Theſe accompliſhments it ſeems had rendred him ſo popular, that if he had not died very ſeaſonably, it is thought he might have enſlaved the republick. Having made this ſhort extract out of the hiſtory of the male Commonwealth, I ſhall look into the hiſtory of the neighbouring State which conſiſted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

N° 434. *Friday, July* 18.

Quales Threïciæ cùm flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se martia curru
Pentheſilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Fæminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis. Virg.

HAVING carefully peruſed the Manuſcript I mentioned in my yeſterday's paper, ſo far as it relates to the republick of women, I find in it ſeveral particulars which may very well deſerve the Reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from ſix to twelve years old, were put to public ſchools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with ſeveral other accompliſhments of the ſame nature; ſo that nothing was more uſual than to ſee a little Miſs returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horſe, to ſhoot, dart, or ſling, and liſted into ſeveral companies, in order to perfect themſelves in military exerciſes. No woman was to be married until ſhe had killed her man. The Ladies of faſhion uſed to play with young lions inſtead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diverſion, inſtead of entertaining themſelves at Ombre or Piquet, they would wreſtle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any ſuch thing as a bluſh ſeen, or a ſigh heard, in the Commonwealth. The women never dreſſed but to look terrible, to which end they would ſometimes after a battel paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reaſon likewiſe the face which had the moſt ſcars was looked upon as the moſt beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbons, or any ornaments in ſilver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they uſed to dreſs their horſes with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themſelves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the Common-

monwealth, who was a mother of three daughters. The Senate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be a Councellor of State that was not paſt child-bearing. They uſed to boaſt their republick had continued four thouſand years, which is altogether improbable, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, what I am very apt to think, that they meaſured their time by *lunar* years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republick, by means of a neighbouring King, who had made war upon them ſeveral years with various ſucceſs, and at length overthrew them in a very great battel. This defeat they aſcribe to ſeveral cauſes; ſome ſay that the Secretary of State having been troubled with the vapours, had committed ſome fatal miſtakes in ſeveral diſpatches about that time. Others pretend, that the firſt Miniſter being big with child, could not attend the publick affairs, as ſo great an exigency of ſtate required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, ſince it ſeems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My Author gives the moſt probable reaſon of this great diſaſter; for he affirms, that the General was brought to bed, or (as others ſay) miſcarried the very night before the battel: however it was, this ſignal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republick to their aſſiſtance; but notwithſtanding their common efforts to repulſe the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy concluſion.

The campaigns which both ſexes paſſed together, made them ſo well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in ſeparate camps, but afterwards as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiſcuouſly.

From this time the armies being chequered with both ſexes, they poliſhed apace. The men uſed to invite their fellow-ſoldiers into their quarters, and would dreſs their tents with flowers and boughs, for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verſe and ſonnet. Theſe were as the firſt rudiments of Architecture, Painting, and Poetry among this ſavage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both ſexes uſed to jump together and make a clattering with their ſwords and ſhields, for joy, which in a few years produced ſeveral regular tunes and ſett dances.

As the two armies romped on these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms of their mistresses, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women observing that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such trappings and gugaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to out-shine one another in all councils of war or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men observing how the womens hearts were set upon finery, begun to embellish themselves and look as agreeably as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle, the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the war, which concluded with an entire conquest over their common enemy, the Colonels in one army married the Colonels in the other; the Captains in the same manner took the Captains to their wives: the whole body of common soldiers were matched, after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republicks incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.

Saturday,

N° 435. *Saturday, July* 19.

Nec duo ſunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut poſſint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur. Ovid.

MOST of the papers I give the public are written on ſubjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more ſerious eſſays and diſcourſes; but there is another ſort of Speculations, which I conſider as occaſional papers, that take their riſe from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the preſent Age. For I look upon my ſelf as one ſet to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every abſurd faſhion, ridiculous cuſtom, or affected form of ſpeech that makes its appearance in the world, during the courſe of theſe my Speculations. The petticoat no ſooner begun to ſwell, but I obſerved its motions. The party-patches had not time to muſter themſelves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very firſt time it appeared in a public aſſembly. I might here mention ſeveral other the like contingent ſubjects, upon which I have beſtowed diſtinct papers. By this means I have ſo effectualy quaſhed thoſe irregularities which gave occaſion to them, that I am afraid poſterity will ſcarce have a ſufficient idea of them to reliſh thoſe diſcourſes which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the faſhions and cuſtoms I attacked were ſome fantaſtic conceits of my own, and that their Great-grandmothers could not be ſo whimſical as I have repreſented them. For this reaſon, when I think on the figure my ſeveral volumes of Speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I conſider them as ſo many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the faſhion loſt.

Among the ſeveral female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which ſtill keeps its ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dreſs themſelves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a perriwig; or

or at leaſt tie up their hair in a bag or ribbond, in imitation of the ſmart part of the oppoſite ſex. As in my yeſterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two ſexes in one commonwealth, I ſhall here take notice of this mixture of two ſexes in one perſon. I have already ſhewn my diſlike of this immodeſt cuſtom more than once; but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto ſaid, I am informed that the highways about this great city are ſtill very much infeſted with theſe female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S about this time twelve-month, an equeſtrian Lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a diſtance from his houſe. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every ſide to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight, Sir ROGER asked one of them who came by us, what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, ſaving your Worſhip's preſence, in a coat and hat. This produced a great deal of mirth at the Knight's houſe, where we had a ſtory at the ſame time of another of his tenants, who meeting this Gentleman-like Lady on the high way, was asked by her *whether that was* Coverly-hall; the honeſt man ſeeing only the male part of the Queriſt, replied, *Yes, Sir*; but upon the ſecond queſtion, *whether Sir* ROGER DE COVERLY *was a married man*, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into *No Madam.*

Had one of theſe Hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal*'s days, with what an indignation ſhould we have ſeen her deſcribed by that excellent ſatyriſt. He would have repreſented her in her riding habit, as a greater monſter than the Centaur. He would have called for ſacrifices, or purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of ſuch a prodigy. He would have invoked the ſhades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to ſee into what the *Roman* Ladies had transformed themſelves.

For my own part, I am for treating the ſex with greater tenderneſs, and have all along made uſe of the moſt gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are ſometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the partition between the two ſexes, and to take notice of the ſmalleſt encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I ſhall not hear any more complaints on this ſubject. I am ſure my ſhe-diſciples who peruſe theſe my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into ſuch an amphibious dreſs. This I ſhould not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of theſe my female Readers

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in *Hide Park*, who looked upon me with a maſculine aſſurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair ſex. When I ſee them ſingular in any part of their dreſs, I conclude it is not without ſome evil intention; and therefore queſtion not but the deſign of this ſtrange faſhion is to ſmite more effectually their male beholders. Now to ſet them right in this particular, I would fain have them conſider with themſelves whether we are not more likely to be ſtruck by a figure entirely female, than with ſuch an one as we may ſee every day in our glaſſes: or, if they pleaſe, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected ſhould they meet a man on horſeback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the ſame time dreſſed up in a commode and a night-rail.

I muſt obſerve that this faſhion was firſt of all brought to us from *France*, a country which has infected all the nations in *Europe* with its levity. I ſpeak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with thoſe general reflections which ſtrike at Kingdoms or Commonwealths in the groſs: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wiſhed the *Roman* people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I ſhall therefore only remark, that as livelineſs and aſſurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the *French* nation, the ſame habits and cuſtoms will not give the ſame offence to that people, which they produce among thoſe of our own country. Modeſty is our diſtinguiſhing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that family-beauty, for which our *Britiſh* Ladies are celebrated above all others in the univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable object that the eye of man can poſſibly behold.

Thurſday,

N° 439. *Thurſday, July* 24.

Hi narrata ferunt alio: menſuraque ficti
Creſcit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor. Ov.

OVID deſcribes the palace of Fame as ſituated in the very center of the univerſe, and perforated with ſo many windows and avenues as gave her the ſight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the ſea. The ſtructure of it was contrived in ſo admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was ſpoken in the whole compaſs of nature; ſo that the Palace, ſays the Poet, was always filled with a confuſed hubbub of low dying ſounds, the voices being almoſt ſpent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendevous of ſpeeches and whiſpers.

I conſider Courts with the ſame regard to the governments which they ſuperintend, as *Ovid*'s palace of Fame, with regard to the Univerſe. The eyes of a watchful Miniſter run through the whole people. There is ſcarce a murmur or complaint, that does not reach his ears. They have News-gatherers and Intelligencers diſtributed in their ſeveral walks and quarters, who bring in their reſpective quotas, and make them acquainted with the diſcourſe and converſation of the whole Kingdom or Commonwealth where they are employed. The wiſeſt of Kings, alluding to theſe inviſible and unſuſpected ſpies who are planted by Kings and Rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as thoſe voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by ſuch ſecret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: *Curſe not the King, no not in thy thought, and curſe not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air ſhall carry the voice, and that which hath wings ſhall tell the matter.*

As it is abſoluely neceſſary for Rulers to make uſe of other peoples eyes and ears, they ſhould take particular care to do it in ſuch manner, that it may not bear too hard on the perſon whoſe life and converſation

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are enquired into. A man who is capable of ſo infamous a calling as that of a Spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conſcience, to reſtrain him in thoſe covert evidences, where the perſon accuſed has no opportunity of vindicating himſelf. He will be more induſtrious to carry that which is grateful, than that which is true. There will be no occaſion for him, if he does not hear and ſee things worth diſcovery; ſo that he naturally inflames every word and circumſtance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and miſrepreſents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that ſuch ignominious wretches let their private paſſions into theſe their clandeſtine informations, and often wreck their particular ſpite or malice againſt the perſon whom they are ſet to watch. It is a pleaſant ſcene enough, which an *Italian* Author deſcribes between a Spy, and a Cardinal who employed him. The Cardinal is repreſented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The Spy begins with a low voice, Such an one, the Advocate, whiſpered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your Eminence was a very great poultron; and after having given his Patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary Raſcal in a public converſation. The Cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The Spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the ſame nature, till the Cardinal riſes in great wrath, calls him an impudent ſcoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is obſerved of great and heroic minds, that they have not only ſhewd a particular diſregard to thoſe unmerited reproaches which have been caſt upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curioſity of enquiring after them, or the poor revenge of reſenting them. The Hiſtories of *Alexander* and *Cæſar* are full of this kind of inſtances. Vulgar ſouls are of a quite contrary character. *Dionyſius*, the tyrant of *Sicily*, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of Architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome remains in that iſland. It was called *Dionyſius*'s *Ear*, and built with ſeveral little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The ſtructure of it made it a kind of whiſpering place, but ſuch a one as gathered the voice of him who ſpoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant uſed to lodge all his ſtate criminals, or thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to be engaged together in any evil deſigns upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the ſame time an apartment over it, where he uſed to apply himſelf to the funnel, and by that means over-hear every thing that was whiſpered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a

Cæsar or an *Alexander* would rather have died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man, who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches or opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teizing himself with an absurd curiosity.

" He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the " Queen, as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding; " and often crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than " was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently sollicitous to know " what her Majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had " towards him. And when by some confidents, who had their ends up- " on him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions " fallen from her Majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented " with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and re- " presentations to the King; sometimes by more dutiful addresses and " expostulations with the Queen, in bewailing his misfortune; he fre- " quently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was be- " fore, and the eclaircisment commonly ended in the discovery of the " persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.

Friday,

N° 440. *Friday, July 25.*

Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, diſcede peritis. Hor.

I Have already given my Reader an account of a ſett of merry fellows, who are paſſing their ſummer together in the country, being provided of a great houſe, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular perſon, but a large infirmary for the reception of ſuch of them as are any way indiſpoſed, or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the Secretary of this ſociety, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the laſt week, I ſhall here make a preſent of it to the public.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"WE are glad to find that you approve the eſtabliſhment which "we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and "agreeable converſation, and ſhall uſe our beſt endeavours ſo to improve "our ſelves in this our ſummer retirement, that we may next winter "ſerve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our inſtitution "may be no leſs advantageous to the public than to our ſelves, we ſhall "communicate to you one week of our proceedings, deſiring you at the "ſame time, if you ſee any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your "admonitions. For you muſt know, Sir, that it has been propoſed a-"mong us to chuſe you for our Viſitor, to which I muſt further add, "that one of the College having declared laſt week, he did not like the "*Spectator* of the day, and not being able to aſſign any juſt reaſons for "ſuch his diſlike, he was ſent to the infirmary, *Nemine contradicente.*

"On *Monday* the aſſembly was in very good humour, having received "ſome recruits of *French* claret that morning; when unluckily, towards "the middle of the dinner, one of the company ſwore at his ſervant in "a very rough manner, for having put too much water in his wine. "Upon which the preſident of the day, who is always the mouth of the "company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his paſ-

" ſion, and the inſult it had made upon the company, ordered his man " to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There " was but one more ſent away that day; this was a Gentleman who is " reckoned by ſome perſons one of the greateſt Wits, and by others one " of the greateſt Boobys about town. This you will ſay is a ſtrange cha- " racter, but what makes it ſtranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is " perpetually the reverſe of himſelf, being always merry or dull to exceſs. " We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the " road, having laviſhed away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney " coach-man, as might have ſerved him during his whole ſtay here, had " it been duly managed. He had been lumpiſh for two or three days, " but was ſo far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we diſpatched " one of the briskeſt fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary, " for having told him at table he was not merry. But our Preſident ob- " ſerving that he indulged himſelf in this long fit of ſtupidity, and con- " ſtruing it as a contempt of the College, ordered him to retire into the " place prepared for ſuch companions. He was no ſooner got into it, " but his wit and mirth returned upon him in ſo violent a manner, that " he ſhook the whole infirmary with the noiſe of it, and had ſo good " an effect upon the reſt of the patients, that he brought them all out to " dinner with him the next day.

" On *Tueſday* we were no ſooner ſat down, but one of the company " complained that his head aked; upon which another asked him, in " an inſolent manner, what he did there then; this inſenſibly grew into " ſome warm words; ſo that the Preſident, in order to keep the peace, " gave directions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in " the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us, he " knew by a pain in his ſhoulder that we ſhould have ſome rain, the Pre- " ſident ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glaſs in the " apartment above-mentioned.

" On *Wedneſday* a Gentleman having received a letter written in a " woman's hand, and changing colour twice or thrice as he read it, de- " ſired leave to retire into the infirmary. The Preſident conſented, but " denied him the uſe of pen, ink and paper till ſuch time as he had ſlept " upon it. One of the company being ſeated at the lower end of the " table, and diſcovering his ſecret diſcontent by finding fault with every " diſh that was ſerved up, and refuſing to laugh at any thing that was " ſaid, the Preſident told him, that he found he was in an uneaſie ſeat, " and deſired him to accommodate himſelf better in the infirmary. Af-

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" ter dinner a very honeſt fellow chancing to let a punn fall from him, ' his neighbour cryed out, *to the infirmary*; at the ſame time pretend- " ing to be ſick at it, as having the ſame natural antipathy to a punn, " which ſome have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the " whole the Punnſter was acquitted, and his neighbour ſent off.

" On *Thurſday* there was but one delinquent. This was a Gentleman " of ſtrong voice, but weak underſtanding. He had unluckily engaged " himſelf in a diſpute with a man of excellent ſenſe, but of a modeſt " elocution. The man of heat replied to every anſwer of his antagoniſt " with a louder note than ordinary, and only raiſed his voice when he " ſhould have enforced his argument. Finding himſelf at length driven " to an abſurdity, he ſtill reaſoned in a more clamorous and confuſed " manner, and to make the greater impreſſion upon his hearers, con- " cluded with a loud thump upon the table. The Preſident immediately " ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till ſuch " time as he ſhould be ſufficiently weakened for converſation.

" On *Friday* there paſſed very little remarkable, ſaving only, that ſe- " veral petitions were read of the perſons in cuſtody, deſiring to be re- " leaſed from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good " behaviour for the future.

" On *Saturday* we received many excuſes from perſons who had found " themſelves in an unſociable temper, and had voluntarily ſhut themſelves " up. The infirmary was indeed never ſo full as on this day, which I " was at ſome loſs to account for, till upon my going abroad I obſerved " that it was an eaſterly wind. The retirement of moſt of my friends " has given me opportunity and leiſure of writing you this letter, which " I muſt not conclude without aſſuring you, that all the members of our " College, as well thoſe who are under confinement, as thoſe who are " at liberty, are your very humble ſervants, though none more than,

&c.

Saturday,

N° 441. *Saturday, July* 26.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor.

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched Being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented, had he foreſeen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who ask it of him.

The natural homage, which ſuch a creaure bears to ſo infinitely Wiſe and Good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the bleſſings and conveniences of life, and an habitual truſt in him for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befal us.

The man, who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are employed for his ſafety and his welfare. He finds his want of foreſight made up by the Omniſcience of him who is his ſupport. He is not ſenſible of his own want of ſtrength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In ſhort, the perſon who has a firm truſt on the Supreme Being, is powerful in *his* Power, wiſe by *his* Wiſdom, happy by *his* Happineſs. He reaps the benefit of every Divine attribute, and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fullneſs of infinite Perfection.

To

To make our lives more eaſie to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the Divine Goodneſs having made ſuch a reliance a duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable, had it been forbidden us.

Among ſeveral motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of theſe that follow.

The firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed, He will not fail thoſe who put their truſt in him

But without conſidering the ſupernatural bleſſing which accompanies this duty, we may obſerve that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or in other words, that this firm truſt and confidence in the great diſpoſer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A perſon who believes he has his ſuccour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a confidence of ſucceſs. I could produce inſtances from hiſtory, of Generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of ſome inviſible aſſiſtant, did not only encourage their ſoldiers to do their utmoſt, but have acted themſelves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inſpired by ſuch a belief. I might in the ſame manner ſhew how ſuch a truſt in the aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Chearfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of the mind that alleviate thoſe calamities we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue adminiſters great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but moſt of all in the hour of death. When the ſoul is hovering in the laſt moments of its ſeparation, when it is juſt entring on another ſtate of exiſtence, to converſe with ſcenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch tremblings of thought, ſuch fear, ſuch anxiety, ſuch apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her cares upon him who firſt gave her Being, who has conducted her through one ſtage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progreſs through Eternity?

David has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Pſalm, which is a kind of *Paſtoral* Hymn, and filled with thoſe alluſions which are uſual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my Reader with the following tranſlation of it.

I.

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors over-ſpread;
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

Thurſday,

N° 445. *Thurſday, July* 31.

Tanti non es ais. Sapis, Luperce. Mart.

THIS is the day on which many eminent Authors will probably publiſh their laſt words. I am afraid that few of our weekly hiſtorians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to ſubſiſt under the weight of a ſtamp, and an approaching peace. A ſheet of blank paper that muſt have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the publick, will make its way in the world but very heavily. In ſhort, the neceſſity of carrying a ſtamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battel, will, I am afraid, both concur to the ſinking of thoſe thin Folios, which have every other day retailed to us the hiſtory of *Europe* for ſeveral years laſt paſt. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a punn, calls this preſent mortality among Authors, *The fall of the leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter*'s death, there was publiſhed a ſheet of very good ſayings, inſcribed, *The laſt words of Mr.* Baxter. The title ſold ſo great a number of theſe papers, that about a week after, there came out a ſecond ſheet inſcribed, *More laſt words of Mr.* Baxter. In the ſame manner, I have reaſon to think, that ſeveral ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the publick, in farewel papers, will not give over ſo, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my buſineſs, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the motives by which I act, in this great criſis of the republick of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I ſhould throw up my pen, as an Author that is caſhiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to operate within theſe four and twenty hours, or whether I ſhould ſtill perſiſt in laying my Speculations, from day to day, before the publick. The argument which prevails with me moſt on the firſt ſide of the queſtion is, that I am informed by my Bookſeller he muſt raiſe the price of

every ſingle paper to two-pence, or that he ſhall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very deſirous my readers ſhould have their learning as cheap as poſſible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reaſons together in the ballance, I find that thoſe which plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the firſt place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper ſo much inſtruction, as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not adviſe any one to take it in, who, after the peruſal of it, does not find himſelf two-pence the wiſer, or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two peny-worth of mirth or inſtruction for his money.

But I muſt confeſs there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I conſider that the tax on paper was given for the ſupport of the Government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or ſay, I fear they would aſcribe the laying down my paper, on ſuch an occaſion, to a ſpirit of malecontentedneſs, which I am reſolved none ſhall ever juſtly upbraid me with. No, I ſhall glory in contributing my utmoſt to the weal publick; and if my country receives five or ſix pounds a-day by my labours, I ſhall be very well pleaſed to find my ſelf ſo uſeful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honeſt man ſhould enrich himſelf by methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives, and by the ſame rule I think we may pronounce the perſon to deſerve very well of his country-men, whoſe labours bring more into the publick coffers, than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word Enemies, I muſt explain my ſelf ſo far as to acquaint my Reader, that I mean only the inſignificant party zealots on both ſides; men of ſuch poor narrow ſouls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the courſe of this paper, I have been accuſed by theſe deſpicable wretches of trimming, time-ſerving, perſonal reflection, ſecret hate, and the like. Now, though in theſe my compoſitions, it is viſible to any reader of common ſenſe, that I conſider nothing but my ſubject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it poſſible for me to write ſo clear of party, as not to lie open to the cenſures of thoſe who will be applying every ſentence, and finding out perſons and things in it, which it has no regard to?

Seve-

Several paltry ſcribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithſtanding my name has been ſometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadverſions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear conſiderable by taking notice of them, for they are like thoſe imperceptible inſects which are diſcovered by the microſcope, and cannot be made the ſubject of obſervation without being magnified.

Having mentioned thoſe few who have ſhewn themſelves the enemies of this paper, I ſhould be very ungrateful to the publick, did not I at the ſame time teſtifie my gratitude to thoſe who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of all conditions, parties and profeſſions in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. I am not ſo vain as to think this approbation is ſo much due to the performance as to the deſign. There is, and ever will be, juſtice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the paſſions and prejudices of any particular cauſe or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted againſt perſons who have appeared ſerious rather than abſurd; or at beſt, have aimed rather at what is unfaſhionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in ſome meaſure criminal. I have ſet up the immoral man as the object of deriſion: in ſhort, if I have not formed a new weapon againſt vice and irreligion, I have at leaſt ſhewn how that weapon may be put to a right uſe, which has ſo often fought the battels of impiety and prophaneneſs.

N° 446. *Friday, Auguſt* 1.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error. Hor.

SINCE two or three writers of Comedy who are now living have taken their farewell of the Stage, thoſe who ſucceed them finding themſelves incapable of riſing up to their wit, humour and good ſenſe, have only imitated them in ſome of thoſe looſe unguarded ſtrokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taſte of the more vicious part of their audience. When perſons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to ſome of theſe degenerate compoſitions that I have written the following diſcourſe.

Were our *Engliſh* Stage but half ſo virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we ſhould quickly ſee the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be faſhionable to ridicule religion, or its profeſſors; the man of pleaſure would not be the compleat Gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that eſteem which is due to it.

If the *Engliſh* Stage were under the ſame regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the ſame effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and publick worſhip of its country. Were our Plays ſubject to proper inſpections and limitations, we might not only paſs away ſeveral of our vacant hours in the higheſt entertainments; but ſhould always riſe from them wiſer and better than we ſat down to them.

It is one of the moſt unaccountable things in our Age, that the lewdneſs of our Theatre ſhould be ſo much complained of, and ſo little redreſſed. It is to be hoped, that ſome time or other we may be at leiſure to reſtrain the licentiouſneſs of the Theatre, and make it contribute its aſſiſtance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the Age. As matters ſtand at preſent, multitudes are ſhut out from this noble

noble diverſion, by reaſon of thoſe abuſes and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter ſhould be ruined by thoſe entertainments, which were invented for the accompliſhment and refining of human nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* Plays were written with ſuch a regard to morality, that *Socrates* uſed to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

It happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* Theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be repreſented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were ſeveral indecent parts to be acted, the people refuſed to ſee them whilſt *Cato* was preſent. *Martial* on this hint made the following Epigram, which we muſt ſuppoſe was applied to ſome grave friend of his, that had been accidentally preſent at ſome ſuch entertainment.

Noſſes jocoſæ dulce cum ſacrum Floræ,
Feſtoſque luſus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

Why doſt thou come, great Cenſor of thy Age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the Stage?
With awful countenance and brow ſevere,
What in the name of Goodneſs doſt thou here?
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd and vain!
Didſt thou come in but to go out again?

An accident of this nature might happen once in an Age among the *Greeks* or *Romans*; but they were too wiſe and good to let the conſtant nightly entertainment be of ſuch a nature, that people of the moſt ſenſe and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are repreſented upon the Stage, they ought to be ſo marked and branded by the Poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the perſon who is tainted with them. But if we look into the *Engliſh* Comedies above-mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen Stage, was not to be regarded in chriſtian Theatres. There is another rule likewiſe, which was obſerved by Authors of antiquity, and which theſe modern Genius's have no regard to, and that was, never to chuſe an improper ſubject for ridicule. Now a ſubject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to ſtir up horrour and commiſeration rather than laughter. For this reaſon, we do not find any

Comedy.

Comedy in ſo polite an Author as *Terence*, raiſed upon the violations of the Marriage-bed. The falſhood of the wife or husband has given occaſion to noble Tragedies, but a *Scipio* or a *Lelius* would have looked upon inceſt or murder to have been improper ſubjects for Comedy. On the contrary, Cuckoldom is the baſis of moſt of our modern Plays. If an Alderman appears upon the Stage, you may be ſure it is in order to be cuckolded. An husband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the ſame fate. Knights and Baronets, Country Squires, and Juſtices of the *Quorum*, come up to town for no other purpoſe. I have ſeen poor *Dogget* cuckolded in all theſe capacities. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* writers are as frequently ſevere upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a Cuckold, as the ancient Comic writers were upon an eating paraſite, or a vain-glorious ſoldier.

At the ſame time the Poet ſo contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We ſit ſtill, and wiſh well to them through the whole Play, are pleaſed when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are diſappointed. The truth of it is, the accompliſhed Gentleman upon the *Engliſh* Stage, is the perſon that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a compoſition of ſprightlineſs and falſhood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenneſs of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind; but I have often wondered that our ordinary Poets cannot frame to themſelves the idea of a fine man who is not a whore-maſter, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have ſometimes thought of compiling a Syſtem of Ethics out of the writings of theſe corrupt Poets, under the title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this thought, by a project which has been executed by an ingenious Gentleman of my acquaintance. He has compoſed, it ſeems, the hiſtory of a young fellow, who has taken all his notions of the world from the Stage, and who has directed himſelf in every circumſtance of his life, and converſation, by the maxims and examples of the fine Gentleman in *Engliſh* Comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new-faſhioned Novel, I will beſtow on it a place in my works, and queſtion not but it may have as good an effect upon the Drama, as *Don Quixote* had upon Romance.

Saturday,

N° 447. *Saturday, Auguſt 2.*

Φημὶ πολυχρονίῳ μελέτῃ ἔμμεναι, φίλε· καὶ δὴ
Τοῦτο ἀνθρώποισι τελεύτωσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

THERE is not a common-ſaying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that Cuſtom is a ſecond nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. *Plot*, in his hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, tells us of an Ideot that chancing to live within the ſound of a Clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the Ideot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I ſhall in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo entirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his Being. The love of a retired or a buſie life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, until he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoak, or drink, or take ſnuff, until he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions.

verſions. The mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is accuſtomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which ſhe has been uſed to walk.

Not only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and practice become pleaſant. Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves in his natural philoſophy, that our taſte is never pleaſed better, than with thoſe things which at firſt created a diſguſt in it. He gives particular inſtances of Claret, Coffee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a reliſh of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having habituated her ſelf to any particular exerciſe or employment, not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but conceives a certain fondneſs and affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt Genius's this Age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered cuſtom as it makes things eaſie, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn thoſe uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

In the ſecond place I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that Philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum*, Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful. Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chuſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of Reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come

come over to Reaſon, though we can never force Reaſon to comply with Inclination.

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. *The Gods*, ſaid *Heſiod, have placed Labour before Virtue, the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſie the further you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will in a little time find, that *her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart, that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure, from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon, and from the proſpect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge our ſelves in any the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments, ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her, during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. Their torments have already taken

root in them, they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life, but when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratifie them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind which are called in Scripture phraſe, the Worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent Divines of the laſt Age, as in particular by Arch-biſhop *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Sherlock*, but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it, as Dr. *Scott*, in the firſt book of his Chriſtian Life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of Divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent Author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it: as on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts.

N° 451. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 7.

--------Jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire minax impunè domos---------

THERE is nothing ſo ſcandalous to a government, and deteſtable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the ſame time there is nothing ſo difficult to tame, as a ſatyrical Author. An angry writer, who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his ſpleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, ſays the Fable, ſeeing all her wrinkles repreſented in a large Looking-glaſs, threw it upon the ground in a paſſion, and broke it in a thouſand pieces; but

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as ſhe was afterwards ſurveying the fragments with a ſpiteful kind of pleaſure, ſhe could not forbear uttering her ſelf in the following ſoliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and ſee an hundred ugly faces, where before I ſaw but one.

It has been propoſed, *to oblige every perſon that writes a book, or a paper, to ſwear himſelf the Author of it, and enter down in a publick regiſter his name and place of abode.*

This, indeed, would have effectually ſuppreſſed all printed ſcandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that ſuch an expedient would not only deſtroy ſcandal, but learning. It would operate promiſcuouſly, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention ſome of the moſt celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous Authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us ſo great a charity in ſecret: there are few works of genius that come out at firſt with the Author's name. The writer generally makes a tryal of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would ſet pen to paper, if they knew, before hand, that they muſt not publiſh their productions but on ſuch conditions. For my own part, I muſt declare, the papers I preſent the publick are like fairy favours, which ſhall laſt no longer than while the Author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to reſtrain theſe ſons of calumny and defamation is, that all ſides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty ſcribler is countenanced by great names, whoſe intereſts he propagates by ſuch vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a Miniſtry, who have inflicted an exemplary puniſhment on an Author that has ſupported their cauſe with falſhood and ſcandal, and treated, in a moſt cruel manner, the names of thoſe who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagoniſts. Would a Government ſet an everlaſting mark of their diſpleaſure upon one of thoſe infamous writers, who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we ſhould quickly ſee an end put to this race of vermin, that are a ſcandal to Government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a miniſter of State ſhine in hiſtory, and would fill all mankind with a juſt abhorrence of perſons who ſhould treat him unworthily, and employ againſt him thoſe arms which he ſcorned to make uſe of againſt his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be ſo unjuſt as to imagine what I have here ſaid, is ſpoken with a reſpect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the ſentiments either of a Chriſtian or a Gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice which is ſo much in uſe among us at preſent, that it is become a kind of national crime, and diſtinguiſhes us from all the Governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the fineſt ſtrokes of ſatyr which are aimed at particular perſons, and which are ſupported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themſelves. Infamy, like other puniſhments, is under the direction and diſtribution of the Magiſtrate, and not of any private perſon. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of *Cicero*, that though there were very few capital puniſhments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon which took away the good name of another, was to be puniſhed by death. But this is far from being our caſe. Our ſatyr is nothing but ribaldry and *Billingsgate*. Scurrility paſſes for wit; and he who can call names in the greateſt variety of phraſes, is looked upon to have the ſhrewdeſt pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the higheſt poſts and greateſt titles are rendered cheap and vile in the ſight of the people; the nobleſt virtues, and moſt exalted parts, expoſed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world, when our preſent heats and animoſities are forgot, ſhould, I ſay, ſuch an one form to himſelf a notion of the greateſt men of all ſides in the *Britiſh* nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in ſome or other of thoſe abominable writings which are daily publiſhed among us, what a nation of monſters muſt we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter ſubverſion of all truth and humanity among us, it deſerves the utmoſt deteſtation and diſcouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion, at heart. I would therefore earneſtly recommend it to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in theſe pernicious arts of writing; and of thoſe who take pleaſure in the reading of them. As for the firſt, I have ſpoken of them in former papers, and have not ſtuck to rank them with the murderer and aſſaſſin. Every honeſt man ſets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life it ſelf; and I cannot but think that thoſe who privily aſſault the one, would deſtroy the other, might they do it with the ſame ſecrecy and impunity.

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As for perſons who take pleaſure in the reading and diſperſing of ſuch deteſtable libels, I am afraid they fall very little ſhort of the guilt of the firſt compoſers. By a law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made death for any perſon not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But becauſe I would not be thought ſingular in my opinion of this matter, I ſhall conclude my paper with the words of Monſieur *Bayle*, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquiſite learning and judgment.

" I cannot imagine, that a man who diſperſes a libel is leſs deſirous of " doing miſchief than the Author himſelf. But what ſhall we ſay of " the pleaſure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? " Is it not a heinous ſin in the ſight of God? We muſt diſtinguiſh in this " point. This pleaſure is either an agreeable ſenſation we are affected " with, when we meet with a witty thought which is well expreſſed, or " it is a joy which we conceive from the diſhonour of the Perſon who is " defamed. I will ſay nothing to the firſt of theſe caſes; for perhaps " ſome would think that my morality is not ſevere enough, if I ſhould af- " firm that a man is not maſter of thoſe agreeable ſenſations, any more " than of thoſe occaſioned by ſugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; " but as to the ſecond, every one will own that pleaſure to be a heinous " ſin. The pleaſure in the firſt caſe is of no continuance; it prevents " our reaſon and reflection, and may be immediately followed by a ſe- " cret grief, to ſee our neighbour's honour blaſted. If it does not ceaſe " immediately, it is a ſign that we are not diſpleaſed with the ill-nature " of the Satyriſt, but are glad to ſee him defame his enemy by all kinds " of ſtories; and then we deſerve the puniſhment to which the writer of " the libel is ſubject. I ſhall here add the words of a modern Author. " *St.* Gregory *upon excommunicating thoſe writers who had diſhonoured* " Caſtorius, *does not except thoſe who read their works; becauſe, ſays* " *he, if calumnies have always been the delight of the hearers, and a gra-* " *tification of thoſe perſons who have no other advantage over honeſt* " *men, is not he who takes pleaſure in reading them as guilty as he who* " *compoſed them?* It is an unconteſted maxim, that they who approve an " action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if ſome reaſon of " ſelf-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, ſays *Cicero*, be- " tween adviſing a crime, and approving it when committed. The *Ro-* " *man* law confirmed this maxim, having ſubjected the Approvers and " Authors of this evil to the ſame penalty. We may therefore conclude, " that thoſe who are pleaſed with reading defamatory libels, ſo far as to

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" approve the authors and diſperſers of them, are as guilty as if they had " compoſed them; for if they do not write ſuch libels themſelves, it is " becauſe they have not the talent of writing, or becauſe they will run " no hazard.

The Author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

N° 452. *Friday, Auguſt* 8.

Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida. Plin. apud Lillium.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen, which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general thirſt after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men, who live very plentifully upon this curioſity of their fellow-ſubjects. They all of them receive the ſame advices from abroad, and very often in the ſame words; but their way of cooking it is ſo different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the publick good, that can leave the Coffee-houſe with peace of mind, before he has given every one of them a reading. Theſe ſeveral diſhes of news are ſo very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleaſed with them when they are ſerved up hot, but when they are again ſet cold before them, by thoſe penetrating Politicians, who oblige the publick with their reflections and obſervations upon every piece of intelligence that is ſent us from abroad. The text is given us by one ſett of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithſtanding we have the ſame tale told us in ſo many different papers, and if occaſion requires in ſo many articles of the ſame paper; notwithſtanding in a ſcarcity of foreign poſts we hear the ſame ſtory repeated, by different advices from *Paris*, *Bruſſels*, the *Hague*, and from every great town in *Europe*; notwithſtanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it paſſes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a freſh Male: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next ſtep, or what will be the conſequence of that which has been already taken.

A westerly wind keeps the whole town in suspence, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good use to a person who has such a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement, than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the products of any single post. Fights, conquests and revolutions lye thick together. The Reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind. In short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern newsmongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an *Englishman* to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries, who live upon the banks of the *Danube* or the *Boryſthenes*. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from a Projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU must have observed, that men who frequent Coffee-houses, "and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is mat-"ter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a "defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a Cardinal's "mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They "are glad to hear the *French* court is removed to *Marli*, and are after-"wards as much delighted with its return to *Versailles*. They read the "advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of publick news; "and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse that is strayed out of a

"field

" field near *Iſlington*, as of a whole troop that has been engaged in any " foreign adventure. In ſhort, they have a reliſh for every thing that is " news, let the matter of it be what it will; or to ſpeak more properly, " they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taſte. Now, Sir, ſince " the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried " up; and ſince theſe Gentlemen have contracted ſuch an inextinguiſha- " ble thirſt after it; I have taken their caſe and my own into conſidera- " tion, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage " of us both. I have thoughts of publiſhing a daily paper, which ſhall " comprehend in it all the moſt remarkable occurrences in every little " town, village and hamlet, that lye within ten miles of *London*, or in " other words, within the verge of the penny-poſt. I have pitched upon " this ſcene of intelligence for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe the carriage of " Letters will be very cheap; and ſecondly, becauſe I may receive them " every day. By this means my Readers will have their news freſh and " freſh, and many worthy citizens, who cannot ſleep with any ſatisfaction " at preſent, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go " to bed contentedly, it being my deſign to put out my paper every night " at nine-a-clock preciſely. I have already eſtabliſhed correſpondences " in theſe ſeveral places, and received very good intelligence.

" By my laſt advices from *Knights-bridge* I hear that a horſe was clap- " ped into the pound on the third inſtant, and that he was not releaſed " when the Letters came away.

" We are informed from *Pankridge*, that a dozen weddings were " lately celebrated in the Mother Church of that place, but are referred " to their next Letters for the names of the parties concerned.

" Letters from *Brompton* adviſe, that the Widow *Blight* had received " ſeveral viſits from *John Milldew*, which affords great matter of ſpecu- " lation in thoſe parts.

" By a Fiſherman which lately touched at *Hammerſmith*, there is ad- " vice from *Putney*, that a certain perſon well known in that place, is " like to loſe his election for Church-warden; but this being boat-news, " we cannot give entire credit to it.

" Letters from *Paddington* bring little more than that *William Squeak*, " the ſow-gelder, paſſed through that place the fifth inſtant.

" They adviſe from *Fulham*, that things remained there in the ſame " ſtate they were. They had intelligence, juſt as the Letters came away, " of a tub of excellent ale juſt ſet abroach at *Parſons Green*; but this " wanted confirmation.

" I have here, Sir, given you a ſpecimen of the news with which I " intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in " the form of a News-paper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to " many of thoſe publick-ſpirited Readers, who take more delight in ac- " quainting themſelves with other peoples buſineſs than their own. I " hope a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home, " may be more uſeful to us, than thoſe which are filled with advices " from *Zug* and *Bender*, and make ſome amends for that dearth of intel- " ligence, which we may juſtly apprehend from times of peace. If I find " that you receive this project favourably, I will ſhortly trouble you with " one or two more ; and in the mean time am, moſt worthy Sir, with " all due reſpect,

Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant.

N° 453. *Saturday, Auguſt 9.*

Non uſitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ------- Hor.

THERE is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If Gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supream Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in the mind of a grateful man ; it exalts the ſoul

into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Moſt of the works of the pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their reſpective attributes and perfections. Thoſe who are acquainted with the works of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets which are ſtill extant, will upon reflection find this obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian Poets have not turned their thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble that what could poſſibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the imagination, and give an opportunity for the ſublimeſt thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was ſinging an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human ſacrifices, and other inſtances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a Poet who was preſent at this piece of devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a daughter of the ſame temper with the Goddeſs he celebrated. It was indeed impoſſible to write the praiſes of one of thoſe falſe Deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and abſurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the times of Chriſtianity were the only people that had the knowledge of the true God, have ſet the Chriſtian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am ſpeaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without conſidering them as inſpired writers, they have tranſmitted to us many Hymns and divine Odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the poetry, as much as in the ſubject to which it was conſecrated. This I think might eaſily be ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

I have already communicated to the publick ſome pieces of divine poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I ſhall from time to time publiſh any work of the ſame nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I. *When*

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redress't,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man;

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk
Revived my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue,
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For oh! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

Thurſday,

N° 457. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 14.

------ *Multa et præclara minantis.* Hor.

I Shall this day lay before my Reader a letter, written by the ſame hand with that of laſt *Friday*, which contained propoſals for a printed news-paper, that ſhould take in the whole circle of the penny-poſt.

SIR,

THE kind reception you gave my laſt *Friday*'s letter, in which I broached my project of a News-paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you muſt know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the *Lowndes* of the learned world, and cannot think any ſcheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raiſe by it is on our own funds, and for our private uſe.

I have often thought that a *News-letter of Whiſpers*, written every poſt, and ſent about the kingdom, after the ſame manner as that of Mr. *Dyer*, Mr. *Dawkes*, or any other epiſtolary Hiſtorian, might be highly gratifying to the publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By whiſpers I mean thoſe pieces of news which are communicated as ſecrets, and which bring a double pleaſure to the hearer; firſt, as they are private hiſtory, and in the next place, as they have always in them a daſh of ſcandal. Theſe are the two chief qualifications in an article of News, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickneſs of perſons in high poſts, twilight viſits paid and received by Miniſters of State, clandeſtine courtſhips and marriages, ſecret amours, loſſes at play, applications for places, with their reſpective ſucceſſes or repulſes, are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two perſons, that are each of them the repreſentative of a ſpecies, who are to furniſh me with thoſe whiſpers which I intend to convey to my correſpondents. The firſt of theſe is *Peter Huſh*, deſcended from the ancient family of the *Huſhes*. The other is the old Lady *Blaſt*, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of *London* and

Weſt-

Weſtminſter. *Peter Huſh* has a whiſpering hole in moſt of the great Coffee-houſes about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and ſpeaks in your ear. I have ſeen *Peter* ſeat himſelf in a company of ſeven or eight perſons, whom he never ſaw before in his life; and after having looked about to ſee there was no one that over-heard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the ſeal of ſecrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account was giving of him. If upon your entring into a Coffee-houſe you ſee a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying cloſe by one another, it is ten to one but my friend *Peter* is among them. I have known *Peter* publiſhing the whiſper of the day by eight a clock in the morning at *Garraway*'s, by twelve at *Will*'s, and before two at the *Smyrna*. When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a ſecret, I have been very well pleaſed to hear people whiſpering it to one another at ſecond hand, and ſpreading it about as their own; for you muſt know, Sir, the great incentive to whiſpering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the ſecret, and being looked upon as a man who has acceſs to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of *Peter Huſh*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blaſt*, who is to communicate to me the private tranſactions of the Crimp table, with all the *Arcana* of the fair ſex. The Lady *Blaſt*, you muſt underſtand, has ſuch a particular malignity in her whiſper, that it blights like an eaſterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breaths upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and laſt winter married above five women of Quality to their footmen. Her whiſper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill an healthful young fellow with diſtempers that are not to be named. She can turn a viſit into an intrigue, and a diſtant ſalute into an aſſignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In ſhort, ſhe can whiſper men baſe and fooliſh, jealous or ill-natured, or, if occaſion requires, can tell you the ſlips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honeſt coach-men that have been in their graves above theſe hundred years. By theſe, and the like helps, I queſtion not but I ſhall furniſh out a very handſom News-letter. If you approve my project, I ſhall begin to whiſper by the very next poſt, and queſtion not but every one of my cuſtomers will be very well pleaſed with me, when he conſiders that every piece of news I ſend him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a ſecret.

Having

Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several Authors in *France*, *Germany* and *Holland*, as well as in our own country, who publish every month, what they call *An Account of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us an abstract of all such books as are printed in any part of *Europe*. Now, Sir, it is my design to publish every month, *An Account of the Works of the Unlearned*. Several late productions of my own country-men, who many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may, in this work, possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign *Accounts* above-mentioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may, likewise, take into consideration such pieces as appear from time to time, under the names of those Gentlemen who compliment one another, in publick Assemblies, by the title of the *Learned Gentlemen*. Our Party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention Editors, Commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

I am ever, most worthy Sir, &c.

N° 458. *Friday, August* 15.

Αἰδὼς ἐκ ἀγαθὴ ——— Hes.
——— *Pudor malus* ——— Hor.

I Could not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company,

pany, and flung a bottle at the Gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occaſion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modeſty, and to remember the ſaying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the perſon has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.* This falſe kind of modeſty has, perhaps, betrayed both ſexes into as many vices as the moſt abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcuſable to Reaſon, becauſe it acts to gratify others rather than it ſelf, and is puniſhed with a kind of remorſe, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modeſty, and nothing is more contemptible than the falſe. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modeſty is aſhamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reaſon: falſe modeſty is aſhamed to do any thing that is oppoſite to the humour of the company. True modeſty avoids every thing that is criminal, falſe modeſty every thing that is unfaſhionable. The latter is only a general undetermined inſtinct; the former is that inſtinct, limited and circumſcribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modeſty to be falſe and vicious, which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiſcreet, or which reſtrains him from doing any that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend ſums of money which they are not able to ſpare, are bound for perſons whom they have but little friendſhip for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, beſtow places on thoſe whom they do not eſteem, live in ſuch a manner as they themſelves do not approve, and all this meerly becauſe they have not the confidence to reſiſt ſolicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this falſe modeſty expoſe us only to ſuch actions as are indiſcreet, but very often to ſuch as are highly criminal. When *Xenophanes* was called timorous, becauſe he would not venture his money in a game at dice: *I confeſs*, ſaid he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.* On the contrary, a man of vicious modeſty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look ſingular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himſelf go to every action or diſcourſe, however unjuſtifiable in it ſelf, ſo it be in vogue among the preſent party. This, though one of the moſt common, is one of the moſt ridiculous diſpoſitions in human nature, that men ſhould not be aſhamed of ſpeaking or acting in a diſſolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company ſhould be aſhamed of governing himſelf by the principles of reaſon and virtue.

In

In the second place we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in *England* a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman Catholick countries, are not a little surprized to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An Officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure in those countries would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed Churches, and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the Restoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme, every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocriſie cannot indeed be too much deteſted, but at the ſame time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally deſtructive to the perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but in regard to others, hypocriſie is not ſo pernicious as bare-faced irreligion. The due mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the world ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted modeſty, to be aſhamed before men in a particular of ſuch unſpeakable importance.

N° 459. *Saturday, Auguſt* 16.

-------quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt. Hor.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Faith, the ſecond by that of Morality.

If we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build ſo much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due regard to Faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

Notwithſtanding this general diviſion of chriſtian duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the firſt has the pre-eminence in ſeveral reſpects.

Firſt, Becauſe the greateſt part of morality (as I have ſtated the notion of it,) is of a fixt eternal nature, and will endure when faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in conviction. *Secondly*,

Secondly, Becauſe a perſon may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Becauſe morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the paſſions, and advancing the happineſs of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Becauſe the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of faith.

Fifthly, Becauſe infidelity is not of ſo malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the ſame reaſon in another light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be ſalvation for a virtuous infidel, (particularly in the caſe of invincible ignorance) but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Becauſe faith ſeems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, In explaining and carrying to greater heights, ſeveral points of morality.

Secondly, In furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of our ſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our natures.

Fourthly, By ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of vice, which in the chriſtian ſyſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all perfection and the ſovereign judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our Divines as hating ſin to the ſame degree that he loves the Sacred Perſon who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and preſcribed method of making morality effectual to ſalvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral heads, which every one who is converſant in diſcourſes of this nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely that a man cannot be perfect in his ſcheme of morality, who does not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the chriſtian faith.

Beſides this, I ſhall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

First, That we ſhould be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or ſubverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, That the greateſt friend of morality, or natural religion, cannot poſſibly apprehend any danger from embracing Chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national Church.

There is likewiſe another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing conſiderations, which is this, that we ſhould in all dubious points conſider any ill conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, before we give up our aſſent to them.

For example, In that diſputable point of Perſecuting men for conſcience ſake, beſides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of reſentment, and enſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleaſures and advantages of ſociety, afflict their bodies, diſtreſs their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful conſequences riſing from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this caſe the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident, the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a man thinks the true ſyſtem of faith may juſtifie it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produce Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for ſhewing it ſelf by ſuch cruel inſtances. But, to conclude with the words of an excellent Author, *We have juſt enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.*

N° 463. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 21.

Omnia quæ ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore ſopito reddit amica quies.
Venator deſeſſa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſylvas et ſua luſtra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigis ſomnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Muſarum ſtudium ſub nocte ſilenti
Artibus aſſuetis ſollicitare ſolet. Claud.

I Was lately entertaining my ſelf with comparing *Homer*'s ballance, in which *Jupiter* is repreſented as weighing the fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a paſſage of *Virgil*, wherein that Deity is introduced as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. I then conſidered how the ſame way of thinking prevailed in the eaſtern parts of the world, as in thoſe noble paſſages of Scripture, where we are told, that the great King of *Babylon*, the day before his death, had been weighed in the ballance, and been found wanting. In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is deſcribed as weighing the mountains in ſcales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the ballancings of the clouds, and, in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a ballance. *Milton*, as I have obſerved in a former paper, had an eye to ſeveral of theſe foregoing inſtances, in that beautiful deſcription wherein he repreſents the Arch-Angel and the evil Spirit as addreſſing themſelves for the combat, but parted by the ballance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the conſequences of ſuch a battel.

Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,

The

The pendulous round earth with ballanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms; in theſe he puts two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel *ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend.*

Satan *I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine,*
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do, ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled more
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial Sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown, how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft; nor more, but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

Theſe ſeveral amuſing thoughts having taken poſſeſſion of my mind ſome time before I went to ſleep, and mingling themſelves with my ordinary ideas, raiſed in my imagination a very odd kind of viſion. I was, methought, replaced in my ſtudy, and ſeated in my elbow chair, where I had indulged the foregoing ſpeculations, with my lamp burning by me, as uſual. Whilſt I was here meditating on ſeveral ſubjects of Morality, and conſidering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for thoſe diſcourſes with which I daily entertain the publick; I ſaw, methought, a pair of golden ſcales hanging by a chain in the ſame metal over the table that ſtood before me; when, on a ſudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each ſide of them. I found upon examining theſe weights, they ſhewed the value of every thing that is in eſteem among men. I made an eſſay of them, by putting the weight of wiſdom in one ſcale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to ſhew its comparative lightneſs, immediately *flew up and kickt the beam.*

But, before I proceed, I muſt inform my Reader, that theſe weights did not exert their natural gravity, 'till they were laid in the golden ballance, inſomuch that I could not gueſs which was light or heavy, whilſt I held them in my hand. This I found by ſeveral inſtances, for upon my laying a weight in one of the ſcales, which was inſcribed by the word *Eternity*; though I threw in that of time, proſperity, affliction, wealth, poverty,

poverty, intereſt, ſucceſs, with many other weights, which in my hand ſeemed very ponderous, they were not able to ſtir the oppoſite ballance, nor could they have prevailed, though aſſiſted with the weight of the ſun, the ſtars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the ſcales, I laid ſeveral titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and ſeeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other ſcale, when, to my great ſurprize, it proved ſo exact a counterpoiſe, that it kept the ballance in an equilibrium. This little glitteriug weight was inſcribed upon the edges of it with the word *Vanity*. I found there were ſeveral other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoiſes to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with ſome others.

There were likewiſe ſeveral weights that were of the ſame figure, and ſeemed to correſpond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the ſcales, as religion and hypocriſie, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, ſuperſtition and devotion, gravity and wiſdom, with many others.

I obſerved one particular weight lettered on both ſides, and upon applying my ſelf to the reading of it, I found on one ſide written, *In the Dialect of men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES*; on the other ſide was written, *In the language of the Gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS*. I found the intrinſick value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it over-powered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is ſaying among the *Scotch*, that an ounce of Mother is worth a pound of Clergy; I was ſenſible of the truth of this ſaying, when I ſaw the difference between the weight of natural parts, and that of learning. The obſervation which I made upon theſe two weights opened to me a new field of diſcoveries, for notwithſtanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning; I obſerved that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the ſame ſcale with it. I made the ſame obſervation upon Faith and Morality; for notwithſtanding the latter out-weighed the former ſeparately, it received a thouſand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by it ſelf. This odd Phænomenon ſhewed it ſelf in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philoſophy and religion, juſtice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of ſenſe and perſpicu-

perſpicuity of ſtile, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream ſeldom fails of daſhing ſeriouſneſs with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made ſeveral other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an *Engliſh* Octavo was very often heavier than a *French* Folio; and by another, that an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the ſcales, and flung a two-peny piece into the other. The Reader will not enquire into the event, if he remembers the firſt trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the ſexes into the ballance; but as it is not for my intereſt to diſoblige either of them, I ſhall deſire to be excuſed from telling the reſult of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one ſcale the principles of a Tory, and in the other thoſe of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I ſhall likewiſe deſire to be ſilent under this head alſo, though upon examining one of the weights, I ſaw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's Speculation, I may perhaps reſerve them for another. I ſhall only add, that upon my awaking I was ſorry to find my golden ſcales vaniſhed, but reſolved for the future to learn this leſſon from them, not to deſpiſe or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my eſteem and paſſions towards them according to their real and intrinſick value.

Friday,

N° 464. *Friday, Auguſt* 22.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. Hor.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed when I meet with any paſſage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in any quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful ſaying in *Theognis*; *Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty*; or to give it in the verbal tranſlation, *Among men there are ſome who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.* Every man's obſervation will ſupply him with inſtances of rich men, who have ſeveral faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural deſcription of a poor man, whoſe merits are loſt in his poverty, than that in the words of the wiſe man. *There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great King againſt it, and beſieged it, and built great bulwarks againſt it: Now there was found in it a poor wiſe man, and he, by his wiſdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that ſame poor man. Then ſaid I, wiſdom is better than ſtrength; nevertheleſs, the poor man's wiſdom is deſpiſed, and his words are not heard.*

The middle condition ſeems to be the moſt advantageouſly ſituated for the gaining of wiſdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the ſupplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our ſuperfluities; and, as *Cowley* has ſaid in another caſe, *It is hard for a man to keep a ſteady eye upon truth, who is always in a battel or a triumph.*

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may obſerve, that there is a ſet of each of theſe growing out of poverty, quite different from that which riſes out of wealth. Humility and patience, induſtry and temperance, are very of-

ten the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity, and a ſenſe of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and diſcontent. Riches expoſe a man to pride and luxury, a fooliſh elation of heart, and too great a fondneſs for the preſent world. In ſhort, the middle condition is moſt eligible to the man who would improve himſelf in virtue; as I have before ſhown, it is the moſt advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this conſideration that *Agur* founded his prayer, which for the wiſdom of it is recorded in holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I dye. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty, nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me. Leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, Who is the Lord? or leſt I be poor and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain.*

I ſhall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a Play by *Ariſtophanes* the *Greek* Comedian. It ſeems originally deſigned as a ſatyr upon the rich, though, in ſome parts of it, it is like the foregoing diſcourſe, a kind of compariſon between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being deſirous to leave ſome riches to his ſon, conſults the oracle of *Apollo* upon the ſubject. The oracle bids him follow the firſt man he ſhould ſee upon his going out of the Temple. The perſon he chanced to ſee was to appearance an old ſordid blind man, but upon his following him from place to place, he at laſt found by his own confeſſion, that he was *Plutus* the god of Riches, and that he was juſt come out of the houſe of a miſer. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a boy he uſed to declare, that as ſoon as he came to age he would diſtribute wealth to none but virtuous and juſt men; upon which *Jupiter*, conſidering the pernicious conſequences of ſuch a reſolution, took his ſight away from him, and left him to ſtrole about the world in the blind condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his houſe, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his gueſt for many years, and whoſe name was *Poverty*. The old woman refuſing to turn out ſo eaſily as he would have her, he threatned to baniſh her not only from his own houſe, but out of all *Greece*, if ſhe made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty* on this occaſion pleads her cauſe very notably, and repreſents to her

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old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and ſciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments and conveniences of life which made riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries, in regard to their ſhape, their health, and their activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unwieldineſs and intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for her ſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately conſidered how he might reſtore *Plutus* to his ſight; and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Æſculapius*, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and begun to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the Gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, 'till in the laſt Act *Mercury* deſcends with great complaints from the Gods, that ſince the good men were grown rich, they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a Prieſt of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince this late innovation he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a propoſal which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry *Plutus* in a ſolemn proceſſion to the Temple, and inſtall him in the place of *Jupiter*. This allegory inſtructed the *Athenians* in two points; firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of providence in its ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them.

N° 465. *Saturday, Auguſt* 23.

Quâ rationequeas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes. Hor.

HAving endeavoured in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper to ſhew the great excellency of Faith, I ſhall here conſider what are the proper means of ſtrengthning and confirming it in the mind of man. Thoſe who delight in reading books of controverſie, which are written on both ſides of the queſtion in points of Faith, do very ſeldom arrive at a fixed and ſettled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with ſomething that ſhakes and diſturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and ſhews it ſelf in new difficulties, and that generally for this reaſon, becauſe the mind which is perpetually toſt in controverſies and diſputes, is apt to forget the reaſons which had once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new ſhape, or is ſtarted by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after Truth, ſo nothing is more irrational than to paſs away our whole lives, without determining our ſelves one way or other in thoſe points which are of the laſt importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may with-hold our aſſent; but in caſes by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greateſt abſurdity to be wavering and unſettled, without cloſing with that ſide which appears the moſt ſafe and the moſt probable. The firſt rule therefore which I ſhall lay down is this, that when by reading or diſcourſe we find our ſelves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reaſonableneſs of our belief in it, we ſhould never after ſuffer our ſelves to call it into queſtion. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occaſioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the ſtrength they had with us, and therefore ſtill to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what

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we do in every common art or ſcience, nor is it poſſible to act otherwiſe, conſidering the weakneſs and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that *Latimer*, one of the glorious army of Martyrs who introduced the reformation in *England*, behaved himſelf in that great conference which was managed between the moſt learned among the Proteſtants and Papiſts in the reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old man knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impoſſible for him to recollect all thoſe reaſons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions who were in the full poſſeſſion of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagoniſts by the force of reaſon. As for himſelf he only repeated to his adverſaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profeſſion of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propoſitions which he has once demonſtrated; and though the demonſtration may have ſlipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, becauſe he knows it was demonſtrated. This rule is abſolutely neceſſary for weaker minds, and in ſome meaſure for men of the greateſt abilities; but to theſe laſt I would propoſe, in the ſecond place, that they ſhould lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in a readineſs, thoſe arguments which appear to them of the greateſt ſtrength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which ſtrengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not againſt his intereſt that it ſhould be true. The pleaſure he receives at preſent, and the happineſs which he promiſes himſelf from it hereafter, will both diſpoſe him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary obſervation that *we are eaſie to believe what we wiſh*. It is very certain, that a man of ſound reaſon cannot forbear cloſing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the ſame time it is as certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers ſtrength from practice more than from ſpeculation.

There is ſtill another method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant acts of mental worſhip, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe but feels there is a Deity. He has actual ſenſations of him; his experience concurs with his reaſon; he ſees him more and more in all his intercourſes with him, and even in this life almoſt loſes his faith in conviction.

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The laſt method which I ſhall mention for the giving life to man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkneſs of the night, whatever deep impreſſions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the day breaks about him. The light and noiſe of the day, which are perpetually ſolliciting his ſenſes, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo much ſtrength, during the ſilence and darkneſs of the night. A man finds the ſame difference as to himſelf in a crowd and in a ſolitude: the mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that variety of objects which preſs upon her in a great city: ſhe cannot apply her ſelf to the conſideration of thoſe things which are of the utmoſt concern to her. The cares or pleaſures of the world ſtrike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of juſtification to our folly. In our retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with thoſe of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reaſonable man, who ſees the impreſſions of divine power and wiſdom in every object, on which he caſts his eye. The Supream Being has made the beſt arguments for his own exiſtence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and theſe are arguments which a man of ſenſe cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noiſe and hurry of human affairs. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that ſhould a man live under ground, and there converſe with the works of art and mechaniſm, and ſhould afterwards be brought up into the open day, and ſee the ſeveral glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of ſuch a Being as we define God to be. The Pſalmiſt has very beautiful ſtrokes of poetry to this purpoſe, in that exalted ſtrain, *The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament ſheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another. There is neither ſpeech nor language: but their voices are heard among them. Their ſound is gone into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.* As ſuch a bold and ſublime manner of thinking furniſhes very noble matter for an Ode, the Reader may ſee it wrought into the following one.

I.

The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,

And

And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſtning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they rowl,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine.

N° 469. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 28.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum, magis eſt contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ poſſunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis. Tull.

I Am perſwaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would ſeek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or thoſe whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themſelves. To an honeſt mind the beſt perquiſites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Thoſe who are under the great Officers of State, and are the inſtruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exerciſe of compaſſion, and benevolence, than their Superiors themſelves. Theſe men know every little caſe that is to come before the great man, and if they are poſſeſſed with honeſt minds, will conſider poverty as a recommendation in the perſon who applies himſelf to them, and make the juſtice of his cauſe the moſt powerful Sollicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a poſt of buſineſs, becomes a bleſſing to the public: he patronizes the orphan and the widow, aſſiſts the friendleſs, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the perſon's pretenſions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuſe doing a good office for a man becauſe he cannot pay the fee of it. In ſhort, though he regulates himſelf in all his proceedings by juſtice and equity, he finds a thouſand occaſions for all the good-natured offices of generoſity and compaſſion.

A man is unfit for ſuch a place of truſt, who is of a ſower untractable nature, or has any other paſſion that makes him uneaſie to thoſe who approach him. Roughneſs of temper is apt to diſcountenance the timorous or modeſt. The proud man diſcourages thoſe from approaching him, who are of

of a mean condition, and who moſt want his aſſiſtance. The impatient man will not give himſelf time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An Officer with one or more of theſe unbecoming qualities, is ſometimes looked upon as a proper perſon to keep off impertinence and ſolicitation from his ſuperior; but this is a kind of merit, that can never attone for the injuſtice which may very often ariſe from it.

There are two other vicious qualities which render a man very unfit for ſuch a place of truſt. The firſt of theſe is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without deſign. The maxim which ſeveral have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, ſhould be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injuſtice ſo long as he defers it. The diſpatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the ſollicitor as the good office it ſelf. In ſhort, if a man compared the inconveniencies which another ſuffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himſelf may reap by ſuch a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the perſon who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himſelf.

But in the laſt place, there is no man ſo improper to be employed in buſineſs, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and ſuch an one is the man, who upon any pretence whatſoever, receives more than what is the ſtated and unqueſtioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulneſs, diſpatch money, and the like ſpecious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently ſhelters it ſelf. An honeſt man will however look on all theſe methods as unjuſtifiable, and will enjoy himſelf better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an over-grown eſtate that is cankered with the acquiſitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices diſcharged with ſuch an inflexible integrity, we ſhould not ſee men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanick. I cannot but think that ſuch a corruption proceeds chiefly from mens employing the firſt that offer themſelves, or thoſe who have the character of ſhrewd worldly men, inſtead of ſearching out ſuch as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been obſerved, that men of learning who take to buſineſs, diſcharge it generally with greater honeſty than men of the world. The chief reaſon for it I take to be as follows. A man that has ſpent his

youth in reading, has been uſed to find virtue extolled, and vice ſtigmatized. A man that has paſt his time in the world, has often ſeen vice triumphant, and virtue diſcountenanced. Extortion, rapine and injuſtice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while ſeveral qualities which are celebrated in Authors, as generoſity, ingenuity and good-nature, impoveriſh and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men, whoſe tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at leaſt this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in buſineſs, that their proſperity would ſet more gracefully on them, and that we ſhould not ſee many worthleſs perſons ſhoot up into the greateſt figures of life.

N° 470. *Friday, Auguſt* 29.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus eſt labor ineptiarum. Mart.

I Have been very often diſappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a Claſſic Author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful paſſage in a *Latin* Poet, I have been only informed, that ſuch or ſuch ancient Manuſcripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of ſome other notable diſcovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different ſenſe, or a new elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the ſeveral ways of ſpelling the ſame word, and gathers together the various blunders and miſtakes of twenty or thirty different tranſcribers, they only take up the time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with my ſelf how enraged an old *Latin* Author would be, ſhould he ſee the ſeveral abſurdities in ſenſe and grammar, which are imputed to him by ſome or other of theſe various readings. In one he ſpeaks nonſenſe; in another makes uſe of a word that was never heard of: and indeed there

there is ſcarce a ſoleciſm in writing which the beſt Author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of ſome Manuſcript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the proſecution of his work.

I queſtion not but the Ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to underſtand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I ſhall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of ſeveral perſons who make an eminent figure in the republick of letters. To this end we will ſuppoſe, that the following Song is an old Ode which I preſent to the public in a new edition, with the ſeveral various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient Manuſcripts. Thoſe who cannot reliſh the various readings, will perhaps find their account in the Song, which never before appeared in print.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal ſtroke:
'Till by her wit Corinna *ſav'd me,*
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For Belvidera *I endure;*
Hourly I ſigh and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the falſe unconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurprizing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

Various Readings.

Stanza the firſt, verſe the firſt. *And changing.*] The *and* in ſome Manuſcripts is written thus, &, but that in the *Cotton* Library writes it in three diſtinct letters.

Verſe the ſecond. *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the metre, we have reſtored it to its genuine reading,

by obſerving that *Synæreſis* which had been neglected by ignorant tranſcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] *Scaliger*, and others, *on my heart.*

Verſe the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The *Vatican* Manuſcript for *I* reads *it*, but this muſt have been the hallucination of the tranſcriber, who probably miſtook the daſh of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the ſecond, Verſe the ſecond. *The fatal ſtroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salmaſius*, and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have ſtuck to the uſual reading.

Verſe the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some Manuſcripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit.* But as I find *Corinna* to be the name of a woman in other Authors, I cannot doubt but it ſhould be *her.*

Stanza the third, Verſe the firſt. *A long and laſting anguiſh.*] The *German* Manuſcript reads *a laſting paſſion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verſe the ſecond. *For* Belvidera *I endure.*] Did not all the Manuſcripts reclaim, I ſhould change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera* ; *Pelvis* being uſed by ſeveral of the ancient Comic writers for a Looking-glaſs, by which means the etymology of the word is very viſible, and *Pelvidera* will ſignifie a Lady who often looks in her glaſs, as indeed ſhe had very good reaſon, if ſhe had all thoſe beauties which our Poet here aſcribes to her.

Verſe the third. *Hourly I ſigh and hourly languiſh.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the laſt has great authorities of its ſide.

Verſe the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The Elder *Stevens* reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, Verſe the ſecond. *After a thouſand beauties.*] In ſeveral copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the uſual error of the tranſcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taſte enough to know, that the word *thouſand* was ten times a greater compliment to the Poet's Miſtreſs than an *hundred.*

Verſe the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Moſt of the ancient Manuſcripts have it *in two.* Indeed ſo many of them concur in this laſt reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reaſons which incline me to the reading, as I have publiſhed it ; firſt, becauſe the rhime, and, ſecondly, becauſe the ſenſe is preſerved by it. It might likewiſe proceed from the oſcitancy of tranſcribers, who, to diſpatch their work the ſooner, uſed to write all numbers in cypher, and ſeeing the figure 1 followed by a little daſh of the pen,

pen, as is cuſtomary in old Manuſcripts, they perhaps miſtook the daſh for a ſecond figure, and by caſting up both together compoſed out of them the figure 2. But this I ſhall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of ſo great uncertainty.

N° 471. *Saturday, Auguſt* 30.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὸς σοφὸς ἔχειν βίον. Euripid.

THE *Time preſent* ſeldom affords ſufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleaſure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the ſoul in conſtant action, and ſupply an immediate exerciſe to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want buſineſs, but always have materials for thinking, ſhe is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what is paſſed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing preſent to entertain us. It is like thoſe repoſitories in ſeveral animals, that are filled with ſtores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their preſent paſture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chaſms of thought by ideas of what is *paſt*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what *is to come*. Theſe are the paſſions of Hope and Fear.

By theſe two paſſions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our preſent thoughts objects that lie hid in the remoteſt depths of time. We ſuffer miſery, and enjoy happineſs, before they are in Being; we can ſet the Sun and Stars forward, or loſe ſight of them by wandring into thoſe retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth ſhall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the exiſtence of a creature is to be circumſcribed by Time, whoſe thoughts are not? But I ſhall, in this paper, confine my ſelf to that particular paſſion which goes by the name of Hope.

Our

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable Being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. *We should hope for every thing that is good*, says the old Poet *Linus, because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us.* Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easie, and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which rise from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of *Cæsar* is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities among his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, *Hope*. His natural magnanimity hindred him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of *Pandora*'s box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life without Hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan Theology, had a great vessel presented him by *Pandora:* upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, 'till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been enclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of Hope, especially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My

My next obſervation is this, that a religious life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded Hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a religious man, is much more ſure and certain than the hope of any temporal bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by reaſon, but by faith. It has at the ſame time its eye perpetually fixed on that ſtate, which implies in the very notion of it the moſt full and moſt compleat happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the influence of Hope in general ſweetens life, and makes our preſent condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a religious Hope has ſtill greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her ſufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious Hope has likewiſe this advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* man, and to fill his mind not only with ſecret comfort and refreſhment, but ſometimes with rapture and tranſport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilſt the Soul ſprings forward with delight to the great object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with thoſe emphatical expreſſions of a lively Hope, which the Pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe dangers and adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetick ſenſe. *I have ſet the Lord always before me: becauſe he is at my right hand, I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou ſuffer thine holy one to ſee corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life: in thy preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleaſures for evermore.*

Thurſday,

N° 475. *Thurſday, September* 4.

-----Quæ res in ſe neque conſilium neque modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes. Ter.

IT is an old obſervation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themſelves with their Sovereign, than promote his real ſervice, that they accommodate their counſels to his inclinations, and adviſe him to ſuch actions only as his heart is naturally ſet upon. The Privy-counſellor of one in love muſt obſerve the ſame conduct, unleſs he would forfeit the friendſhip of the perſon who deſires his advice. I have known ſeveral odd caſes of this nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common woman, but being reſolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend *Philander*, he conſulted him upon the occaſion. *Philander* told him his mind freely, and repreſented his Miſtreſs to him in ſuch ſtrong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve a clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occaſion; ſhe deſired *Leonilla* to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addreſſes to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great frankneſs, that ſhe looked upon him as one of the moſt worthleſs —— *Celia*, foreſeeing what a character ſhe was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that ſhe had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman ſeldom asks advice before ſhe has bought her wedding-cloathes. When ſhe has made her own choice, for form's ſake ſhe ſends a *Conge d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the ſecret ſprings and motives that ſet people at work on theſe occaſions, and put them upon asking advice, which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the leaſt, that they are incapable of keeping a ſecret which is ſo very pleaſing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident, that ſhe hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells ſo much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what ſhe would adviſe her to in a caſe of ſo much difficulty.

difficulty. Why elſe ſhould *Meliſſa*, who had not a thouſand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would adviſe her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his addreſſes to her with an eſtate of five thouſand a year? 'Tis very pleaſant, on this occaſion, to hear the Lady propoſe her doubts, and to ſee the pains ſhe is at to get over them.

I muſt not here omit a practice that is in uſe among the vainer part of our own ſex, who will often ask a friend's advice, in relation to a fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is now on the verge of threeſcore, took me aſide not long ſince, and asked me in his moſt ſerious look, whether I would adviſe him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greateſt fortunes about town. I ſtared him full in the face upon ſo ſtrange a queſtion; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and eſtate, adding, that he was reſolved to do nothing in a matter of ſuch conſequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an anſwer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's conſent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, WILL. has conſulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herſelf.

I have been engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which comes to me from ſome notable young female ſcribe, who, by the contents of it, ſeems to have carried matters ſo far, that ſhe is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not loſe her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wiſdom, I ſhall only communicate the letter to the publick, without returning any anſwer to it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"NOW, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* is the prettieſt Gentle-
" man about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He
" dances like an Angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it
" is the prettieſt that I ever ſaw in my life. He is always laughing, for
" he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but ſee how he rolls his ſtock-
" ings! He has a thouſand pretty fancies, and I am ſure, if you ſaw him,
" you would like him. He is a very good ſcholar, and can talk *Latin*
" as faſt as *Engliſh*. I wiſh you could but ſee him dance. Now you muſt
" underſtand poor Mr. *Shapely* has no eſtate; but how can he help that,
" you know? And yet my friends are ſo unreaſonable as to be always
" teazing me about him, becauſe he has no eſtate: but I am ſure he has
" that that is better than an eſtate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious,

" modeſt, civil, tall, well-bred, handſome man, and I am obliged to him " for his civilities ever ſince I ſaw him. I forgot to tell you that he has " black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in " them. And yet my friends are ſo unreaſonable, that they would have " me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hin- " der me of, and I ſhall be fourteen on the 29th day of *Auguſt* next, and " am therefore willing to ſettle in the world as ſoon as I can, and ſo is " Mr. *Shapely*. But every body I adviſe with here is poor Mr. *Shapely*'s " enemy. I deſire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know " you are a wiſe man; and if you adviſe me well, I am reſolved to fol- " low it. I heartily wiſh you could ſee him dance, and am,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant, B. D.

" He loves your *Spectators* mightily.

N° 476. *Friday, September* 5.

------- *Lucidus ordo.* Hor.

AMONG my daily papers which I beſtow on the publick, there are ſome which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildneſs of thoſe compoſitions which go by the name of *Eſſays*. As for the firſt, I have the whole ſcheme of the diſcourſe in my mind before I ſet pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is ſufficient that I have ſeveral thoughts on a ſubject, without troubling my ſelf to range them in ſuch order, that they may ſeem to grow out of one another, and be diſpoſed under the proper heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are patterns for writing in this laſt kind, as *Tully* and *Ariſtotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of Genius who writes without method, I fancy my ſelf in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, riſing among one another in the greateſt confuſion and diſorder. When I read a methodical diſcourſe, I am in a regular plantation, and can place my ſelf in its ſeveral centers, ſo as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are ſtruck from them. You may ramble

ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will find but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other, your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their pearls in heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is always an obscurity in confusion, and the same sentence that would have enlightened the Reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every thought in a methodical discourse shews it self in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a Reader from a methodical discourse, are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand Coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the skuttle-fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him till he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, *a barren superfluity of words*; the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but

not to clear them. It is pity that he has ſo much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With theſe qualifications *Tom* ſets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the conſtitution of his country, and gives ſhrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In ſhort, *Puzzle* is an atheiſt as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the converſation, whatever was the occaſion of it: though the matter in debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his diſcourſe runs upon the unreaſonableneſs of bigottry and prieſt-craft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the admiration of all thoſe who have leſs ſenſe than himſelf, and the contempt of all thoſe who have more. There is none in town whom *Tom* dreads ſo much as my friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom*'s Logic, when he finds him running off the queſtion, cuts him ſhort with a *What then? we allow all this to be true, but what is it to our preſent purpoſe?* I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the ſuperiority of argument, when he has been non-pluſed on a ſudden by Mr. *Dry*'s deſiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In ſhort, *Dry* is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the ſame advantages over *Puzzle*, that a ſmall body of regular troops would gain over a numberleſs undiſciplined Militia.

N° 477. *Saturday, September 6.*

------An me ludit amabilis
Inſania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ ſubeunt et auræ. Hor.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination, I was ſo taken with your thoughts upon ſome of our *Engliſh* gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that

that ſubject. I am one, you muſt know, who am looked upon as a humouriſt in gardening. I have ſeveral acres about my houſe, which I call my Garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confuſion of kitchin and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, which lie ſo mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had ſeen nothing of our country ſhould be conveyed into my garden at his firſt landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderneſs, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in ſeveral parts of the garden in the greateſt luxuriancy and profuſion. I am ſo far from being fond of any particular one, by reaſon of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleaſes me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a ſtranger walks with me, he is ſurprized to ſee ſeveral large ſpots of ground covered with ten thouſand different colours, and has often ſingled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field or in a meadow, as ſome of the greateſt beauties of the place. The only method I obſerve in this particular, is to range in the ſame quarter the products of the ſame ſeaſon, that they may make their appearance together, and compoſe a picture of the greateſt variety. There is the ſame irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wilderneſs as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the ſoil, and am pleaſed when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raiſing, not to know whether the next tree I ſhall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchin has likewiſe its particular quarters aſſigned it; for beſides the wholeſome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchin-garden a more pleaſant ſight than the fineſt orangery, or artificial green-houſe. I love to ſee every thing in its perfection, and am more pleaſed to ſurvey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thouſand nameleſs pot-herbs, ſpringing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to ſee the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air or ſoil that are not adapted to them. I muſt not omit, that there is a fountain riſing in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and adminiſters to the pleaſure as well as the plenty of the place. I have ſo conducted it, that it viſits moſt of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the ſame manner as it would do in an open field, ſo that it generally paſſes through banks of violets and primroſes, plats of willows, or other plants, that ſeem to be of its own producing. There is another circumſtance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours

bours call me, very whimſical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of ſprings and ſhades, ſolitude and ſhelter, I do not ſuffer any one to deſtroy their neſts in the ſpring, or drive them from their uſual haunts in fruit-time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their ſongs. By this means I have always the muſic of the ſeaſon in its perfection, and am highly delighted to ſee the Jay or the Thruſh hopping about my walks, and ſhooting before my eye acroſs the ſeveral little glades and alleys that I paſs through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens, are Epigrammatiſts and Sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grotto's, treillages and caſcades, are Romance writers. *Wiſe* and *London* are our heroic Poets; and if, as a Critic, I may ſingle out any paſſage of their works to commend, I ſhall take notice of that part in the upper garden at *Kenſington*, which was at firſt nothing but a gravel-pit. It muſt have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly hollow into ſo beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with ſo uncommon and agreeable a ſcene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular ſpot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleaſing contraſt: for as on one ſide of the walk you ſee this hollow baſin, with its ſeveral little plantations lying ſo conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other ſide of it there appears a ſeeming mount, made up of trees riſing one higher than another in proportion as they approach the center. A ſpectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually ſcooped out of that hollow ſpace which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden, who was not ſtruck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for my ſelf, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compoſitions in gardening are altogether after the *Pindaric* manner, and run into the beautiful wildneſs of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deſerve your attention more than any thing I have yet ſaid. I find that in the diſcourſe which I ſpoke of at the beginning of my Letter, you are againſt filling an *Engliſh* garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am ſo far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which ſhoots out naturally, and clothes our trees in the ſummer-ſeaſon. But I have often wondered that thoſe who are like my

ſelf,

ſelf, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter-garden*, which would conſiſt of ſuch trees only as never caſt the leaves. We have very often little ſnatches of ſunſhine and fair weather in the moſt uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently ſeveral days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the fineſt months. At ſuch times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleaſure, than to walk in ſuch a *Winter-garden* as I have propoſed. In the ſummer-ſeaſon the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reaſon we are not ſo ſenſible of thoſe beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her deſolation, and preſents us with nothing but bleak and barren proſpects, there is ſomething unſpeakably chearful in a ſpot of ground which is covered with trees that ſmile amidſt all the rigours of winter, and give us a view of the moſt gay ſeaſon in the midſt of that which is the moſt dead and melancholy. I have ſo far indulged my ſelf in this thought, that I have ſet apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with Ivy inſtead of Vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the ſame nature, grow ſo thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively ſcene. The glowing redneſs of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inſpire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have ſomewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleaſant, at the ſame time, to ſee the ſeveral kinds of birds retiring into this little green ſpot, and enjoying themſelves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a ſingle leaf for their ſhelter.

You muſt know, Sir, that I look upon the pleaſure which we take in a garden, as one of the moſt innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our firſt Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmneſs and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent paſſions at reſt. It gives us a great inſight into the contrivance and wiſdom of Providence, and ſuggeſts innumerable ſubjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and ſatisfaction which a man takes in theſe works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reaſons I hope you will pardon the length of my preſent Letter.

I am, SIR, &c.

Thurſday,

N° 481. *Thurſday, September* 11.

------- Uti non
Compoſitus melius cum Bitho Bacchius, in jus
Acres procurrunt------ Hor.

IT is ſometimes pleaſant enough to conſider the different notions, which different perſons have of the ſame thing. If men of low condition very often ſet a value on things, which are not prized by thoſe who are in a higher ſtation of life, there are many things theſe eſteem which are in no value among perſons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much aſtoniſhed, when they hear of thoſe ſolemn conteſts and debates, which are made among the Great upon the punctilio's of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any buſineſs of conſequence ſhould be retarded by thoſe little circumſtances, which they repreſent to themſelves as trifling and inſignificant. I am mightily pleaſed with a porter's deciſion in one of Mr. *Southern*'s Plays, which is founded upon that fine diſtreſs of a virtuous woman's marrying a ſecond husband, while her firſt was yet living. The firſt husband, who was ſuppoſed to have been dead, returning to his houſe after a long abſence, raiſes a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the Play. In the mean while, the nurſe and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would enſue in ſuch a caſe, honeſt *Sampſon* thinks the matter may be eaſily decided, and ſolves it very judiciouſly, by the old proverb, that if his firſt maſter be ſtill living, *The man muſt have his mare again.* There is nothing in my time which has ſo much ſurprized and confounded the greateſt part of my honeſt countrymen, as the preſent controverſy between Count *Rechteren* and Monſieur *Meſnager*, which employs the wiſe heads of ſo many nations, and holds all the affairs of *Europe* in ſuſpence.

Upon my going into a Coffee-houſe yeſterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompaſſed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke

broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the peace of christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor *Swiss Cantons* have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur *What-d'ye-call-him*'s domesticks will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended, but by a religious war.

Why truly, says a *Wiseacre* that sat by him, were I as the King of *France*, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of *Europe* stands still, because Monsieur *Mesnager*'s man has had his head broke. If Count *Rectrum* had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he is a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our christian Princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that Lacqueys were never so saucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the publick affairs.

One, who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most christian Majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur *Mesnager*'s footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur *Mesnager*'s footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of *France* to have a bloody nose, and his Sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the *Dutch* will be so insolent to a crowned Head, as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under *his* protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the house of *Austria*, fell most unmercifully upon his *Gallick* Majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards skreening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the *French* nation was so addicted to grimace, that if there was not a stop put to it at the general Congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the *West-Indies*.

The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that if the Allies were of his mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his gallies, and tolerate the proteſtant religion in his dominions, before he would ſheath his ſword. He concluded with calling Monſieur *Meſnager* an inſignificant prig.

The diſpute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who ſeems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Monſieur *Meſnager* had behaved themſelves right in this affair. Count *Rechteren*, ſays he, ſhould have made affidavit that his ſervants had been affronted, and then Monſieur *Meſnager* would have done him juſtice, by taking away their liveries from them, or ſome other way that he might have thought the moſt proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monſieur *Meſnager*, upon his ſervant's being beaten, why! he might have had his action of aſſault and battery. But as the caſe now ſtands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I muſt confeſs with little edification; for all I could learn at laſt from theſe honeſt Gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for ſuch heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.

N° 482. *Friday, September* 12.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant. Lucr.

WHEN I have publiſhed any ſingle paper that falls in with the popular taſte, and pleaſes more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My *Tueſday*'s diſcourſe, wherein I gave ſeveral admonitions to the fraternity of the *Henpeck'd*, has already produced me very many correſpondents; the reaſon I cannot gueſs at, unleſs it be that ſuch a diſcourſe is of general uſe, and every married man's money.

money. An honeſt tradeſman, who dates his letter from *Cheapſide*, ſends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and ſtay together till they are ſent for home. He informs me, that my paper has adminiſtred great conſolation to their whole Club, and deſires me to give ſome further account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whoſe reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: for that by his ſayings he appears to have been a very wiſe man, and a good chriſtian. Another, who writes himſelf *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a ſhrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by ſuch lawful means as thoſe which I mentioned in my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in thoſe caſes; but that for the future he was reſolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and conſider her only as one who lives in his houſe to teach him Philoſophy. *Tom Dapperwit* ſays, that he agrees with me in that whole diſcourſe, excepting only the laſt ſentence, where I affirm the married ſtate to be either a Heaven or a Hell. *Tom* has been at the charge of a penny upon this occaſion, to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of ſtate commonly known by the name of *Purgatory*.

The fair ſex have likewiſe obliged me with their reflections upon the ſame diſcourſe. A Lady, who calls her ſelf *Euterpe*, and ſeems a woman of letters, asks me whether I am for eſtabliſhing the *Salick* law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has diſcretion and learning ſhould ſit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, ſubſcribes her ſelf *Xantippe*, and tells me, that ſhe follows the example of her name-ſake; for being married to a bookiſh man, who has no knowledge of the world, ſhe is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to ſpirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muſty, and unfit for converſation.

After this abridgment of ſome letters which are come to my hands upon this occaſion, I ſhall publiſh one of them at large.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who "comes under the denomination of the Henpeck'd; but I do not "remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite dif- "ferent character, and who, in ſeveral places of *England*, goes by the "name of a Cot-quean. I have the misfortune to be joined for life with

" one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He " was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till ſhe had made " him as good an houſewife as her ſelf. He could preſerve apricocks, " and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nurſery. " He was never ſuffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold: when " he ſhould have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's ſide " learning how to ſeaſon it, or put it in cruſt; and was making paper- " boats with his ſiſters, at an age when other young Gentlemen are croſ- " ſing the ſeas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whiteſt " hand that you ever ſaw in your life, and raiſes paſte better than any woman " in *England*. Theſe qualifications make him a ſad husband: he is per- " petually in the kitchin, and has a thouſand ſquabbles with the cook- " maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-ſcore, than his ſteward's " accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a diſh that " is not dreſſed to his liking, and inſtructing his friends that dine with " him in the beſt pickle for a walnut, or ſauce for an haunch of veniſon. " With all this, he is a very good-natured husband, and never fell out " with me in his life but once, upon the over-roaſting of a diſh of wild- " fowl: at the ſame time I muſt own I would rather he was a man of a " rough temper, that would treat me harſhly ſometimes, than of ſuch an " effeminate buſy nature in a province that does not belong to him. Since " you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, " pray ſay ſomething of a husband that wears the petticoat. Why ſhould " not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in " one of our ſex? *I am*, &c.

N° 483. *Saturday, September* 13.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit------ Hor.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the afflictions which befal our neighbours, as *Puniſhments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who ſuffers, when

when he looks upon himſelf as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildeſt conſtruction upon every accident that befalls them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not religion that ſours a man's temper, but it is his temper that ſours his religion: people of gloomy unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the fineſt wines have often the taſte of the ſoil, ſo even the moſt religious thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the conſtitution of the mind in which they ariſe. When folly or ſuperſtition ſtrike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion it ſelf, to preſerve the character of the perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden Gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the name of *Nemeſis*, is the greateſt diſcoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what ſin it was that ſet ſuch a man's houſe on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, ſhe fetches a deep ſigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a fine face ſhe was always looking on it in her glaſs. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper with her, but her mother uſed one of her nieces very barbarouſly. Her uſual remarks turn upon people who had great eſtates, but never enjoyed them, by reaſon of ſome flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reaſon why ſuch an one died childleſs: why ſuch an one was cut off in the flower of his youth: why ſuch an one was unhappy in her marriage: why one broke his leg on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-ſword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befal any of her acquaintance; and when ſhe hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the ſuffering perſon, than on that of the thief or the aſſaſſin. In ſhort, ſhe is ſo good a chriſtian, that whatever happens to her ſelf is a tryal, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very deſcription of this folly, in ordinary life, is ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of ſtile, it is very apt

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to amuſe and terrify the mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly it ſelf appear venerable. Indeed, moſt hiſtorians, as well chriſtian as pagan, have fallen into this idle ſuperſtition, and ſpoken of ill ſucceſs, unforeſeen diſaſters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the ſecrets of providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think ſeveral of our own hiſtorians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *Engliſh* Monks ſeldom let any of their Kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminiſh the power or wealth of which the eccleſiaſticks were in thoſe times poſſeſſed. *William the Conqueror*'s race generally found their Judgments in the *New Foreſt*, where their father had pulled down churches and monaſteries. In ſhort, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading a hiſtory of the Kings of *Iſrael* or *Judah*, where the hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where, by a particular ſcheme of providence, the Kings were diſtinguiſhed by judgments or bleſſings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worſhip of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the perſon on whom they fall, but very preſumptuous in regard to him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them. It is a ſtrong argument for a ſtate of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous perſons are very often unfortunate, and vicious perſons proſperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wiſe and good in all his works, unleſs we may ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous and undiſtinguiſhing diſtribution of good and evil, which was neceſſary for carrying on the deſigns of providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire ſhould fall from Heaven in the ordinary courſe of providence; nor when we ſee triumphant guilt or depreſſed virtue in particular perſons, that omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or puniſhment of the other. It is ſufficient that there is a day ſet apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their reſpective merits.

The folly of aſcribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. I ſhall only mention two: firſt, that generally ſpeaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is ſuppoſed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not ſometimes

times happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When *Diagoras* the atheiſt was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there aroſe a very violent tempeſt; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a juſt judgment upon them for having taken ſo impious a man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the reſt of the ſhips that were in the ſame diſtreſs, and asked them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every veſſel in the fleet. We are all involved in the ſame calamities, and ſubject to the ſame accidents; and when we ſee any one of the ſpecies under any particular oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it as ariſing from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the perſon who ſuffers.

Another conſideration, that may check our preſumption in putting ſuch a conſtruction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are calamities and what are bleſſings. How many accidents have paſſed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and proſperity of the perſons in whoſe lot they have fallen? How many diſappointments have, in their conſequences, ſaved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon bleſſings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he ſees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjuſtifiable piece of raſhneſs and folly. The ſtory of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great reputation among the heathens, for we ſee it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the immortality of the ſoul, may teach us a caution in this matter. Theſe two brothers, being the ſons of a Lady who was Prieſteſs of *Juno*, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great ſolemnity, the perſons being abſent, who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occaſion. The mother was ſo tranſported with this inſtance of filial duty, that ſhe petitioned her Goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both caſt into a deep ſleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was ſuch an event, as would have been conſtrued into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any ancient hiſtorian who had given us an account of it.

N° 487. *Thurſday, September* 18.

-------Cum proſtrata ſopore
Urget membra quies, et mens ſine pondere ludit. Petr.

THOUGH there are many Authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally conſidered them only as revelations of what has already happened in diſtant parts of the world, or as preſages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I ſhall conſider this ſubject in another light, as dreams may give us ſome idea of the great excellency of a human ſoul, and ſome intimations of its independency on matter.

In the firſt place, our dreams are great inſtances of that activity which is natural to the human ſoul, and which it is not in the power of ſleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his compoſition is ſtill buſied and unwearied. When the organs of ſenſe want their due repoſe and neceſſary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that ſpiritual ſubſtance to which it is united, the ſoul exerts her ſelf in her ſeveral faculties, and continues in the action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this caſe dreams look like the relaxations and amuſements of the ſoul, when ſhe is diſencumbered of her machine, her ſports and recreations, when ſhe has laid her charge aſleep.

In the ſecond place, dreams are an inſtance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are diſengaged from the body. The ſoul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when ſhe acts in conjunction with a companion that is ſo heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to obſerve with what a ſprightlineſs and alacrity ſhe exerts her ſelf. The flow of ſpeech make unpremeditated harangues, or converſe readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleaſantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in dreams it works with that eaſe

eaſe and activity, that we are not ſenſible when the faculty is employed. For inſtance, I believe every one, ſometime or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which caſe the invention prompts ſo readily, that the mind is impoſed upon, and miſtakes its own ſuggeſtions for the compoſitions of another.

I ſhall, under this head, quote a paſſage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious Author gives an account of himſelf in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. *We are ſomewhat more than our ſelves in our ſleeps, and the ſlumber of the body ſeems to be but the waking of the ſoul. It is the ligation of ſenſe, but the liberty of reaſon; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our ſleeps. At my nativity my aſcendant was the watery ſign of* Scorpius: *I was born in the planetary hour of* Saturn, *and I think, I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compoſe a whole Comedy, behold the action, comprehend the jeſts, and laugh my ſelf awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reaſon is then fruitful, I would never ſtudy but in my dreams; and this time alſo would I chuſe for my devotions: but our groſſer memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted underſtandings, that they forget the ſtory, and can only relate to our awaked ſouls a confuſed and broken tale of that that has paſſed——— Thus it is obſerved that men ſometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do ſpeak and reaſon above themſelves; for then the ſoul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reaſon like her ſelf, and to diſcourſe in a ſtrain above mortality.*

We may likewiſe obſerve, in the third place, that the paſſions affect the mind with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are awake. Joy and ſorrow give us more vigorous ſenſations of pain or pleaſure at this time, than any other. Devotion likewiſe, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightned and inflamed, when it riſes in the ſoul at a time that the body is thus laid at reſt. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently, in different conſtitutions. I ſhall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I ſhall leave to the ſolution of my Reader. Suppoſing a man always happy in his dreams, and miſerable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miſerable? Were a man a King in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as conſequentially, and in as continued un-

broken ſchemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or a Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumſtance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the ſoul, in regard to what paſſes in dreams, I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then ariſe in her. Were that active and watchful Being only conſcious of her own exiſtence at ſuch a time, what a painful ſolitude would her hours of ſleep be? Were the ſoul ſenſible of her being alone in her ſleeping moments, after the ſame manner that ſhe is ſenſible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when ſhe dreams that ſhe is in ſuch a ſolitude;

——Semperque relinqui
Sola ſibi ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg.

But this obſervation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the ſoul, of producing her own company upon theſe occaſions. She converſes with numberleſs Beings of her own creation, and is tranſported into ten thouſand ſcenes of her own raiſing. She is her ſelf the Theatre, the Actor, and the Beholder. This puts me in mind of a ſaying which I am infinitely pleaſed with, and which *Plutarch* aſcribes to *Heraclitus*, *That all men whilſt they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is aſleep, is in a world of his own.* The waking man is converſant in the world of nature, when he ſleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himſelf. There ſeems ſomething in this conſideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the ſoul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I muſt not omit that argument for the excellency of the ſoul, which I have ſeen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That ſeveral ſuch divinations have been made, none can queſtion, who believes the Holy writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of a common hiſtorical faith; there being innumerable inſtances of this nature in ſeveral Authors, both ancient and modern, ſacred and profane. Whether ſuch dark preſages, ſuch viſions of the night proceed from any latent power in the ſoul, during this her ſtate of abſtraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of ſubordinate ſpirits, has been a great diſpute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, inconteſtable, and has been looked upon as ſuch by

the

the greateſt writers, who have been never ſuſpected either of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm.

I do not ſuppoſe, that the ſoul in theſe inſtances is entirely looſe and unfettered from the body: it is ſufficient, if ſhe is not ſo far ſunk, and immerſed in matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her operations, with ſuch motions of blood and ſpirits, as when ſhe actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is ſlackned enough to give the mind more play. The ſoul ſeems gathered within her ſelf, and recovers that ſpring which is broke and weakned, when ſhe operates more in concert with the body.

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at leaſt ſtrong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human ſoul, but of its independance on the body; and if they do not prove, do at leaſt confirm theſe two great points, which are eſtabliſhed by many other reaſons that are altogether unanſwerable.

N° 488. *Friday, September* 19.

Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo aſſibus. Eheu! Hor.

I Find, by ſeveral Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleaſed to pay three half-pence for my paper, than two-pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the beſt part of his breakfaſt, for that, ſince the riſe of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his diſh of Coffee by it ſelf, without the addition of the *Spectator*, that uſed to be better than lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he ſhould have diſliked any paſſage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wiſh left out, *viz. Price Two-pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the neceſſity we both lie under of ſetting an higher price on our commodities, ſince the late Tax has been laid upon them, and deſiring me, when I write next on that ſubject, to ſpeak a word or two upon the preſent duties on caſtle-ſoap. But there is none

of theſe my correſpondents, who writes with a greater turn of good ſenſe and elegance of expreſſion, than the generous *Philomedes*, who adviſes me to value every *Spectator* at ſix-pence, and promiſes that he himſelf will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who ſhall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewiſe come to me, in great quantities, upon the ſame occaſion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our ſpecies, I am very glad to find that thoſe who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than thoſe who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handſome remonſtrance, in which they ſet forth, that their father having refuſed to take in the *Spectator*, ſince the additional price was ſet upon it, they offered him unanimouſly to abate him the article of bread and butter in the Tea-table account, provided the *Spectator* might be ſerved up to them every morning as uſual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleaſed, it ſeems, with their deſire of improving themſelves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their bread and butter; having given particular orders, that the Tea-table ſhall be ſet forth every morning with its cuſtomary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought my ſelf obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Lætitia*, who ſent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will inſert it at length in one of my papers, if he deſires it.

I ſhould be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my Readers; and, in order to it, muſt propoſe two points to their conſideration. Firſt, that if they retrench any the ſmalleſt particular in their ordinary expence, it will eaſily make up the half-penny a day, which we have now under conſideration. Let a Lady ſacrifice but a ſingle ribband to her morning ſtudies, and it will be ſufficient: Let a family burn but a candle a-night leſs than the uſual number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my Readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burden of a tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are ſold ſingle, like cherries upon the ſtick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after ſome time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their firſt appearance, from ſeveral accidental circumſtances

ſtances of time, place and perſon, which they may loſe if they are not taken early; but in this caſe every Reader is to conſider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind-hand with the faſhionable and polite part of the world, than to ſtrain himſelf beyond his circumſtances. My bookſeller has now about ten thouſand of the third and fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publiſh, having already diſpoſed of as large an edition both of the firſt and ſecond Volume. As he is a perſon whoſe head is very well turned to his buſineſs, he thinks they would be a very proper Preſent to be made to perſons at chriſtenings, marriages, viſiting-days, and the like joyful ſolemnities, as ſeveral other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in ſuch a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a ſingle plate; and is of opinion, that a ſalver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an entertainment to the Ladies, as a ſalver of ſweetmeats.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an Epigram lately ſent to the writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

"HAving heard the following Epigram very much commended, I "wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; "I think the ſuffrage of our Poet-laureat ſhould not be overlooked, which "ſhows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he "proceeds upon be true or falſe. I make bold to convey it to you, not "knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

On the SPECTATOR, By Mr. *TATE*.

——Aliuſque et idem
Naſceris—— *Hor.*

WHEN firſt the Tatler *to a mute was turn'd,*
Great Britain *for her Cenſor's ſilence mourn'd:*
Robb'd of his ſprightly beams, ſhe wept the night,
Till the Spectator *roſe, and blaz'd as bright.*
So the firſt man the Sun's firſt ſetting view'd,
And ſigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that ſecond Sun to name,
Whether a bright ſucceſſor, or the ſame.
So we: but now from this ſuſpence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the ſame Sun, and does himſelf ſucceed.

Saturday,

N° 489. *Saturday, September* 20.

——— Βαθυρρείτας μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

SIR,

UPON reading your *Eſſay*, concerning the pleaſures of the imagination, I find among the three ſources of thoſe pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that *Greatneſs* is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my imagination ſo much as the ſea or ocean. I cannot ſee the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleaſing aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a tempeſt, ſo that the Horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable horrour that riſes from ſuch a proſpect. A troubled ocean, to a man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his imagination one of the higheſt kinds of pleaſure that can ariſe from greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raiſes in my thoughts the idea of an almighty Being, and convinces me of his exiſtence as much as a metaphyſical demonſtration. The imagination prompts the underſtanding, and by the greatneſs of the ſenſible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by time nor ſpace.

As I have made ſeveral voyages upon the ſea, I have often been toſſed in ſtorms, and on that occaſion have frequently reflected on the deſcriptions of them in antient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, becauſe the Poet has not amuſed himſelf with little fancies upon the occaſion, as Authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe circumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempeſt. It is for the ſame reaſon, that I prefer

fer the following deſcription of a ſhip in a ſtorm, which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the ſea in ſhips, that do buſineſs in great waters: theſe men ſee the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to Heaven, they go down again to the depths, their Soul is melted becauſe of trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits-end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. He maketh the ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill. Then they are glad becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth them unto their deſired haven.*

By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this ſyſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the pagan ſcheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is repreſented as raiſing a ſtorm, and another as laying it? Were we only to conſider the Sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the ſupreme Being thus raiſing a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confuſion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon ſea-pieces: I could wiſh you would follow their example. If this ſmall ſketch may deſerve a place among your works, I ſhall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the concluſion of his travels.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweetned ev'ry ſoil,
Made ev'ry region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine *hills it warm'd,*
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene *ſeas.*

IV. *Think,*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'ſt the wide extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirles we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt;
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

Friday,

N° 494. *Friday, September 26.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè deteſtabilem, quorum eſt tandem Philoſophorum? Cic.

ABOUT an age ago it was the faſhion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much ſanctity as poſſible into his face, and in particular to abſtain from all appearances of mirth and pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The Saint was of a ſorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with ſpleen and melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent Miniſter, who was head of a college in thoſe times. This Gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republick of letters, and juſt fitted out for the Univerſity with a good cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent miniſter whom I have before-mentioned was Governor. The youth, according to cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a ſervant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great ſilence and ſeriouſneſs, to a long gallery which was darkned at noon-day, and had only a ſingle candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears encreaſed, when, inſtead of being asked what progreſs he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give an account only of the ſtate of his Soul, whether he was of the number of the Elect; what was the occaſion of his converſion;

upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole examination was ſummed up with one ſhort queſtion, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The boy, who had been bred up by honeſt parents, was frighted out of his wits at the ſolemnity of the proceeding, and eſpecially by the laſt dreadful interrogatory; ſo that upon making his eſcape out of this houſe of mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithſtanding this general form and outſide of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many perſons, who, by a natural unchearfulneſs of heart, miſtaken notions of piety, or weakneſs of underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themſelves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superſtitious fears and groundleſs ſcruples cut them off from the pleaſures of converſation, and all thoſe ſocial entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulneſs of heart denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of theſe ſons of ſorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal vow. An innocent jeſt ſtartles him like blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of Honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; deſcribe a publick ceremony, he ſhakes his head; ſhew him a gay equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is ſcandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He ſits at a chriſtening, or a marriage-feaſt, as at a funeral; ſighs at the concluſion of a merry ſtory, and grows devout when the reſt of the company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when chriſtianity was under a general perſecution.

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch characters with hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the ſecrets of mens hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual ſorrow of heart, they rather deſerve our compaſſion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider, whether ſuch a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by repreſenting it as an unſocial ſtate, that extinguiſhes all joy and gladneſs, darkens the face of nature, and deſtroys the reliſh of Being it ſelf.

I have, in former papers, ſhewn how great a tendency there is to chearfulneſs in religion, and how ſuch a frame of mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent religion in ſo unamiable a light, are like the ſpies, ſent by *Moſes* to make a diſcovery of the land of *Promiſe*, when by their reports they diſcouraged the people from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the joy, the chearfulneſs, the good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy ſtate, are like the ſpies bringing along with them the cluſters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleaſant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer has made a diſcourſe, to ſhew that the atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs diſhonour than the man who owns his Being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our Logicians, man is diſtinguiſhed from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exerciſe of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are perpetual ſources of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of religion cheers, as well as compoſes the Soul; it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, uninterrupted chearfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in it ſelf.

N° 495. *Saturday, September* 27.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido
Per damna, per cædes ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

AS I am one, who, by my Profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed my ſelf with Speculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: firſt, with regard to their number; ſecondly, their diſperſion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, firſt, what natural reaſons, and, ſecondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* Emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great havock

vock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed, as carried rocks of a hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

Their diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*, and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China:* they are ſpread through moſt of the nations of *Europe* and *Africa*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies:* not to mention whole nations bordering on *Preſter John*'s country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtacies of this people, when they lived under their Kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

The diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is the ſecond remarkable particular of that people, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch Merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and, at the ſame time, are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame encloſure, to marry among themſelves,

ſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table-converſation, and the moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſion.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation of the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the chriſtian faith, not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes, that atteſt the truth of the old bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole body of *Jews* been converted to chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our Bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the *Sibyls*, as made many years after the events they pretend to foretell.

N° 499. *Thurſday, October 2.*

------- Nimis uncis
Naribus iudulges-------- Perſ.

MY friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following Letter, which, after having rectified ſome little orthographical miſtakes, I ſhall make a Preſent of to the public.

Dear

Dear SPEC.

"I Was, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young "people of both ſexes, where talking of ſome of your papers which "are written on conjugal love, there aroſe a diſpute among us, whether "there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A "Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, took this occaſion to "tell us the ſtory of a famous ſiege in *Germany*, which I have ſince found "related in my hiſtorical Dictionary, after the following manner. When "the Emperor *Conrade* the third had beſieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Ba-* "*varia*, in the city of *Heusberg*, the women finding that the town could "not hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out "it, with ſo much as each of them could carry. The Emperor knowing "they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their "petition; when the women, to his great ſurprize, came out of the "place with every one her husband upon her back. The Emperor was "ſo moved at the ſight, that he burſt into tears, and after having very "much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men "to their wives, and received the Duke into his favour.

"The Ladies did not a little triumph at this ſtory, asking us, at the "ſame time, whether in our conſciences we believed that the men of "any town in *Great Britain* would, upon the ſame offer, and at the ſame "conjuncture, have loaden themſelves with their wives; or rather whe- "ther they would not have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to get rid "of them? To this my very good friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took up- "on him to be the mouth of our ſex, replied, that they would be very "much to blame if they would not do the ſame good office for the wo- "men, conſidering that their ſtrength would be greater, and their bur- "dens lighter. As we were amuſing our ſelves with diſcourſes of this "nature, in order to paſs away the evening, which now begins to grow "tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diverſion of Queſtions "and Commands. I was no ſooner veſted with the regal authority, but "I enjoined all the Ladies, under pain of my diſpleaſure, to tell the "company ingenuouſly, in caſe they had been in the ſiege abovemen- "tioned, and had the ſame offers made them as the good women of that "place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and "have thought moſt worth the ſaving? There were ſeveral merry anſwers "made to my queſtion, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled "my mind with ſuch a huddle of ideas, that upon my going to ſleep, I "fell into the following dream.

"I

" I saw a town of this Island, which shall be nameless, invested on e-
" very side, and the inhabitants of it so straitned as to cry for quarter.
" The General refused any other terms than those granted to the above-
" mentioned town of *Hensberg*, namely, that the married women might
" come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately
" the gate flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of
" the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their
" respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemies
" camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female
" carriers, being very desirous to look into their several ladings. The
" first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down
" with great care: upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen
" her husband shoot out of it, I found it was filled with China-ware.
" The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young
" fellow upon her back: I could not forbear commending the young
" woman for her conjugal affection, when to my great surprize, I found
" that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant.
" I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping
" over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse,
" till upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear Pugg, and
" found him to be her favourite Monkey. A fourth brought a huge
" bale of cards along with her; and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-dog; for her
" husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be
" less trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. The next was the wife
" of a rich usurer, loaden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse
" was very old, and by the course of nature, could not expect to live
" long; and that to shew her tender regards for him, she had saved that
" which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards
" us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest
" rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her
" husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for
" the sake of this graceless youth.

" It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their seve-
" ral loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place a-
" bout me was covered with packs of ribband, brocades, embroidery,
" and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole
" street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband that was
" none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the
" same time that she carried a great bundle of *Flanders-lace* under her
" arm;

" arm; but finding her ſelf ſo over-loaden, that ſhe could not ſave both " of them, ſhe dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. " In ſhort, I found but one husband among this great mountain of bag- " gage, who was a lively cobler, and kicked and ſpurred all the while " his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was ſaid, had ſcarce paſſed a " day in his life without giving her the diſcipline of the ſtrap.

" I cannot conclude my Letter, Dear SPEC. without telling thee one " very odd whim in this my dream. I ſaw, methought, a dozen women " employed in bringing off one man; I could not gueſs who it ſhould " be, till upon his nearer approach I diſcovered thy ſhort phiz. The " women all declared that it was for the ſake of thy works, and not thy " perſon, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that " thou ſhouldſt continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkeſt this dream will " make a tolerable one, it is at thy ſervice, from,

Dear SPEC, *Thine, ſleeping and waking,*

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

The Ladies will ſee, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL. is one of thoſe old-faſhioned men of wit and pleaſure of the town, that ſhews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without ſucceſs. I cannot however diſmiſs his Letter, without obſerving, that the true ſtory on which it is built does honour to the ſex, and that in order to abuſe them, the writer is obliged to have recourſe to dream and fiction.

N° 500. *Friday, October* 3.

-----Huc natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generoſque nuruſque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam. Ov. Met.

SIR,

"YOU, who are ſo well acquainted with the ſtory of *Socrates*, " muſt have read how, upon his making a diſcourſe concern- " ing love, he preſſed his point with ſo much ſucceſs, that all " the batchelors in his audience took a reſolution to marry by the firſt " opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horſe and " galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your diſcourſes, in " which you have drawn ſo many agreeable pictures of marriage, have " had a very good effect this way in *England*. We are obliged to you, " at leaſt, for having taken off that ſenſeleſs ridicule, which for many " years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mo- " thers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care " who knows it: for which reaſon, among many others, I ſhould look " upon my ſelf as a moſt inſufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to main- " tain that cuckoldom was inſeparable from marriage, or to make uſe of " *husband* and *wife* as terms of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one ſtep " further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a mar- " ried man, and at the ſame time I have ſo much aſſurance as not to be " aſhamed of what I have done.

" Among the ſeveral pleaſures that accompany this ſtate of life, " and which you have deſcribed in your former papers, there are two " you have not taken notice of, and which are ſeldom caſt into the ac- " count, by thoſe who write on this ſubject. You muſt have obſerved, " in your Speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying " to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think my ſelf " amply poſſeſſed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually

" taken

" taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties,
" in administring justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments.
" To speak in the language of the Centurion, *I say unto one, Go, and*
" *he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant,*
" *Do this, and he doeth it.* In short, Sir, I look upon my family as a
" patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am my self both King and Priest.
" All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little pri-
" vate royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small
" deputy-governors presiding over the several little parcels and divisions
" of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration
" of my government in particular, so I look upon my self not only as a
" more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any batche-
" lor in *England* of my own rank and condition.

" There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has like-
" wise fallen to my share, I mean the having a multitude of children.
" These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my
" little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to
" my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced
" such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and christians. I am
" pleased to see my self thus perpetuated; and as there is no production
" comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having
" been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built
" a hundred pyramids at my own expence, or published as many volumes
" of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the Holy
" Scripture represented *Abdon*, one of the judges of *Israel*, who had
" forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten Ass-
" colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries? how
" must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful
" procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his
" own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great con-
" tent, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounted
" upon their hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their ba-
" bies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do some-
" thing that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question
" but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my en-
" deavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give
" each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir *Francis*
" *Bacon*'s observation, that in a numerous family of children the eldest is
" often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being

" the darling of the parent; but that ſome one or other in the middle,
" who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world,
" and over-topped the reſt. It is my buſineſs to implant in every one of
" my children the ſame ſeeds of induſtry, and the ſame honeſt principles.
" By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them
" may grow conſiderable in ſome or other way of life, whether it be in
" the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned profeſ-
" ſions; for you muſt know, Sir, that from long experience and obſer-
" vation, I am perſuaded of what ſeems a paradox to moſt of thoſe with
" whom I converſe, namely, that a man who has many children, and
" gives them a good education, is more likely to raiſe a family, than he
" who has but one, notwithſtanding he leaves him his whole eſtate. For
" this reaſon I cannot forbear amuſing my ſelf with finding out a General,
" an Admiral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Phyſician, or a
" Lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats;
" and when I ſee the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are
" playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter my ſelf that their hus-
" bands and children will be happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch wives and
" mothers.

" If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this Letter imperti-
" nent; but if you are a ſingle man, you will not know the meaning of
" it, and probably throw it into the fire: Whatever you determine of
" it, you may aſſure your ſelf that it comes from one who is

Your moſt humble ſervant, and well-wiſher,

Philogamus.

Thurſday,

N° 505. *Thurſday, October 9.*

Non habeo denique nauci Marſum augurem,
Non vicanos aruſpices, non de circo aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos conjectores, non interpretes ſomniûm;
Non enim ſunt ii aut ſcientia, aut arte divini,
Sed ſuperſtitioſi vates, impudenteſque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas imperat:
Qui ſui quæſtus cauſa fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt;
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera. Ennius.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miſerable than beaſts, were their hopes confined to this life only; among other conſiderations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguiſh of the preſent evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is paſt, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is ſo natural to the mind, that were a man's ſorrows and diſquietudes ſummed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had ſuffered more from the apprehenſion of ſuch evils as never happened to him, than from thoſe evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among thoſe evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the proſpect, than by their actual preſſure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions Some found their preſcience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; ſome on the ſignatures which nature has impreſſed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: ſome read

read mens fortunes on the ſtars, as others have ſearched after them in the entrails of beaſts, or the flights of birds. Men of the beſt ſenſe have been touched, more or leſs, with theſe groundleſs horrors and preſages of futurity, upon ſurveying the moſt indifferent works of Nature. Can any thing be more ſurprizing than to conſider *Cicero*, who made the greateſt figure at the bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and, at the ſame time, outſhined all the Philoſophers of Antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as buſying himſelf in the college of Augurs, and obſerving, with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the ſeveral grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithſtanding theſe follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wiſe and learned in the preſent age, multitudes of weak and ignorant perſons are ſtill ſlaves to them. There are numberleſs arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite obſervations of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In ſhort, every thing propheſies to the ſuperſtitious man, there is ſcarce a ſtraw or a ruſty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypſies and cunning-men are diſperſed through all the countries and market-towns of *Great Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-tellers and Aſtrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curioſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Among the many pretended arts of Divination, there is none which ſo univerſally amuſes as that by dreams. I have indeed obſerved in a late Speculation, that there have been ſometimes, upon very extraordinary occaſions, ſupernatural revelations made to certain perſons by this means; but as it is the chief buſineſs of this paper to root out popular errors, I I muſt endeavour to expoſe the folly and ſuperſtition of thoſe perſons, who, in the common and ordinary courſe of life, lay any ſtreſs upon things of ſo uncertain, ſhadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of ſome prophetick *Philomath*; it having been uſual, time out of mind, for all ſuch people as have loſt their wits, to reſort to that place either for their cure or for their inſtruction.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Moorfields, Octob.* 4. 1712.

"HAVING long conſidered whether there be any trade wanting in "this great city, after having ſurveyed very attentively all kinds "of ranks and profeſſions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an "*Oneirocritick*, or, in plain *Engliſh*, an interpreter of dreams. For want "of ſo uſeful a perſon, there are ſeveral good people who are very much "puzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without be-"ing ever the wiſer for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this of-"fice, having ſtudied by candlelight all the rules of art which have been "laid down upon this ſubject. My great uncle by my wife's ſide was a "*Scotch* Highlander, and ſecond-ſighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs "upon one hand, and was born on the longeſt night of the year. My "chriſtian and ſir-name begin and end with the ſame letters. I am lodg-"ed in *Moorefields*, in a houſe that for theſe fifty years has been always "tenanted by a conjurer.

"If you had been in company, ſo much as my ſelf, with ordinary wo-"men of the town, you muſt know that there are many of them who "every day in their lives, upon ſeeing or hearing of any thing that is un-"expected, cry, *My Dream is out*; and cannot go to ſleep in quiet the "next night, till ſomething or other has happened which has expounded "the viſions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very "great pain for not being able to recover the circumſtances of a Dream, "that made ſtrong impreſſions upon them while it laſted. In ſhort, Sir, "there are many whoſe waking thoughts are wholly employed on their "ſleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquiſitive "part of my fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall in the firſt place tell thoſe perſons what "they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, "I ſhall make out any dream, upon hearing a ſingle circumſtance of it; "and in the laſt place, ſhall expound to them the good or bad fortune "which ſuch dreams portend. If they do not preſage good luck, I ſhall "deſire nothing for my pains; not queſtioning at the ſame time that thoſe "who conſult me will be ſo reaſonable as to afford me a moderate ſhare "out of any conſiderable eſtate, profit or emolument which I ſhall thus "diſcover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition "that their names may be inſerted in publick Advertiſements, to atteſt "the truth of ſuch my interpretations. As for people of quality or "others, who are indiſpoſed, and do not care to come in perſon, I can in-"terpret their dreams by ſeeing their water. I ſet aſide one day in a

"week

" week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any Gentlewoman who
" is turned of ſixty, after the rate of half a crown *per* week, with the
" uſual allowances for good luck. I have ſeveral rooms and apartments
" fitted up, at reaſonable rates, for ſuch as have not conveniencies for
" dreaming at their own houſes.

Titus Trophonius.

" *N. B.* I am not dumb.

The End of the Third Volume.